THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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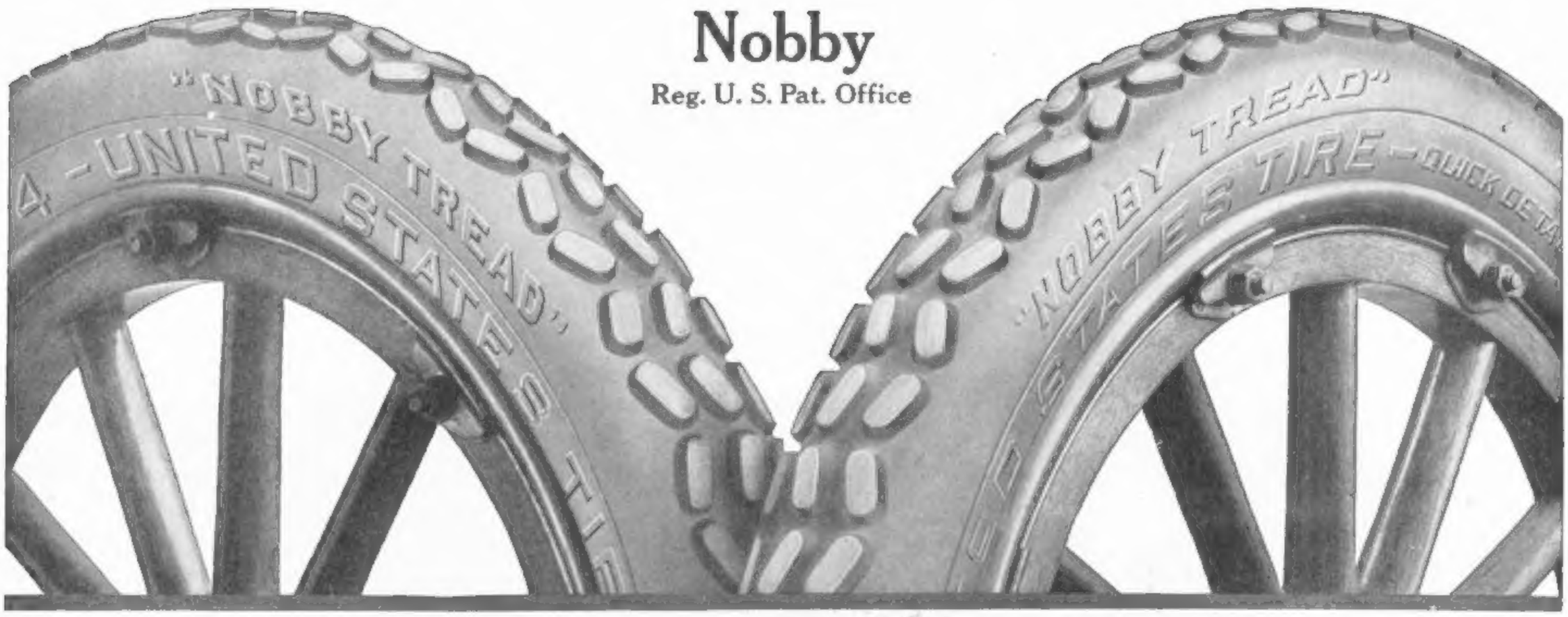
Beginning

The Double Traitor—By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Nobby

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office



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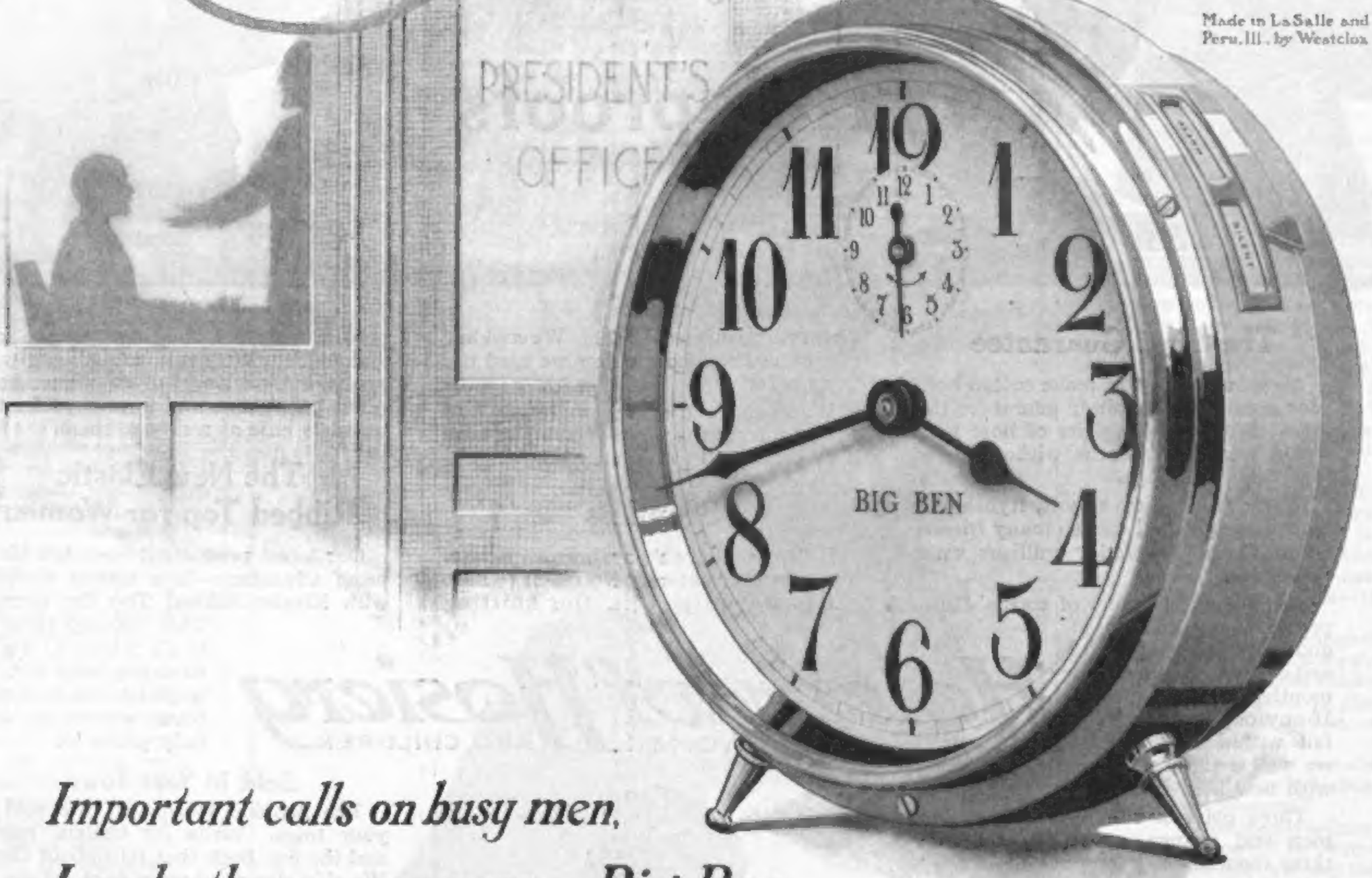

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THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE woman leaned across the table toward her companion. "My friend," she said, "when we first met—I am ashamed, considering that I dine alone with you to-night, to reflect how short a time ago—you spoke of your removal here from Paris very much as though it were a veritable exile. I told you then that there might be surprises in store for you—this restaurant, for instance! We both know our Paris, yet do we lack anything here that you find at the Ritz or at Ciro's?"

The young man looked round him appraisingly. The two were dining at one of the newest and most fashionable restaurants in Berlin. The room itself, although a little somber by reason of its oak paneling, was relieved from absolute gloom by the lightness and elegance of its furniture and appointments, the profusion of flowers, and the soft gray carpet, so thickly piled that every sound was deadened. The delicate strains of music came from an invisible orchestra concealed behind a canopy of palms. The head waiters had the correct clerical air, half complacent, half dignified. Among the other diners were many beautiful women in marvelous *toilettes*. A variety of uniforms worn by the officers at different tables gave color to a scene with which even Norgate could find no fault.

"Germany has changed very much since I was here as a boy," he confessed. "One has heard of the growing wealth of Berlin, but I must say that I scarcely expected ——"

He hesitated. His companion laughed softly at his embarrassment.

"Do not forget," she interrupted, "that I am Austrian—Austrian, that is to say, with much English in my blood. What you say about Germans does not greatly concern me."

"Of course," Norgate resumed, "one is too much inclined to form one's conclusions about a nation from the types one meets traveling, and you know what the Germans have done for Monte Carlo and the Riviera—even, to a lesser extent, for Paris and Rome. Wherever they have been, for the last few years, they seem to have left the trail of the *nouveaux riches*. It is not only their clothes but also their manners and bearing that affront."

"Oh, Please Hush! Cannot You Understand That You are Not in England?"

The woman leaned her head for a moment against the tips of her slim and beautifully cared for fingers. She looked steadfastly across the table at her vis-à-vis.

"Now that you are here," she said softly, "you must forget those things. You are a diplomatist, and it is for you, is it not, outwardly at any rate, to see only the good of the country in which your work lies?"

Norgate flushed very slightly. His companion's words had savored almost of a reproof.

"You are quite right," he admitted. "I have been here for a month, though, and you are the first person to whom I have spoken like this. And you yourself," he pointed out, "encouraged me, did you not, when you insisted upon your Austro-English nationality?"

She smiled.

"You must not take me too seriously," she begged. "I spoke foolishly, perhaps, but only for your good. You see, Mr. Francis Norgate, I am just a little interested in you and your career."

"And I, dear Baroness," he replied, smiling across at her, "am more than a little interested in—you."

"I believe," she sighed, "that you are going to flirt with me."

"I should enter into an unequal contest," Norgate asserted. "My methods would seem clumsy because I should be too much in earnest."

"Whatever the truth may be about your methods," she declared, "I rather like them, or else I should not be risking my reputation in this still prudish city by dining with you alone and without a chaperon. Tell me a little about yourself. We have met three times, is it not, once at the Embassy, once at the Palace, and once when you paid me that call? How old are you? Tell me about your people in England, and where else you have served besides Paris?"

"I am thirty years old," he replied. "I started at Bucharest, and from there I went to Rome. Then I was second attaché at Paris, and finally, as you see, I came here."

"And your people—they are English, of course?"

"Naturally," he answered. "My mother died when I was quite young, and my father when I was at Eton. I have an estate in Hampshire which seems to get on very well without me."

"And you really care about your profession? You have the real feeling for diplomacy?"

"I think there is nothing else like it in the world," he assured her.

"You may well say that," she agreed enthusiastically. "I think you might almost add that there has been no time in the history of Europe so fraught with possibilities, so fascinating to study, as the present."

He looked at her keenly. It is the first instinct of a young diplomatist to draw in his horns when a beautiful young woman confesses herself interested in his profession.

"You, too, think of these things then?" he remarked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"But naturally! What is there for a woman to do but think? We cannot act—or rather, if we do it is in a very insignificant way. We are lookers-on at most of the things in life worth doing."

"I will spare you all the obvious retorts," he said, "if you will tell me why you are gazing into that mirror so earnestly."

"I was thinking," she confessed, "what a remarkably good-looking couple we are."

He followed the direction of her eyes. He himself was of a recognized type, his complexion fair, his face clean-shaven and strong almost to ruggedness. His mouth was firm, his nose thin and straight, his gray eyes well set. He was over six feet tall and rather slim for his height. But if his type, though attractive enough, was in its way ordinary, hers was entirely unusual. She, too, was slim; but, so far from being tall, her figure was almost petite. Her dark-brown hair was arranged in perfectly plain braids behind and with a slight fringe in front. Her features were almost cameolike in their delicacy and perfection, but any suggestion of coldness was dissipated at once by the extraordinary expressiveness of her mouth and the softness of her deep-blue eyes. Norgate looked from the mirror into her face. There was a little smile upon his lips, but he said nothing.

"Some day," she remarked, "not in the restaurant here, but when we are alone and have time, I should so much like to talk with you on really serious matters."

"There is one serious matter," he assured her, "which I should like to discuss with you now or at any time."

She made a little grimace at him.

"Let it be now then," she suggested, leaning across the table. "We will leave my sort of serious things for another time. I am quite certain that I know where your sort is going to lead us. You are going to make love to me."

"Do you mind?" he asked earnestly.

She became suddenly grave.

"Not yet," she begged. "Let us talk and live nonsense for a few more weeks. You see I really have not known you very long, have I? And this is a very dangerous city for flirtations. At court one has to be so careful, and you know I am already considered far too much of a Bohemian here. I was even given to understand a little time ago by a very great lady that my position in Berlin was quite precarious."

"Does that—does anything matter if ——"

"It is not of myself alone that I am thinking. Everything matters to one in your profession," she reminded him pointedly.

"I believe," he exclaimed, "that you think more of my profession than you do of me!"

"Quite impossible," she retorted mockingly. "And yet, as I dare say you have already realized, it is not only the things you say to our statesmen here, and the reports you make, that count. It is your daily life among the people of the nation to which you are attached, the friends you make among them, the hospitality you accept and offer, that have all the time their subtle significance. Now I am not sure even that I am a very good companion for you, Mr. Francis Norgate."

"You are a very bad one for my peace of mind," he assured her.

She shook her head.

"You say those things much too glibly," she declared. "I am afraid that you have served a very long apprenticeship."

"If I have," he replied, leaning a little across the table, "it has been an apprenticeship only, a probationary period during which one struggles toward the real thing."

"You think you will know when you have found it?" she murmured.

He drew a little breath. His voice even trembled as he answered her.

"I know now," he said softly.

Their heads were almost touching. Suddenly she drew back. Norgate glanced at her in some surprise, conscious of an extraordinary change in her face, of the half-uttered exclamation strangled upon her lips. He turned his head and followed the direction of her eyes. Three young men in the uniform of officers had entered the room and stood there as though looking about for a table. Before them the little company of head waiters had almost prostrated themselves. The manager, summoned in breathless haste, had made a reverential approach.

"Who are these young men?" Norgate inquired.

His companion made no reply. Her fine, silky eyebrows were drawn a little closer together. At that moment the tallest of the three newcomers seemed to recognize her. He strode at once toward the table where she sat. Norgate, glancing up at his approach, was simply conscious of the coming of a fair young man of ordinary German type who seemed to be in a remarkably bad temper.

"So I find you here, Anna!"

The Baroness rose as though unwillingly to her feet. She dropped the slightest of curtsies and resumed her place.

"Your visit is a little unexpected, is it not?" she remarked.

"Apparently!" the young man answered with an unpleasant laugh.

He turned and stared at Norgate, who returned his regard with half-amused, half-impatient indifference. The Baroness leaned forward eagerly.

"Will you permit me to present Mr. Francis Norgate to you, Prince?"

Norgate, who had suddenly recognized the newcomer, rose to his feet, bowed and remained standing. The Prince's only reply to the introduction was a frown.

"Kindly give me your seat," he said imperatively. "I will conclude your entertainment of the Baroness."

For a moment there was a dead silence. In the background several of the *maîtres d'hôtel* had gathered obsequiously round. For some reason or other every one seemed to be looking at Norgate as though he were a criminal.

"Isn't your request a little unusual, Prince?"

The color in the young man's face became almost purple.

"Did you hear what I said, sir?" he demanded. "Do you know who I am?"

"Personally, I Don't See Why We Can't Make Our Own Crockery. I Get Tired of Seeing German Goods in England"

"Perfectly," Norgate replied. "A prince who apparently has not learned how to behave himself in public."

The young man took a quick step forward. Norgate's fists were clenched and his eyes glittering. The Baroness stepped between them.

"Mr. Norgate," she said, "you will please give me your escort home."

The Prince's companions had seized him, one by either arm. An older man who had been dining in a distant corner of the room, and who wore the uniform of an officer of high rank, suddenly approached. He addressed the Prince, and the four men talked together in excited whispers. Norgate with calm fingers arranged the cloak round his companion and placed a hundred-mark note upon his plate.

"I will return for my change another evening," he said to the dumfounded waiter. "If you are ready, Baroness?"

They left the restaurant amid an intense hush. Norgate waited deliberately while the door was somewhat unwillingly held open for him by a *maître d'hôtel*, but outside the Baroness' automobile was summoned at once. She placed her fingers upon Norgate's arm and he felt that she was shivering.

"Please do not take me home," she faltered. "I am so sorry, so very sorry."

"But why?" he protested. "The young fellow behaved like a cub, but no one offered him any provocation. I should think by this time he would probably be heartily ashamed of himself. May I come and see you to-morrow?"

"Telephone me," she begged as she gave him her hand through the window. "You don't quite understand. Please telephone to me."

She suddenly seized his hand in both of hers and then fell back out of sight among the cushions. Norgate remained upon the pavement until the car had disappeared. Then he looked back once more into the restaurant, after which he strolled across the brilliantly lighted street toward the Embassy.

II

NORGATE during his month's stay in Berlin had already adopted regular habits. On the following morning he was called at eight o'clock and rode for two hours in the fashionable precincts of the city. The latter portion of the time he spent looking in vain for a familiar figure in a green riding-habit. The Baroness, however, did not appear. At ten o'clock Norgate returned to the Embassy, bathed and breakfasted, and a little after eleven made his way round to the business quarters. One of his fellow-workers there glanced up and nodded at his arrival.

"Where's the Chief?" Norgate inquired.

"Gone down to the Palace," the other young man, whose name was Ansell, replied. "He was telephoned for the first thing this morning. Ghastly habit William has of getting up at seven o'clock and suddenly remembering that he wants to talk diplomacy. The Chief will be furious all day now."

Norgate lit a cigarette and began to open his letters. Ansell, however, was in a discursive mood. He swung round from his desk and leaned back in his chair.

"How can a man," he demanded, "see a question from the same point of view at seven o'clock in the morning and seven o'clock in the evening? Absolutely impossible, you know! That's what's the matter with our versatile friend up yonder. He gets all worked up over some scheme or other that comes to him in the dead of night, hops out of bed before anyone civilized is awake and rings up the ambassadors. Then at nighttime he becomes normal again and takes everything back. The consequence is that this place is a regular diplomatic seesaw. Settling down in Berlin pretty well, aren't you, Norgate?"

"Very nicely, thanks," the latter replied.

"Dining alone with the Baroness von Haase!" his junior continued. "A court favorite too! Never been seen alone before except with her young princeling. What honeyed words did you use, Lothario ——"

"Oh, chuck it!" Norgate interrupted. "Tell me about the Baroness von Haase. She is Austrian, isn't she?"

Ansell nodded.

"Related to the Hapsburgs themselves, I believe," he said. "Very old family anyhow. They say she came to spend a season here because she was a little too go-ahead for the ladies of Vienna. I must say that I've never seen her out without a chaperon before, except with the Prince. They say he'd marry her—morganatically, of course—if they'd let him; that is to say provided the lady were willing. If you want to know anything more about her go into Gray's room."

Norgate looked up from his letters.

"Why Gray's room? How does she come into his department?"

Ansell shook his head.

"No idea. I fancy she is there though."

Norgate left the room a few minutes later, and strolling across the hall of the Embassy made his way to an apartment at the back of the house. It was plainly furnished. There were bars across the window and three immense safes let into the wall. An elderly gentleman with gold-rimmed spectacles and a very benevolent expression was seated at a desk, and apparently busy with several books of reference that lay spread out before him. He raised his head at Norgate's entrance.

"Good morning, Norgate," he said.

"Good morning, sir," Norgate replied.

"Anything in my way?"

Norgate shook his head.

"Chief's gone to the Palace, no one knows why. I just looked in because I met a woman the other day whom Ansell says you know something about—the Baroness von Haase."

"Well?"

"Is there anything to be told about her?" Norgate asked bluntly. "I dined with her last night."

"Then I don't think I would again if I were you," the other advised. "There is nothing against her, but she is a great friend of certain members of the Royal Family who are not very well disposed toward us, and she is rather a brainy little person. They use her a good deal, I believe, as a means of confidential communication between here and Vienna. She has been backward and forward three or four times lately without any apparent reason."

Norgate stood with his hands in his pockets, frowning slightly.

"Why, the Baroness is half an Englishwoman!" he remarked.

"She may be," Mr. Gray admitted dryly. "The other half's Austrian all right though. I can't tell you anything more about her, my dear fellow. All I can say is that she is in my book, and so long as she is there you know it's better for you youngsters to keep away. Be off now! I am decoding a dispatch."

Norgate retraced his steps to his own room. Ansell glanced up from a mass of passports as he entered.

"How's the Secret-Service Department this morning?" he inquired.

"Old Gray seems much as usual," Norgate grumbled. "One doesn't get much out of him."

"Chief wants you in his room," Ansell announced. "He's just come in from the Palace looking like nothing on earth."

"Wants me?" Norgate muttered. "Right-o!"

He went to the looking-glass, straightened his tie, and made his way toward the Ambassador's private apartments. The latter was alone when he entered, seated

before his table. He was leaning back in his chair, however, and apparently deep in thought. He watched Norgate sternly as he crossed the room.

"Good morning, sir," the latter said.

The Ambassador nodded.

"What have you been up to, Norgate?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing at all that I know of, sir," was the prompt reply.

"This afternoon," the Ambassador continued slowly, "I was to take you, as you know, to the Palace to be received by the Kaiser. At seven o'clock this morning I had a message. I have just come from the Palace. The Kaiser has given me to understand that your presence in Berlin is unwelcome. Can you offer me any explanation?"

For a moment Norgate was speechless. Then he recovered himself. He forgot altogether his habits of restraint. There was an angry note in his tone.

"It's that miserable young cub of a Prince!" he exclaimed. "Last night I was dining, sir, with the Baroness von Haase at the Café de Berlin."

"Alone?"

"Alone," Norgate admitted. "It was not for me to invite a chaperon if the lady did not choose to bring one, was it, sir? As we were finishing dinner the Prince came in. He made a scene at our table and ordered me to leave."

"And you?" the Ambassador asked.

"I simply treated him as I would any other young ass who forgot himself," Norgate replied indignantly. "I naturally refused to go, and the Baroness left the place with me."

"And you did not expect to hear of this again?"

"I honestly didn't. I should have thought for his own sake the young man would have kept his mouth shut. He was hopelessly in the wrong and he behaved like a common young bounder."

The Ambassador shook his head slowly.

"Mr. Norgate," he said, "I am very sorry for you, but you are under a misapprehension shared by many young men. You believe that there is a universal standard of manners and deportment, and a universal series of customs for all nations. You have our English standard of manners in your mind, manners that range from a plowboy to a king, and you seem to take it for granted that these are also subscribed to in other countries. In my position I do not wish to say too much, but let me tell you that in Germany they are not. If a prince here chooses to behave like a plowboy, he is right where the plowboy would be wrong."

There was a moment's silence. Norgate was looking a little dazed.

"Then you mean to defend ——" he began.

"Certainly not," the Ambassador interrupted. "I am not speaking as one of ourselves to you, I am speaking as the representative of England in Berlin. You are supposed to be studying diplomacy. You have been guilty of a colossal blunder. You have shown yourself absolutely ignorant of the ideals and customs of the country in which you are. It is perfectly correct for a prince to behave, as you put it, like a bounder. It is you who have been in the wrong, diplomatically."

"Then you mean, sir," Norgate protested, "that I should have taken it sitting down?"

"Most assuredly you should," the Ambassador replied, "unless you were willing to pay the price. Your only fault—your personal fault, I mean—so far as I can see, is that you were a little indiscreet to dine alone with a young woman for whom a prince is known to have a foolish passion. Diplomatically, however, you have committed every fault possible. I am very sorry, but I think that you had better report in Downing Street as soon as possible. The train leaves, I think, at three o'clock."

Norgate was unable to speak or move. He was struggling with a sort of blind fury.

"This is the end of me then," he muttered at last. "I am to be disgraced because I have come to a city of boors?"

"You are reprimanded and in a sense, no doubt, punished," the Ambassador explained calmly, "because you have failed to adapt yourself. The true diplomatist adapts himself wherever he may be. My personal sympathies remain with you, however, and I will do what I can in my report."

Norgate had recovered himself. "I thank you very much, sir," he said. "I shall catch the three o'clock train."

The Ambassador held out his hand. The interview was finished. He permitted himself to speak differently.

"I am very sorry indeed, Norgate, that this has happened," he declared. "We all have our trials to bear in this work, and you have run up against one of them rather before your time. I wish you good luck whatever may happen."

Norgate clasped his Chief's hand and left the apartments. Then he made his way to his rooms, gave his orders, and sent a messenger to secure his seat in the train. Last of all he went to the telephone. Almost with reluctance he rang up a number that had become already familiar to him. He waited for the reply without any pleasurable anticipations. He was filled with a burning sense of resentment, a feeling that extended even to the innocent cause of it. Soon he heard her voice.

"That is Mr. Norgate, is it not?"

"Yes," he replied. "I rang up to wish you good-by."

"Good-by! But you are going away then?"

"I am sent away—dismissed!"

He heard her little exclamation of grief. The complete genuineness of it broke down a little the wall of his anger.

"And it is my fault!" she exclaimed. "If only I could do anything! Will you wait—please wait? I will go to the Palace myself."

"Baroness," he replied, "if I permitted your intervention I could never hold up my head in Berlin again! In any case I could not stay here. The first thing I should do would be to quarrel with that young fellow who insulted us last night. I am afraid that at the first opportunity I should tell ——"

"Hush!" she interrupted. "Oh, please hush! You must not talk like this even over the telephone. Cannot you understand that you are not in England?"

"I am beginning to realize," he answered gruffly, "what it means not to be in a free country. I am leaving by the three o'clock train, Baroness. Farewell!"

"But you must not go like this," she pleaded. "Come first to see me."

"No; it will only mean more disgrace for you. Besides—in any case, I have decided to go away without seeing you again."

Her voice was very soft. He found himself gripping the pages of the telephone book that hung by his side.

"But is that kind? Have I sinned, Mr. Francis Norgate?"

"Of course not," he answered, keeping his tone level, almost indifferent. "I hope that we shall meet again some day, but not in Berlin."

There was a moment's silence. He thought that she had gone away. Then her reply came back:

"So be it," she murmured. "Not in Berlin. *Au revoir!*"

III

FAITHFUL to his insular prejudices, Norgate, on finding that the other seat in his coupé was engaged, started out to find the train attendant with a view to changing his place. His errand, however, was in vain. The train, it seemed, was crowded. He returned to his compartment to find already installed there one of the most complete and absolute types of Germanism he had ever seen. A large man in a light-gray suit, with a broad, pink, good-humored face, beardless and bland, and flaxen hair streaked here and there with gray, was seated in the vacant place. He had with him a portmanteau covered with a linen case, his boots were a bright shade of yellow, his tie was of white satin with a design of lavender flowers. A pair of black kid gloves lay by his side. He welcomed Norgate with the bland, broad smile of a fellow passenger whose one desire it is to make a lifelong friend of his temporary companion.

"We have the compartment to ourselves, is it not so? You are English?"

Some queer chance founded upon his ill-humor, his disgust for Germany and all things in it, induced Norgate to tell a deliberate falsehood.

"Sorry," he replied in English. "I don't speak German."

The man's satisfaction was complete.

"But I—I speak the most wonderful English. It pleases me always to speak English. I like to do so, it is practice for me. We will talk English together, you and I. These comic papers they do not amuse, and books in the train they make one giddy. What I like best is a companion and a bottle of Rhine wine."

"Personally," Norgate confessed gruffly, "I like to sleep."

The other seemed a little taken aback, but remained apparently full of the conviction that his overtures could be nothing but acceptable.

"It is well to sleep," he agreed, "if one has worked hard. Now I myself am a hard worker. My name is Selingman. I manufacture crockery which I sell in England. That is why I speak the English language so well. For the last three nights I have been up reading reports of my English customers, going through their purchases. Now it is finished, and I am well posted. I am off to sell crockery in London, in Manchester, in Leeds, in Birmingham. I have what the people want. They will receive me with open arms, some of them even welcome me at their houses. Thus it is that I look forward to my business trip as a holiday."

"Very pleasant, I'm sure," Norgate remarked. "Personally, I don't see why we can't make our own crockery. I get tired of seeing German goods in England."

Herr Selingman was apparently a trifle hurt, but his efforts to make himself agreeable were indomitable.

"If you will," he said, "I can explain why my crockery sells in England where your own fails. For one thing, then, I am cheaper. There is a system at my works the like of which is not known in England. From the raw material to the finished article I can produce forty per cent cheaper than your makers, and, mind you, that is not because I save in wages. It is because of the system in the various departments. I do not like to save in wages," he went on. "I like to see my people healthy and strong and happy. I like to see them drink beer after work is over, and on feast days and Sundays I like to see them sit in the gardens and listen to the band, and maybe change their beer for a bottle of wine. Industrially, Mr. Englishman, ours is a happy country."

"Well, I hope you won't think I am rude," Norgate observed, "but from the little I have

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"I Believe That You Think More of My Profession Than You Do of Me!"

HOW TO APPRECIATE HENRY

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"Did You Get Some Flowers From Somebody You Don't Know—Some Daffodils—Quite a Lot of Daffodils?"

IF HENRY HUTTON'S good humor, that afternoon, had been less than impenetrable, the red-headed girl at the florist's would certainly have broken through it and led away his goat. Her manners were outrageous. She spoke to him in vicious little monosyllables, like a professional carpet-layer driving tacks, one with each rap of the hammer. And her impatient contempt of him, for wanting a minute or two in which to make up his mind as to what sort of flowers to get, was too great for her to bear alone. She passed it on, with a despairing lift of the eyebrows, to the next customer, a man a good fifteen years younger and thirty pounds lighter than Henry, who looked as if he were trying to look as much as possible like John Barrymore.

As I have said, Henry was in high good humor and wasn't thinking much about the girl one way or the other. But if an omniscient stranger had dropped in and taken him by the elbow and pointed an uncanny finger at the young lady and said, "See that red-headed girl? Do you know who she is? She's your fairy godmother," Henry would doubtless have been incredulous.

He had plenty of reasons for feeling good. In the first place, it was a great piece of luck his having remembered to come to the florist's. Irene, on the eve of her departure for a four days' visit to a married sister, had adjured him to send flowers to Muriel Durant for her coming-out party. She had added:

"Of course you'll forget it. I suppose I ought to attend to it myself, but I simply haven't a minute. Do you suppose you could remember a thing like that for once? Anyhow, I can call up and apologize afterward. They all know you—that's one comfort!"

To which Henry had replied: "You don't mean to say that little Muriel Durant is coming out into society? She can't be more than fourteen, can she?"

And Irene had said: "Oh, don't be an idiot! She finished at Eastover last June, and she was twenty last September." By this time you will, I suppose, have made the correct assumption that Irene was Henry's wife.

Henry had pondered her information during a reflective moment, and then had exclaimed, "Great Scott! We're getting old, Irene."

She had concisely replied: "You were old when you were born," which concluded the conversation.

So, you see, it was distinctly one on Irene, that, having put the stiff-cornered invitation into his pocket and jabbed his finger on it just as he was leaving his office, he had remembered, after all, to leave an order for some flowers for Muriel.

He got out the invitation, made blue pencil marks round Muriel's name and address and the date of the party, and handed it over to the girl, so that there couldn't be any mistake about it. For once, Irene would have to admit he'd done something right!

This was only a small contributing factor in his conviction that, for to-day at least, all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

Instead of making a mad dash now for the five-forty-six, missing it, perhaps, and having to wait for the six-three, which would make him late for dinner, he was going to stroll contentedly round the corner to the University Club, light a pipe and read the English Review, then have a cocktail and dine all by himself. After that, and at the conclusion of a silent and solitary cigar—because no one, even your friends, ever spoke to you in the University Club—he would stroll round the corner again, to the theater, where he had a single seat in the middle of the third row, for Francis Forrester—her opening night too—in a new play called The Mark.

Henry had been downright clever about Miss Forrester. Of all the actresses he had ever seen she was indisputably his first favorite. Whenever she came to Chicago he took Irene to see her play. And, by pretending to be rather bored with her, he had prevented Irene from making caustic remarks about her. All Irene ever needed, as a target for her justly celebrated wit, was an outspoken admiration of Henry's.

But to-night, sitting alone in the third row, he'd be absolved from the necessity of making derogatory remarks which to himself seemed almost blasphemous. He could be as enthusiastic as he felt—laugh when he pleased, cry if he liked, and indulge without interruption the daydream that he really knew her. He could appropriate that wonderful complex smile of hers all to himself; hear her voice, with all the thousand shades there were in it, speaking friendly words to him.

After the play he would fortify the daydream with a half-liter of beer, catch the last train home, and not have to speak a word to anybody until he said "good-morning" to the children and their governess at breakfast.

You may have perceived that all these delights before him sprang from a single fountainhead—namely, the fact that Irene was still away on a visit.

The one thing that friends of the Huttons always said about them was that of course they were really devoted to each other. And, after all, this may be said to have been true. It was only Irene's deep underlying fondness for her husband that made his social refractoriness so exasperating to her.

There are some metals, you know, that it's very difficult to do anything with. They won't melt, nor bend, nor draw. The way to deal with a specimen of this sort is to get it as hot as possible, and then hammer it rapidly and incessantly from all sides with a lot of little hammers. If you keep at this long enough you will get it into a state where it will draw out as fine as you please.

I don't know whether Irene ever heard of this method or not. If she hadn't she invented it and applied it to Henry, and her deeply underlying affection for him had kept her at it pretty constantly during the ten years since they were married.

Conversely, of course, it was Henry's deep, underlying affection for her that kept him milling away so constantly at the office, trying to add each year another couple of thousand or so to his income and meet the increasing spread of Irene's ideas. And perhaps it was because he was really proud of her—admired her wit, liked her clean, bright, good looks, and gloried vicariously in her social success, that he writhed under her easily roused exasperation. Also, perhaps, that was why he was a little more self-conscious and left-handed, and, in her favorite word, impossible, under her eye, than when she wasn't round.

He was mighty glad he hadn't forgotten to go to the florist's.

He paid for the flowers he had selected and turned to leave the shop.

"Any card?" asked the red-headed girl with a rasp.

"Card!" repeated Henry a little blankly, his mind suddenly recalled from a long way off.

"To tell who they're from."

She said it a syllable at a time, almost in the tone Irene might have used. Only, of course, the red-headed girl wasn't his wife. Really, she ought to have been discharged on the spot.

The sweat beaded out on Henry's brow. He had almost made a mistake after all!

He fished one of his cards out of his pocketbook. Then, feeling that it looked rather blank to go to little Muriel, he wrote on it in pencil, "I'll see you Wednesday night, if I possibly can," and signed it "H. H."

By that time the red-headed girl was fully absorbed in meeting the needs of the young man who looked like John Barrymore. He wanted, it appeared, all the Aaron Ward roses there were in the store. But she reached out an unconscious hand for Henry's card, and he went away.

He had narrowly escaped a distressing blunder. But it was all right now!

Henry and Irene had really quite a pleasant evening together on the day of her return. Absence seemed always to make her heart grow fonder, and it had often occurred to Henry that, if ever she got the chance, she would be devoted to his memory. No man would ever have a more loyal widow than he—there was that to be said anyway.

As a rule, after little absences like this, the first thing to reëstablish her customary wifely attitude was his calling her by name. He persisted in pronouncing it to rhyme with queen, in spite of the fact that for six long years, ever since she herself had discovered that among the better class of English people, it was invariably pronounced to rhyme with sheeny, she had vainly been trying to reform him. Actually she had overlooked two such slips to-night. Also, seeming content with his own account of his activities during her absence, she had forborne to cross-examine him in a search for possible social derelictions.

If she could just have stuck to that attitude until she had seen him off for the eight-seventeen train next morning! But over the breakfast table, as he reached for his second cup of coffee—he was always reaching round like that especially at breakfast, never would wait to have the maid come in and pass things properly—she said:

"I suppose you forgot to send flowers to Muriel."

He felt so pleased and virtuous and triumphant over the answer he could make to this observation that he went on and finished the paragraph he was reading from his propped-up newspaper before he spoke. He must seem perfectly casual about it.

"What's that?" he said, as if her words had just penetrated to his brain. "Oh, no. I attended to that." And, his eyes still on the paper, he made a long arm for another lump of sugar, as if he weren't fat enough already!

"Henry! Please!" This fetched him up from the paper. "Are you quite sure you sent them to the right place? And gave them the right day? Of course it isn't important to you, but it is to me rather."

Now triumph spoke out undisguised. "I went to the florist's Monday. I bought the flowers. I had the invitation with me and I turned it over to the girl, with Muriel's name and the address marked. And I told them to send the flowers Tuesday—that's yesterday—as you said."

If only he could be as overpoweringly right as that a little oftener!

"Congratulations," said Irene, "and apologies."

He never resented satire, and the hard, dry little smile she sent across at him now always pleased him rather. So he pushed the paper onto the floor as a renunciatory symbol, and returned her smile with one of pure good humor.

"I had a narrow escape, though," he confessed. "I had paid for the flowers and was actually on the point of walking out of the shop when the girl asked me if I didn't want to send a card to show whom they came from. Luckily I had one with me."

"One of *my* cards?" asked Irene.

Henry looked at her aghast. "Why—why, no," he said. "I—I—you see, Irene, I hadn't any of your cards in my pocket."

"One of your business cards, I suppose," she added silkily; "Hutton & Ingraham, Architects and Municipal Engineers."

It had been one of his personal cards all right. He remembered the look of it plainly. But he didn't say so. Before he could pump the words up the silence had got so heavy he simply couldn't lift the lid.

It wasn't a dead silence either. It was a silence with a tension of about fifteen thousand volts—the deadliest, probably, of all Irene's weapons. When she gave him a verbal dressing-down he got a certain appreciative pleasure out of her skill, grinned unhappily sometimes over the aptness of her phrases. But when she said nothing as actively as she was saying it now—just looked at him hopelessly, tragically, like that—she made him feel like a man sliding down a slate roof; the smoothness of her silence gave him nothing to hold on by.

He made a ghastly pretense of going on with his breakfast, reached for another egg, caught his sleeve in his coffee cup, and, when he saw that an inundation was inevitable, uttered an explosive damn with the muffler cut out. The children both blushed, and Irene left the table. Presently he heard her at the telephone calling up Muriel Durant's mother.

If you could have bought Henry just then at his own valuation you would have got a bargain. He was always like that when Irene had just finished him off. In an hour or so he would get mad enough to tell himself that all these trifling blunders of his that Irene made such a fuss about amounted to nothing, weren't worth three epitaphs in a cemetery. He was an ass to mind. But until anger, which was always with him confoundedly slow, came to the rescue, he was a miserable object—just a big, fat mistake, he used to tell himself—a moron. Under the Binet test they'd probably find he was only six years old!

If the omniscient stranger—the one, you will remember, who didn't come into the florist's and point out the red-headed girl as Henry's fairy godmother—had appeared just now at Henry's elbow, he'd have said comfortingly: "Sit tight, old chap. This thing is coming out just exactly right. Clockwork is nothing to it. Here's where you are going to put it all over Irene. Do you see who that is in the cap and apron, coming in the door? That's the messenger of Fate."

And Henry would have said: "That's nothing but the maid bringing in the mail. And she always brings it while we're at breakfast."

Yes, but in the normal course of things she handed it to Irene, who sat at the head of the table. The maid hesitated now whether to lay it down beside the vacant place—she was thoroughly imbued with Irene's ideas—or to carry it round to Henry. She did the latter.

On the top of the heap was a feminine-looking note, with the gilded crest of a hotel embossed on the corner of it, addressed in a tall, angular, feminine hand to, amazingly, "Henry Hutton, Esq."

Henry didn't do domestic architecture; he had no women clients. Neither had he any women friends, and he didn't get a note from a woman once a year. If this one had been addressed Mr. Henry Hutton he'd have read it Mrs. and tossed it across the table. But you couldn't get away from that "Esq." The thing was meant for him.

He ripped it open, and with no feeling in the world but clear bewilderment read:

Dear Mr. Hutton:

It was sweet of you to remember how I love Aaron Wards. You've sent me such a world of them that the place I loathe more than anywhere else in the world—my sitting-room in a hotel—is perfectly delicious with them.

Do come and see how lovely they are. Only, Wednesday night, after two performances, I am no good to anybody. So, if you cannot come then, it will be just as well. Why not for tea some afternoon when there isn't any matinée? Only, let me know when.

Till then, Yours very gratefully,

FRANCIA FORRESTER.

It was a purely reflex act, like dropping a hot plate or getting up again when you've sat down on a pin, that caused him to cram this portentous letter and its incriminating envelope into his pocket when he heard Irene coming back into the room. The great idea hadn't begun to form in his mind at all. The germ was there, perhaps, but it hadn't begun to incubate.

Irene was trying to tell him something, and of course he heard what she said because he remembered it afterward. Muriel's flowers hadn't come at all. What idiotic thing did he suppose he had done? What address had he ordered them sent to?

As I say, he paid no attention to this and instinctively fell back upon an old maneuver—almost the only one in his domestic repertory, poor chap—snatched out his watch, muttered in horror that he'd have to run, dashed out into the hall, struggled into his overcoat, and was off with a triumphant slam of the front door. It was crude, of course, but effective.

In the train, behind his open newspaper, he figured the thing out. It was pure Sanscrit at first, because the only ready-made idea that came to him—that the thing might be a hoax—was of course childish. His sentimental weakness for the lady in question was something he had confided to nobody. Well, then, it must be accounted for somehow.

In the first place, who the devil was Aaron Ward? He had heard of him somewhere recently. Aaron Ward—Aaron Ward roses. Great Scott! That young chap with the eyebrow mustache in the florist's! The red-headed girl, God bless her!—this was perhaps where the great idea began to hatch, only he didn't look it in the face till a good while afterward—the red-headed girl must have shuffled the cards, put his, with the penciled note that he'd see her Wednesday night if he possibly could, in with the roses and sent them off to Francia.

And the corollary was, of course, that she had put the Aaron Ward young man's card in the box with Muriel's daffodils. But Muriel hadn't got the daffodils! Wait a minute though! He didn't know that. She hadn't got any daffodils from *him*. Of course.

That was all there was to it. The mistake could easily be set right by learning from Muriel the name on the card that had come with her daffodils, informing the florist of the red-headed girl's blunder, which would probably result in a well-merited loss of her job, and writing a polite note——

There his thought stumbled over an obstacle. No, let me put it differently—there was where the great idea fairly came out of the egg and made a little cheeping noise that attracted his attention.

Why had Miss Forrester written a friendly, certainly a well-acquainted, letter like that to a total stranger—a man she had never heard of—instead of calling up the florist's and telling them they had made a mistake?

Off and on, mostly on, he puzzled about this all day. It wasn't an irritating puzzle though, unaccountably—rather a pleasant one. He didn't find a demonstrable answer to it, but by using a little imagination he worked out something like this:

She probably met a lot of people everywhere she played—more, perhaps, than she found it easy to remember. They'd all remember her—think of forgetting Francia Forrester!—and it was a safe guess that she was well accustomed to having her acquaintance confidently claimed by people she had forgotten all about. That was plain enough. Well, then, she gets about a million roses from some one who knows that they're her favorite flower—some one evidently more than a merely technical acquaintance, only she can't remember him from Adam. Her contrition about this makes her write him an extra nice note.

"Good heavens!" said Henry. "I believe she thinks she knows me!"

At that the great idea flapped its wings. Henry looked at it and blushed guiltily, but all the same he grinned.

"Gosh!" he said in an awed whisper.

He surprised Irene that night by getting dressed with the utmost docility to go to Muriel's party. Penitence, she supposed, over his stupidity about the flowers.

It wasn't that though. There was a question he wanted to ask confidentially of Muriel—just to make sure that he had the situation doped out right. In furtherance of this idea he looked rather vague when Irene asked him what kind of flowers he had sent the girl, and affected uncertainty.

"Roses, I think," he said; "Aaron Ward roses. Is that the name of a kind of flower?"

She said of course it was, but that it was absurd he couldn't remember. "Was it Aaron Ward roses or not?"

But he stuck to it that he couldn't be sure.

He had rather a disastrous time at Muriel's party, owing to the fixed idea he had gone there with. It's hard enough, goodness knows, for a slim, good-looking youngster of twenty to get a débutante, at her coming-out party, off into a corner where he can ask her confidential questions. For a married man of twice that age and almost twice the weight it is a task both Herculean and scandalous.

But, with a magnificent disregard of conventional difficulties when he had a desirable object in view—it was a quality which had put him close to the head of his profession and would some day, Irene was in the habit of saying, put her either in a madhouse or in her grave—he kept at it until he succeeded. It was up on the landing of the stairs that Muriel stood still long enough to listen to the question he had to ask.

She was a little embarrassed. She'd always liked Mr. Hutton, and she hoped he hadn't been drinking.

"Did you get some flowers," he asked significantly, "from somebody you don't know—some daffodils—quite a lot of daffodils?"

Muriel blushed and asked how he knew.

Henry had an inspiration.

Henry Set Off Dutifully, But Stopped, Turned Short and Collided Rather Disastrously With a Waiter

"A strange man's card with something rather nice, you know, written on it?"

The flush brightened.

"I didn't see the card," Henry added hastily, "and I don't know the man who sent it, but I know what he looks like—awfully good-looking young chap. Looks quite a lot, I remember it struck me, like John Barrymore."

Muriel cried out ecstatically, "Oh!" then remembered she was a young lady and recovered her dignity.

"Of course it was a mistake," she said.

"What are you going to do about it?" Henry asked.

She said that the only thing to do, of course, was to send the flowers back to the florist's with the card.

"I don't know," said Henry. "You might pretend you knew him; write him a nice little note of thanks and ask him to call."

Muriel forgot she was out and then remembered again.

"That would be a perfectly impossible thing to do," she said very coolly; "and anyhow he wouldn't come."

"Oh, I don't know," said Henry. "I'm going to."

And with those words—whose cryptic meaning Muriel, of course, couldn't guess at—the great idea transubstantiated itself into an adamantine resolve. He would accept Francia Forrester's invitation, take the credit for the roses and attempt to palm himself off on her as an old friend. It would be terrifying, would probably turn out to be disastrous, but he'd have a shot at it. If he were, as Irene was so fond of saying, impossible, why not have a run for his money and do an impossible thing? He never got any fun out of the delinquencies Irene was always taxing him with. He might, heaven knew, not get any fun out of this one. But it wouldn't be for want of trying.

In the light of this resolution he rather enjoyed Irene's confidential summary of his various misdemeanors at the party. If she had been in one of her rarely tolerant and affectionate moods she'd have made it a good deal harder for him to embark on the career of crime he projected for the next day.

At half past four the next afternoon, having ascertained the number of Miss Forrester's apartment from the information desk at her hotel, he gave his card to a bell boy with instructions to give it to Miss Forrester if she were in, but to bring it back to him if she were not. He had disobeyed her injunction to let her know in advance when he was coming, and for the same reason he used a bell boy and a card rather than the house telephone to announce himself.

He had figured it out, you see, that writing her a note—still more telephoning her—would only accent the misgiving she must have that she really didn't know him. He couldn't better the *status quo*, but he took pains not to worsen it. And if the boy brought back the card he'd try again.

But nothing so untoward as that happened. The omniscient stranger, it appeared, was still on the job. The boy brought back word that Miss Forrester was in and would see him. Would he please come up?

Now, if Nemesis would just refrain from dropping the elevator he was riding up in, or shaking down the building with an earthquake before he had time to knock at her door—— No; it was all right. Nemesis was asleep at the switch.

The maid let him in, and at the same moment Miss Forrester emerged radiantly from her bedroom door and came across the room holding out her hand to him. And there was never a flutter of an eyelid to betray the fact that the sight of him was as totally unfamiliar as his name must have been. She was some actress, all right! He almost asked himself the idiotic question: "Does she, perhaps, know me after all?"

"It was lovely of you to come," she said.

She left his name out of the sentence because, as a matter of fact, she couldn't be dead sure she wouldn't be expected to call him Henry.

"Aren't they wonderful?" She waved a free hand toward the roses.

They were. They staggered Henry. The number of those tiny blooms that it must have taken to turn the room into a bower like this was appalling.

"I like them, too, you know," he said. "But if they have given you back one-tenth of the pleasure you gave me Monday night, that's about the best I can hope for."

It's quite true that if Irene could have heard a dictograph of the ensuing conversation, she'd have denied on oath that a man who talked like that could be her Henry. And, of course, in a sense he wasn't. He had that deadliest of all defects in husbands, that it required excitement—something he could recognize as an emergency—to get his mind in focus. Down at his office they knew perfectly well that when he was confronted with the necessity for producing the one brilliant idea that would triumphantly solve an otherwise insoluble problem, he almost always came across with it. But the perfectly ordered domestic and social routine that Irene had arranged for him presented none of these crises—none at least that he recognized as such—and the consequence was that when she heard him spoken of as brilliant it made her gnash her teeth. Why couldn't he trot out a little of that brilliancy—if he had it—for home consumption?

Of course the excitement of this piratical raid on Miss Forrester had keyed him up to concert pitch.

He took the chair and the cigarette she offered him and cut loose, playing for all it was worth the hunch that as long as he kept upon the topic of her professional successes, which he knew like a book, the ice would bear. His notion was that if he could get through half an hour without betraying himself she'd take him for granted.

And it looked at first as if he were going to succeed. He could remember six or eight years back—the minor parts she'd played before she became a star—compare the opportunities that this play and that had offered her. And certainly she seemed interested. When the tea she had professed herself as perishing for came in, she forgot for a good ten minutes to pour it out.

But the little relaxation in her manner that he was looking for, such as would have accompanied her saying to herself, "Oh, of course I must know him! Why bother?" didn't come. She was beginning to look a little worried. And once or twice, he'd have said, her attention wandered. But this made him talk the better.

It was distinctly with the air of rousing herself that she said presently, "Tell me something honestly. Do you like this new piece of mine?"

"It's as good as you need," he told her. "Of course it isn't on the level—awful bunk really. But I didn't discover that fact for twenty-four hours after I left the theater, and naturally, when I did, that only made you the more wonderful."

She nodded sadly over what he said about her play.

"Oh, I know," she said. "That's all very well. But if I could only get a real play for once. . . ." She sighed; then, "I wish you would write me one," she concluded.

Now, on the basis of Francia Forrester's experience, she couldn't have made a safer remark than that. A colleague of hers told me once that whenever she meets a person she obviously ought to remember but doesn't, she always says, "How's the new play coming along?" and it always works.

Francia, you will observe, played it even safer than that. But it didn't work with Henry. He stared at her, then lay back in his chair and laughed.

"I couldn't write a play," he said, "to save myself from being shot at sunrise. And if I did I'd deserve to be. Good heavens!"

Francia got up from her chair, took a turn across the room, came back, and indulged in a long look straight into his face.

"I give it up," she said. "Either I have lost my mind or else I have never before this afternoon set eyes on you in my life."

You couldn't blame Henry for gasping at that. The suddenness of it simply scattered his wits in five directions. Before he could get them back she silenced the words he would have stammered out—something to the effect that it wasn't wonderful she had forgotten him; he didn't blame her a bit—and went on:

"I know I can forget all sorts of people. My memory for faces is dreadful and even for voices it isn't very good. I have forgotten people sometimes whom I ought to have known well, people who—admired me a lot, people who have wanted to—make love to me, childhood friends—if you will take their word for it—all sorts of people. But I know, I absolutely know, I couldn't have forgotten a man who admired my acting the way you do and didn't think he could write me a play."

Henry turned this over in his mind for about ten seconds, then let go a long sigh and slowly and reluctantly heaved himself out of his chair.

"I can't let you doubt your own mind," he said; "and since you take it like that, I suppose the only thing left for me to do is to confess you're perfectly right about it. You never did see me before this afternoon."

A Good Time Becomes Ludicrously Inadequate as a Description of What Henry Had for the Next Three or Four Days

He moved mournfully across the room toward the chair where his hat and overcoat were. But as he did so, Francia Forrester sat down, rested her elbow on the arm of her chair, her chin in her hand, and out of a frowning perplexity told him to wait a minute.

"I don't understand it at all yet. If you—admired my acting like that and wanted to get acquainted with me enough to send me all these roses, why did you make it so hard for me to find you out? There was no address on your card. I had to look you up in the telephone directory—take all sorts of trouble."

"I didn't send you the roses either," said Henry, sounding the full depth of the abyss. "I tried to send some daffodils to little Muriel Durant for her coming-out party. And what I wrote on the card about Wednesday night was meant for her. So when I got your note I was about as surprised as you are now. But when I figured out what had happened—that the florist's girl had made a mistake and shuffled the cards and that you must think I was somebody you knew—why—well, I just fell into temptation and did it. It was an outrageous thing to do, of course"—Francia confirmed this with a nod—"stealing another man's credit and trying to burglarize my way into your acquaintance. And of course I owe you all the apologies in the world—as many as—as there are roses."

"Yes," said Francia, "that's precisely the number. And of course you're sorry now you did it. You haven't said that yet."

"No," said Henry, "I don't believe I can run to that."

"It gets more puzzling all the time," said Francia. "You don't look a bit like a man who would do such a thing."

"I am though," said Henry, making a clean breast of it, "exactly."

And at that she laughed outright.

"Oh, don't stand there like a ridiculous schoolboy," she said. "Sit down and drink your tea and tell me why in the world you did it."

"Why, it was just sort of irresistible," he told her soberly. "I have always admired you a lot and thought how perfectly great it must be to know you. And when your note came out of a clear sky—— Well, you see I don't have much real fun except at my work. The things I have to do for fun bore me to death. My wife and I do dinners and dances and auction and golf and a certain amount of culture on the side, and there isn't any of it I'm not glad to escape by staying down and working late at the office."

"Why do you hate it like that?" she wanted to know.

"Oh, I suppose," he said, "it's because I'm such a blithering fool at it."

She shot the next question in rather quickly:

"Who tells you you're a fool? How do you know?"

Henry blushed a little deeper and stammered. "I—why I guess it's self-evident. You ought to see me trying to play bridge."

"If you could make twenty-five thousand dollars a year playing bridge and get a big professional reputation at it, you could learn, couldn't you?"

But without waiting for an answer she asked another question.

"I know what an architect is," she said. "What's a municipal engineer?"

He looked at her in horror.

"Was that the card I sent up this afternoon—Hutton & Ingraham? Great Ned! Well, now you can see for yourself. That's the sort of thing I do."

But she wanted to know what a municipal engineer was, and as well as his confusion would permit he told her:

"City planning—that sort of thing. When a town wants to rearrange its railway terminals and cut through new streets, wants a plan for placing their public buildings and parks, they're beginning to come to us."

"I should think that would be fun enough for anybody," she said.

"Yes, and I should think acting would be fun," he retorted. "But if your whole professional reputation hangs on everything you do——"

She caught the point instantly, and on her quick appreciative nod he dropped the sentence. Once more with a regretful sigh he got to his feet.

"Well, I guess that's about all," he said. "I guess you understand now why I did it. It was such a wonderful adventure with just a chance—one in ten maybe—that I could really get away with it, that I just couldn't resist. I knew it was utterly outrageous and I was horribly scared, but I thought the chance was worth it. And now I'll apologize and say good-by."

"You've already apologized," observed Francia, "but unless I have failed to come up to expectations, why say good-by? You certainly deserve a good time, poor dear, and if you think I'll do I'll try to show it to you."

If ever in the world a promise of that sort was fulfilled, this one, in good measure, pressed down and running over,

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THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

The Lincoln Highway on the Eastern Slope of the Sierras in California

On the Lincoln Highway Between Trenton and Philadelphia

By Albert J. Beveridge

WE ARE a nation in the making, but not yet made; so, quite naturally, it is hard to get unity of thought, and concerted popular coöperation to a common end has been a thing yearned for and dreamed of, but seldom achieved. This is our normal state. We are not to be blamed for it, for we are still so young, still so variegated and so mixed, still so far from solidarity of purpose.

Hence an idea would be unusual that would fuse in a common interest capitalist and farmer, banker and merchant, manufacturer and workingman, women's club and chamber of commerce, architect and landscape gardener, rich, poor and moderately well off.

It would have to be so big and yet so simple that it would appeal to the millions, work its spell on the patriotic imagination of man in the mass, touch with its wizardry that self-interest the heart of which throbs in the pocketbook, and kindle with its pure flame the fires of unselfish sentiment. It would have to be poetic and yet practical, exalted as an ideal and yet hard as nails in its common sense.

The possibility of such an idea is absurd, exclaims the pessimist. And even the optimist would doubt the probability of such a thought, much less its working out into real, tangible fact.

And yet such an idea has been born and already is far on its way to actual accomplishment. The Lincoln Highway, stretching for three thousand four hundred miles from ocean to ocean, is now so far advanced that, in the terms of American action, it may be considered a certainty. It is one of the largest and most substantial single steps in our present-day material, social, educational and industrial progress. Hard-headed business men who have studied both believe that the Lincoln Highway will surpass the Panama Canal in direct and tangible benefit to the people living in this country.

The Flow of Money From the Masses

WHEN some of the monuments and other boasted work of our hands shall have disappeared, the Lincoln Highway will endure in increasing usefulness, just as the Appian Way, built nearly twenty-three centuries ago, still bears the traffic of a people, while other works, which their proud constructors thought imperishable, have vanished.

Like every great and lasting concept, the Lincoln Highway sprang from the need of the people at the hour when that need had become so heavy that it was psychological—it was in the subconscious mind of the masses and awaited only its statement to get their support. And just this is the broadest and deepest circumstance that is fast making the Lincoln Highway a tangible reality—the vital and fruitful concern of the people themselves in its building.

Of course this popular and practical enthusiasm has been and is wisely directed, as must always be the case, by a few unselfish men with a genius for organization and with the gift of vision. They have so managed it that every ounce of its energy is made efficient; but this fact only makes it plainer that the Lincoln Highway is the people's work, an enterprise that marks a real national spirit.

"My eggs are sixty cents a dozen; though they are good eggs, of course the price is too high. But I have pledged fifty dollars to help build the Lincoln Highway, and the only way I can make the money is by selling at this fancy price the few eggs my hens lay." Thus it was in a Central Western state a farmer's wife collected the amount that was her contribution to an undertaking so vast, so patriotic, so full of sentiment and also so fraught with good uses that on her prairie farm it had reached and touched her mind and heart. Her customers bought her high-priced eggs on her Lincoln Highway argument.

The head of one of the largest and most prosperous American business concerns pledged a great sum, conditioned only on the raising of a reasonable amount, of which his single contribution was a considerable percentage.

The school children of a Nebraska town learned of the Lincoln Highway. Voluntarily they gathered their pennies together until sixty dollars was stowed in their canvas bag. This they sent to the offices of the Lincoln Highway Association as their contribution to this historic work.

A single business man has already spent, first and last, more than fifty thousand dollars in connection with the enterprise, and has bestowed in the past two years more of his time and energy toward forwarding this tremendous project than he has given to his own far-reaching business.

"All I possess does not amount to more than seventeen thousand dollars," wrote a typical man of his class from an Ohio town; "yet," said he, "I ask the privilege of giving a thousand dollars to help build the Lincoln Highway."

Hardly had the Lincoln Highway Association been formed, and news of it had not yet become general, when a man in Kansas wrote: "I can't afford much, but put me down for five dollars." Another man in Kentucky, doing a very small business, carefully reckoned the amount of his gross sales for the preceding year and gave one per cent, which amounted to forty-two dollars. And a Colorado man, little better off, subscribed a thousand dollars to this project for the common good.

"Send somebody to tell us about the Lincoln Highway," wrote the farmers of a county in a Western state. The invitation came unasked and unexpected. It was purely psychological. And when, in response, the association's representative appeared at that Western county seat, scores of automobiles barricaded the courthouse, which was filled with Western farmers eager to learn of the Lincoln Highway—a subject so patriotic that neither politics nor religion could possibly divide them.

Men of all parties were there, but there was a uniformity of naturally keen minds, roused at last by a thing of such mutual interest that they could throw their absurd differences into the melting pot of a common concern. And so the association's representative spoke of this project that helped everybody and hurt nobody; and they heard him gladly.

These are only a few random and haphazard examples of the appeal the Lincoln Highway has made to the hearts, minds and pocketbooks of every possible condition of people.

The Linking of Thirteen States

BEFORE we review the beginnings of the Lincoln Highway idea, and the remarkable and picturesque yet methodical and systematic way in which it was developed, perhaps it would be more useful to look it over as it now is, and consider not only the possibilities but the certainties of its future.

Beginning at New York, this first of transcontinental highways passes through twelve and connects thirteen states before it reaches the Golden Gate. So direct is the route that its entire length is but two hundred miles more than the Pennsylvania, the Chicago and Northwestern, the Union Pacific, and that part of the Southern Pacific running from Salt Lake City to San Francisco.

Much of the Highway passes through or near places of vivid historic interest. From Trenton, Valley Forge, Gettysburg, to the scenes of Indian fights and savage massacres along the line of the Western pioneer advance, the Lincoln Highway links together our heroic struggle for independence, our war for national unity, and the blood-stained steps of our emigrant progress from the Mississippi across the plains and mountains to the Western sea. Quite as vital are all of these as Europe's ancient battlefields—far fresher in their appeal to Americans and infinitely fuller of meaning.

Furthermore, from the branches stretching out on each side of this national highway trunk line one can visit most of the spots where American history at its various periods reached its climaxes.

From the Lincoln Highway itself, or from points along its feeders, one may look on scenery as noble as any on the globe. Neither Europe nor Asia has anything like the Yellowstone Park or the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The exquisite yet glorious beauty of the Yosemite is unmatched. In neither Europe nor Asia, except in certain portions of the Himalayas, has Nature lifted eternal monuments of more splendid majesty than those we find in the Rockies, the Sierras and the Cascades.

The great African desert has justly inspired volumes of brilliant description and its awe-inspiring solitudes have furnished the themes for rich and lofty verse; yet the far-flung wastes of Utah's and Nevada's grim and cruel plains of alkali and sand, the treeless buttes, colored like the Dolomites, are little less impressive than the Sahara.

A Stretch of Highway in Illinois. Concrete Construction Gang at Work in September, 1914

"All the scenery of Europe," said a cultured man whose hobby is traveling, "could be bunched together and thrown into certain sections of our Southwest and be lost in the mighty vastness of its surroundings." Though, of course, this is an extravagant hyperbole, and was so meant, yet it suggests a comparison.

Heretofore the call of America to the lovers of natural beauty has not been answered by very many of her own people. A glimpse might be had, of course, by flashing journeys on speeding trains, but these gave none of the joys of travel; and even notable regions could thus be reached only by disconcerting and most unsatisfactory stops. What was needed for the seeing of America was open-air travel that combined speed with leisure. And just this the Lincoln Highway affords.

This year the Panama Exposition is being held at San Francisco. It is the first celebration that marks in a national way the physical solidarity of the Republic. Vast multitudes from every section of the country will make the journey to the Golden Gate to witness this event. The European War will add to this number a part of the numerous army that each year makes the voyage abroad.

Thousands on thousands who go to the Panama Exposition at San Francisco will make the trip an open-air excursion in automobiles over the Lincoln Highway. And when they have done it they will know more of America than they have ever learned from books; they will have looked on every variety of scenery, from the flat, rich cornfields of the Mississippi Valley to the towering peaks of the Western mountains; and they will have studied, by interesting and ever-changing visual object lessons, the various steps of our development from East to West—they will have witnessed the actual process of a forming nation and the evolution of a people. Incidentally they will go back home with health improved. Also, they will become aggressive workers for the perfect building of those parts of the line not yet properly constructed.

And the economic effect of this holiday pilgrimage! An estimate by optimistic yet level-headed men is that twenty-five thousand automobiles will go over the route of the Lincoln Highway to the San Francisco Exposition. More moderate and doubtful minds have lowered this estimate heavily; and yet even these cautious ones conclude that possibly ten thousand automobiles, carrying forty thousand people, will make the tour. Assuming that twenty-five thousand Lincoln Highway automobiles, filled with excursionists to the big San Francisco show, spend along the way five dollars for each car every hundred miles, the total amount of money distributed among the communities through which the Lincoln Highway runs will be several million dollars.

When Prosperity Arrives by Motor

HERE is cash food for the prosperity of the people living along the Highway that never before was within their reach or even dreamed of by them. Here is a distribution of tangible wealth in a manner equally useful to those who buy and to those who sell what this money represents. And here is a forwarding in a concrete way of the thought that is the only real basis of sound national prosperity—the thought that the well-being of any part of the Republic means in the end the well-being of the whole land, and that our welfare is mutual.

Conversely, here is a getting away from the hurtful, ancient and provincial idea that any state or section of our common country is really built up by cutting itself off from other states or sections; and here is a further leaving behind us of the nationally unsound, illogical and uneconomic notion that the wealth of any community, state or section of a nation is promoted by "keeping our money at home," as the old-time saying has it.

Signboards Mark the Highway at Convenient Intervals. This One is in Nevada

Not only will great sums of actual currency be distributed along the line of the Lincoln Highway this year, because of the Panama Exposition, but every year thereafter; for the use of the Lincoln Highway will steadily and rapidly increase as it is more and more improved and the people become acquainted with it.

Another thing travel along the Lincoln Highway and its branches will do, which needs doing badly, is that it will cause the building and maintenance of well-kept inns and hotels along the route. Why is it that so many thousands of Americans choose to spend their vacations in Europe? Not only because superb roads make traveling delightful, but equally for the reason that almost everywhere are found well-kept, cleanly and attractive inns and hotels, where good food is to be had and the service is excellent. Is it not reasonable to conclude that a large percentage of Americans who go to Europe every year do so because conditions there are more agreeable? If so, the mere shouting of See America First! will not be very influential with those whose purpose is rest and pleasure.

When our highways are made half as good as those of France, England or Germany, and our inns and hotels along those highways as neat and inviting as many of those abroad, will they not furnish a more persuasive argument to See America First! than all the lecturing and hectoring we pour into the somewhat bored ears of the American traveling public? The Lincoln Highway will give a powerful and much-desired impulse to that improvement of inns and hotels which will make American traveling delightful instead of burdensome.

Important as is this economic phase of the Lincoln Highway, it is small in comparison with the increased value of property adjacent to the Highway or within reach of it through its feeders. Especially will the farms so located rise in value. Hundreds of specific illustrations of the effect of a good road in lifting the values of adjoining farms can be given, and the general fact is known to all.

Take one example: Perhaps the most perfect single group of well-made highways in this country is that of Wayne County, Michigan, the excellence of which has caused them to be taken by the Lincoln Highway Association as the standard of construction along this transcontinental national thoroughfare. Very well! There are farms along those admirable Wayne County, Michigan, roads that have doubled in value since their building. The increase in farm values alone in the territory contiguous to or within reach of the Lincoln Highway is conservatively computed to be so great that one hesitates to give the figures lest the totals should invite incredulity.

There will be precisely the same result, of course, as to the increase in the value of farms and all other property along and contiguous to the routes of the great branches and the innumerable feeders of the Lincoln Highway. Many of these branches have already started. Some of them are scarcely of less consequence than the trunk line itself.

Indeed the universal, healthy and lasting stimulus to the making of good roads throughout the nation will be the largest certain result of the thorough and permanent building of the Lincoln Highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And easily the prime material need of our country is the construction of thoroughly good roads just as bad roads or no roads have been our heaviest drawback during our whole national life, as every student of history knows.

Take one illustration, and one that deals with to-day and with cold cash, with the present hour and with actual dollars and cents: The products of our factories and mines, which go to our agricultural population, and the products of our farms and fields, which go to our factory and mining population, make up eighty-five per cent of the total tonnage of the whole country, transported in every way and to every destination, domestic and foreign. Yet the railroads carry but fifteen per cent of this; seventy per cent, in the final analysis, must be hauled over some form of highway by horse or motor power.

The railroads charge for their services from seven-tenths of one cent to two and a half cents a ton mile. At the lowest estimate the average hauling cost a ton mile over American highways in their present state is thirty-five cents; over French roads the average cost is less than four cents a ton mile. So, if we multiply by fifteen, let us say, the immense total of the freight charges of our whole country, we have the stupendous amount the American people pay every year for the luxury of bad roads.

What Bad Roads Have Cost the Farmer

ALL this takes it for granted that the total products of American farms are hauled to market; but that is not true. To the frightful waste of transportation caused by bad roads must be added another sum, which represents products that never get to market at all. One of the most conservative and accurate American economists has shown by careful figures that American farmers lose nearly ten hundred million dollars each year because they cannot get what they have to sell within reach of the purchaser.

The throwing away of actual produce because of bad roads or no roads would build every year forty permanent and perfect ocean-to-ocean highways such as the Lincoln Highway is to be—for to perfect the Lincoln Highway will cost at least twenty-five million dollars. Astounding, is it not? So much that we produce, even with our poor methods of cultivation, never gets to market that this wastage, if saved, would build forty Lincoln Highways.

And not only would good roads throughout the nation save this billion dollars' worth of produce now wasted annually, but they would increase very largely the raising of all manner of foodstuffs and other products, because the ease of marketing would be a selfish incentive to more careful and productive cultivation. Good roads will do more to lower the high cost of living than most people think, just as bad roads have done more to create that problem than is generally supposed.

Is it too much to say that if the whole people could be so awakened to the vital need of universal good-road building that they would act on that need, it would do more for their prosperity, comfort, culture and happiness than

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A Substantial Section of the Lincoln Highway in Nebraska

$50,000 Was Spent to Improve Fifteen Miles of the Lincoln Highway in Wyoming

PROMISE LANDS

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

THERE was still giants in those days, and wolves, and a goblin, when I was seven years old," said Clay to the strange, stoop-shouldered old gentleman whom he had discovered in the garden on returning from the scout drill. The old gentleman on the bench looked blackly over the book in his hand.

"There is no telling," he replied briefly.

"I could, I might, tell—all 'bout it," said Clay, standing at rest in his scout uniform. "One evenin' father and mother were quarrelin' over money" the old gentleman, dropping the book from his hand, took another hastily out of his pocket and began searching the leaves with a frown of absorption "and I was playin' on the rug in the firelight," continued Clay. "Mother said, 'Ain't you got money 'nough for your fam'ly ——'"

"Really, now, it won't do," expostulated the old gentleman. "I can't listen to such stories, you know ——"

Clay, removing his cap, wiped the cold drops from his forehead. His breath came more deeply and the wide gray eyes glanced with a sort of fierce despair

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman, unpocketing another book.

"They was quarrelin' 'bout money," affirmed the boy in a deep, quavering tone, and upon his companion starting up, distracted, he pointed to the scattered volumes: "You ain't read the right books," he declared bitterly — "the loose pages blown into fence corners by the wind—or you'd listen to what they told."

The old gentleman was halted in his tracks. "Books," he repeated musingly, fondly; "books blown into fence corners by the wind—what a remarkable library they would make, to be sure. Books that have been outcasts, adventurers ——" He hesitated weakly.

The boy, for the moment triumphant, was now fearful that his listener would be rescued, and glanced hastily toward the house; but none of the family was in sight. Then a sudden consciousness that he had been bold to the pitch of impudence with their guest overwhelmed him with shame. He looked down blushing and kicking his toes into the turf.

"Books that have lived themselves," said the old gentleman with mild ecstasy; "battered Argonauts ——" He seated himself and, the boy glancing up covertly, their eyes met, glistening.

"Soon as I began watchin' you here I wanted to tell you terrible bad," said Clay soberly.

"I must know all," replied his companion. And as they sat hand in hand the tale was told, and is remembered by the old gentleman as follows:

That Night Rain Was at Home With Us

So father and mother quarreled 'cause she wanted to open our town house early. "Costs 'nough out here," father said. "Money's high; all the gold's gone out o' the country."

The firelight on the rug where I was playin' made gold a-plenty, so I began hustlin' round to get it together. There was gold dancin' and shinin' on the furniture too, so I picked that and tossed it into the pile. Then I rolled up the rug and dragged it over to mother: "You can have it all," I told her.

She put me away so I wouldn't wrinkle her gown, and said it was a pity father couldn't keep 'nough to run his fam'ly.

"Here's a rugful," I said. "Listen to it jingle."

The room was dead still for a minute, and then father struck the table with his fist. "Why don't you teach this child his manners," he said, "and give me somethin' for my money?"

Mother twitched her shoulders and I asked why they didn't look in the rug. I could 'member when they played with ever'thing I did, even down on their hands and knees, and their eyes were like big, soft sparks. But now the sparks were blown out and they looked at me with eyes dead as blind people's.

As I went upstairs, bein' sent to my room, father was askin' why I couldn't be a little grown-up gentleman, like Burlson's boy, and be comp'ny for 'em 'stead o' talkin' nonsense. Up in my room I sat on the bed with my chin in my knees, wonderin' what was the matter with ever'thing. When the butler passed down the back hall I called him to look out o' my window at the moon risin' behind the garden.

"See those folks campin' with their spears stuck up in the ground?" I asked him. "And the ragged wolves creepin' on 'em through the wall?"

He bowed and answered that he saw 'em very plain; he said it was a blighted shame for wolves to ack so and he would tell the constable.

"But it's only shadows and bushes with frost on 'em 'stead o' spears and wolves," I said, and he bowed to that too.

That was 'bout all for the butler. Such a liar made me sick. So I told him he could go soon as he wanted to, and was so lonesome I went to bed with my clo'es on. Then I counted over all the things which had been playin' round that house ever since I was born, and told 'em they had to go, though standin' up a good while for the bears on the back stairs. No wonder father asked why I kep' up those old games. He and mother had quit playin' long ago and were lonesome by 'emselves, so I had to be grown up now soon as poss'ble to be comp'ny to 'em. But I did wish they hadn't pertended 'bout the bears, if they'd never really seen 'em; it made the house seem pretty empty now.

At breakfast there was nothin' to see or play with, and then I knew I was grown up to the rest of the fam'ly. After that I went over the hill and vis'ted the woods on the edge o' the grounds. The oldest of the squirrel fam'ly down there was makin' a acorn mine, and scoldin' the young uns playin' in the trees for their bad manners. I helped him make the mine by droppin' in pecans from my pocket. "Now when wintertime comes it'll be like openin' your town house," I told him. But pretty soon the children squirrels came down to steal the pecans, and scattered the acorns ever'where, so I hadn't helped the old un much. There under the trees the light was yellow. Only the day 'fore that I'd made b'lieve the red and gold leaves were lanterns and that the black leaves made the shadows, but now I wouldn't notice such things.

Pretty soon Cad Burlson came vis'tin', so I played a joke on him I told 'bout the young squirrels and said maybe they knew the old goblin livin' under the black lightnin' stump would change the nuts into gold if they didn't eat 'em right off. Cad was a fat boy and licked out his tongue, thinkin' o' the gold; but he sneered and said I was a liar 'bout the goblin, so I beat on the stump with a stone, callin': "Come out and bite him!"

Cad backed out o' the woods and asked: "Don't you know any better than that?" Then he asked me to boost him up on the wall which ran 'long his own grounds, and said: "Ya, I don't b'lieve in no such trash," and tumbled off to go home.

I felt kind o' low and tired and, havin' nothin' to do, went deep into the woods, which were gray and lonesome as the old graveyard. Then while sittin' down on a log I saw a boy not far off 'mong the tree trunks playin' by himself.

His hair was very black and he had on clo'es too big for him. He would take a leaf and blow on it as though coolin' it off, throwin' up his arms so the sleeves o' the coat fell back to his shoulders.

"I'll pay you red-hot gold," he said, and planked the leaf down on a stump

Course there wasn't anybody there for him to talk to, but I crep' up closer to see what he was 'bout. The boy spoke very clear and low, and then laughed, with his head thrown back and hair fallin' way from his forehead "Burned your fingers, didn't you?" he asked. "Then next time don't be so greedy, devil!"

I said: "Who are you?" and he didn't answer, only lookin' at me over his shoulder. I was cross to see him playin' so when I didn't have games any more. "We don't 'low playin' on our land," I told him.

Maybe it was 'cause he turned pale that his eyes seemed so big and black. "There's so many gold leaves round here," he said with a tremble over his body, which was littler and thinner than mine.

"We can't have you payin' out our leaves—they ain't gold anyway," I said; but he answered right away that he could buy off the devil who had him pris'ner, with 'em.

"You'd better go," I said, and after a bit he nodded and took some paper from under the stump. I wanted to know what he was takin' from our grounds, but it was only torn leaves from an old book.

"I found 'em 'long the road back there," he 'splained; "the wind blows 'em into the fence corners and they're magic books—you want to know what this tells?"

I said "No," and he went away. I saw him drop over the wall into the back road. I knew father'd be glad that I put down strangers who came to play games on our grounds and thought maybe he'd notice at dinner that I'd grown up, but he only watched mother, who looked back with her eyes half shut and smilin' all the time.

She wanted to know if any gold had come to the poor country yet, and he leaned back 'fore answerin', to send the butler out o' the room. Then they quarreled, with voices gettin' lower and lower and eyes growin' brighter.

"I'm a pris'ner here," she told him, and wanted to go to the town house next mornin'.

"We stay, pris'ner or not," he answered: "and that's my last word." Then they were so still that the servants came tiptoein' back.

All evenin' they seemed listenin' and waitin' for somethin', till at last mother said: "This can't go on; there's no use quarrelin' any more. We'll end it for all time." And father, starin' into the fire, nodded without answerin'.

Next mornin' when I was wanderin' 'bout in the woods I got wishin' again that father and mother hadn't ever pertended 'bout the play-game folks. "They used to get down on their hands and knees," I 'membered, "and have good old times with us." Course it was all right, and I was grown up now and had sense and manners, but I felt as if I was missin' a lot, and wondered how old people could stand bein' alone so long. I counted up all the years 'fore I died, and they were so many that I was glad to think o' somethin' different.

It was 'bout the boy who b'lieved the devil had him pris'ner, so I went 'cross the back road to find him and make sure he wouldn't come to play on our land. There were old quarries back there with bushes growin' over 'em, and I walked round till I saw him workin' in a hollow between two big rocks which had been blasted from the hillside.

He was layin' rows o' stones from the hollow, and some of 'em were so heavy that he staggered carryin' 'em. Every little bit he would stop to study the torn book leaf, and then go pick out a certain stone. "It's a devil trap," he told me, and asked if he mightn't go back to my woods to get just one piece of gold to bait the trap.

"It ain't gold, only dead leaves," I told him. But he frowned, and after thinkin' it over I let him go, and he came back with one leaf, which he put in the hollow at the end o' the rows o' stones.

All he did seemed so queer that I climbed up on one o' the big rocks to watch. He was on the other, just across, and lookin' down we could see a little black pool and the leaf on the edge of it. The leaf did look like gold.

"What's your name?" I asked, and he answered: "Joe; and when the devil comes to-day I'm ready. Hush!" said Joe. "He's slippin' 'long the stone street. There he comes, reachin' for the gold." He hallooed right out: "I've got him, take that on the head!" and holdin' up a stone in both hands slammed it into the pool so sudden that I hallooed too.

Then Joe put back his head, showin' his throat, and laughed, so I told him never to come on our land any more.

"I didn't see the devil, and don't pertend any o' that play-game stuff," I told him.

"Look out," he said in a still voice, and I did.

Movin' down among the bushes between me and the road was only a head and shoulders. I could see the tattered hat and black beard for a second, then they'd dip out o' sight and come up again, and there was a terrible scratchin' and fallin' o' loose gravel. Every time the head and shoulders came up they'd be closer.

"What is that?" whispered Joe. "I ain't got my book to read 'bout him." I said I used to b'lieve ogres were like that.

Out o' the bushes at the edge o' the hollow came a tremendous wild man with a twisted hand, which I thought he'd been usin' to scratch up the gravel. But 'stead o' that he'd been draggin' a lame leg, which was so bent that he almost squatted down when tryin' to walk on it. I s'posed Joe would have sense enough to keep quiet, but he had to make a game of ever'thing and said in a fierce way: "Go on, Og, there's a trap here."

The wild man hooked all his fingers and grinned; then he sat down on a rock with his lame knee in his hands.

"Thunder and iron!" he said. "I don't want to get caught in any more traps."

"It ain't baited for you," answered Joe, sittin' upon the rock.

"What I want to know," said the man, who had a deep rumble in his voice, "is, who is it baited for?"

He looked at me and I was 'bout to answer, but Joe shook his head, with a finger on his lips.

"You wait, man," he said; "'fore we tell ever'thing I want to find out which you are." He went down after the book leaves and looked 'em over, askin' some names, the man shakin' his head to all of 'em.

"Here's the last one," said Joe; "it says, 'Mister Carger, who is travelin' to a far land.'"

The man nodded and answered: "That's me."

"What kind o' land is it?" asked Joe, and Carger said a promise land. Then he had to 'splain that it was bright with gold and silver and silk and that it was lit by diamond lamps.

"They have moosic and fried chicken?" asked Joe, and Carger went on to tell all 'bout it, till I was 'fraid o' what was comin'.

"Who's goin' 'long o' you?" Joe asked, and Carger answered: "My chap Joe, he'll go 'long."

Course he was only pertendin', but he cried out fierce, holdin' up his crippled fist to the sky; while Joe watched, tremblin' all over. Then Carger went on his way and I said "That's all a lie too; they ain't any promise land."

Joe's eyes sparkled up like fire: "Don't you ever say that 'gain," he said. "My pa and me know what's true, and we'd been there now only ——"

"Only what?" I asked, and he answered only for the old devil holdin' 'em back. "You saw jus' now," he said, and sat lookin' far off, not answerin' any more. I thought how fierce and black Carger's face was, as though a devil did haunt him, and had to laugh to think o' Joe settin' traps to catch him. Then I went back to our grounds.

That day was a long one, the woods and even the rooms of the house bein' still and gray. I went round where I used to play, even on the back stairs, and got to thinkin' I was tellin' the ole fren's good-by to bury 'em. The evenin' came with father and mother walkin' past each other like strangers, and somethin' seemed to be hid away in so much lonesomeness. I got to watchin' and listenin' and didn't like the looks o' things.

But I was glad I'd quit playin' games, 'cause the folks seemed pretty lonesome too, and I could sit still keepin' 'em comp'ny. Then I fell asleep on a corner o' the couch and they must have forgot me, for the house was dark and they'd gone when I woke up.

That night Joe came to play in a dream just the same as he would 'fore my eyes in daytime. I didn't like the way he rose up in his flappin' clo'es, holdin' devil-gold in his fist and laughin' with his head thrown back, showin' his throat.

I woke up, cryin' to play too; so after that I stayed awake, and first thing in the mornin' went over to see Cad Burlson 'bout it. He thought such things oughtn't to go on, so we went down to the quarry where Joe was hustlin' round, busy as ever.

"I been readin' 'bout you in my book," he told Cad. "It says look out for ogres."

Cad looked all round and then said he didn't b'lieve it.

"Where do you live?" I asked, and Joe answered that he had a magic house in daytime full o' devils. Course Cad and me had to laugh as loud as we could, and then asked where he went o' nights.

"I just blow out like a candle," said Joe; "don't go nowheres."

"Who's 'fraid o' devils and magic?" said Cad, and kicked down the stones which was piled up like an armchair.

Joe put his arms over his face as Cad shoved him. He didn't run 'way, but stood shrinkin' and still when Cad pulled down his arms without half tryin' and slapped his cheek.

Joe was cryin' to himself, and Cad Burlson stood lickin' his lips and was goin' to slap him again if I hadn't hallooed out.

"What's the matter o' you?" Cad asked. "You can't have this beggar round keepin' you wake nights with his lyin' games, can you?"

I answered course I couldn't, and he raised his hand. But I hallooed out again, 'fraid for Joe of a sudden, and ran in between 'em; so Cad and me had a fight. When he'd gone Joe said I was wounded in the nose and scooped some water out o' the little black pool for me to snuffle. The water smelled awful but my nose stopped bleedin'.

I hoped Joe'd think it was a bully fight, but he sat with his chin in his hands till I asked if he wasn't glad I lammed Cad.

"I'm gladder at what you said," he answered — "that there was a promise land, and a devil and the magic book; and you was goin' to fight for 'em ——"

Well, I didn't 'member any o' that, bein' mad when I was sayin' it, but Joe put up both hands and said: "I'm gladder'n anything 'cause now you can come 'long with us."

He got his book and read me 'bout the promise land, in a quiet voice as my nurse used to read a Bible Sunday afternoons, and knowin' just how wicked it was and that some day he'd find out the truth as I had done, why I jus' pertended, and lied to him like the butler had done to me.

"It's all true," I told him.

"What are You Doin' Here?" He Asked, and I Told Him How it Was

Then Carger, the lame wild man, came down, and hearin' 'bout the fight thanked me for standin' up for his chap Joe, and we talked a while of good things comin'. I knew he was pertendin' and he knew I was pertendin', and asked if I didn't come from that far place lit up with lamps like stars, with silver and gold trimmin's, where there was rich clo'es to wear and no cold winds ——

"And fry chicken and moosic—pa likes fry chicken?" asked Joe, who listened and held to the twisted hand.

I 'greed to ever'thing and promised to meet 'em in the far place, knowin' that pretty soon Joe would learn it was all pertendin' and be broke up over it.

Then Carger went limpin' away with Joe, only stoppin' to wave back, and I went home.

That afternoon, bein' in the woods again, I saw Joe sittin' on the wall, and 'vited him over to have some lunch I'd brought down. I'd brought a red jersey and a cap, too, for Joe, but he shook his head. "I'd be a beggar to take 'em," he said, and only held the jersey 'gainst his cheek to feel how soft and warm it was.

I said he'd be growin' terrible cold, but he swept up heaps o' leaves in his arms. "These are silver coals and gold sparks o' fire," he answered, and shook back the flappin' sleeves while the leaves dripped over him.

I forget which lie I told him — there'd been so many by that time. Somethin' 'bout the goblin leavin' the jersey on the stump, and he'd better take it 'fore somethin' grabbed him.

"Quick, they're comin'," I told him, and he hustled into it, laughin'. A fierce rustlin' wind came down in clouds o' dust, and I could see Joe playin' hide-and-seek like a wolf in a red cloak. My heart beat up so high for a minute that I thought I was back in the old games; then the wind dropped still and all the woods was empty 'cept for us two.

"These are Silver Coals and Gold Sparks o' Fire"

(Continued on Page 34)

THE ISLAND OF THE FOUR M'S

A Tale of Tamatau—By Allan Dunn

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

Affectation Changed to Admiration—Then Activity

"WHO was the chap you were chumming with last night at Pretzel Looey's?" asked Captain Boyle—barkentine Margaret Ann, South Sea trade—of his undersized but shrewd cockney supercargo, Jimmy Brownbill.

"Who? 'Im?" said Jimmy, his little hazel eyes twinkling. 'Im? 'E's a Dutchy. Got the chuck from the German steamer what went out the day before yestiddy. 'E sez 'e quit; but I guess 'e got the bloomin' sack, all right. 'E's a wireless hoperator. There's three hof 'em haboard and they'll get halong wivout 'im. 'Is 'and couldn't be much huse to 'im, the w'y hit shook; though 'is 'ead's all right. 'E's got a conk like a Scotch bartender."

"What made you chum with a Dutchy, Jimmy?"

"Well, Hi was thirsty, hand 'e wanted to spend 'is money. W'y not let 'im?"

"Did he say what that steamer was doing here? She wasn't a passenger boat and she didn't look to be a freighter."

"She's a wireless boat, 'e told me—hestablishing wireless stations hacross the Pacific for the German Government. Hi didn't get the 'ang of hall 'e said. 'E mixed up Dutch and Hinglish sometimes. That was the honly w'y the licker haffected 'im," said Jimmy, with evident admiration for his absorbent friend. "'E showed me a bit hin the pipers habout hit."

"What paper?"

"The Hapia piper—not the German one."

"When you go ashore, Jimmy," said Boyle, "you get me a file of the Apia papers since that steamer was in port; and keep in touch with your Dutch friend, and your own silly head clear. I might need what brains there are in it."

Captain Boyle was tied up in Apia against his will. His trade monopoly of the little atoll kingdom of King Tamatau—Old King Tomato, the traders called him—lying south of the Low Archipelago, was closed to him, temporarily at least. With Captain McShane, of the Shamrock—both skippers hailing from Sydney—he had shared a profitable commerce in the copra, hawkbill turtle, *bêche de mer* and pearl of the island dominion. But the sale to Tamatau of a fourth-hand automobile—an old brokendown steamer, renovated and decorated in barbaric splendor by the handy Jimmy—had ended in disaster.

And now trade was dull. There were cargoes in the copra sheds and on the beaches, but not for him. He had been out of the open game too long. The days of the roving master trader were over, he sadly realized, half wishing he had not brought the Margaret Ann out of Sydney.

"The bottom's out of everything," he opined sadly to Riley Hardin, his first mate. "The natives ask for a fathom of goods where they used to take a yard—an' grateful—but they tell me things are worse ashore than afloat."

"It's plumb frightful ashore," said Hardin. "Back in the States it's got so you can't get a drink. Everything's prohibition and curfew. Good thing you don't need a license at sea." Captain Boyle nodded, sighed and took the hint. "Thankin' Heaven there's a sea for sailors!" continued Hardin across the creaming pewters.

"'Ere's your mornin' and evenin' pipers," announced Jimmy.

"You're pretty well under hatches, my man," said his skipper. "You'd better turn in and sleep it off."

"Hi'm a bit squiffy," owned Jimmy, swaying as he stood in the light of the lamp; "jes' a little bit squiffy; but, b'limy, you oughter see Dutchy! I've got 'im goin' for fair. 'E's got 'is harms round Levuka Sam an' 'e's tryin' to teach 'im the Wot—the Wot—the Wotchermaycallit on the Rhine," he ended happily.

"You get to bed!" said his skipper. "And see to it that you're in better shape in the morning."

Jimmy, unsubdued, weaved his way aft to his little cabin, chuckling and hilariously attempting the Wacht am Rhein. Presently a series of snores showed his obedience to orders in sleeping it off.

"For a little chap," opined Hardin, "he's got a powerful head of steam. Shall I muffle him?"

"Let him sleep," said Boyle. "I'll need him in the morning. He'll be all right then. He hasn't got many brains, has Jimmy; but what there is takes a lot of addling. Look over these papers, will you, Hardin, and see whether you can find something about this wireless business with the Germans."

The papers rustled busily for a while. Then Hardin looked up.

"Here's an article," he said.

"Read it," said his skipper.

The mate obeyed, moistening his larynx with a draught of bottled ale:

"Germany Seeking Her Own Wireless System. Works to Establish South African and Pacific Stations, Independent of British. Special Dispatch to the Star. Berlin, September third.

"An effort is being made to establish a wireless system between Nauen and Togoland, Southwest Africa, and the Cameroons. It is proposed also to establish an independent German wireless system in the South Pacific. A large station is to be built at Samoa, having a range of eighteen hundred and seventy miles, with stations in New Guinea and the Marshall Islands, and, to the east, the Low Archipelago—all interconnected and in direct connection with Europe by means of the Dutch cable from Yap, one of the islands in the Caroline group."

"Humph!" said Boyle. "Listen to this editorial:

"The news of an independent German wireless system in the South Pacific will be received with interest by all nationalities in Polynesia. It is to be established presumably for commercial purposes primarily, though the mailed glove of the War Lord may be seen in this latest effort for the mastery of the air—following on the vigorous though uncertain attempts to create a dirigible fleet capable of circumnavigating the globe.

"We understand that these wireless stations are desirably to be located on islands proper—as opposed to atolls—on account of the advantages of mountain heights.

"Older residents will wonder how stations will be obtained in the Low Archipelago or its neighborhood—despite the undoubted authenticity of our dispatch. The islands to the eastward—in the wide circle bounded by the Society Islands, the Marquesas, the Tuamotus, Gambier and Austral groups, and, of course, Tahiti—are all under French control.

"In any event, we welcome the new enterprise of linking the South Pacific archipelagoes to the mainland—a condition already established by Great Britain."

"But," said Hardin, "the French don't own all the islands. There's Tamatau."

"Yes," said the skipper thoughtfully; "there's Tamatau."

"I reckon," said the mate ruefully, "we don't dare go nigh him."

"I don't know about that. It's worth thinking over."

"Otherwise," said Hardin, then changed his course—— "I suppose the steamer ain't been that way already?"

"No; she came from Port Adam, in the Solomons, and she's going back to Sydney. Now ——" And he relapsed into silence.

"You was thinking ——" pursued the mate.

"I was thinking if we could square ourselves with Old Tomato we might get an option from him or buy outright. There's an island of his, not an atoll, just below the Capricorn Line."

"The island of the Four M's!" said Hardin.

"You know it?" asked the captain. "We never called there in the Margaret Ann. I've only seen it once, in point of fact—some twelve years ago. Never touched there."

"Neither have I; but I've heard about it. They call it the Four M's on account of its makeup—mangroves, malaria, mosquitoes and missionaries."

"I never heard about the missionaries—always wondered what the fourth M was; thought it stood for mud. What'd they go there for?"

"What do they go anywhere for?" asked Hardin. "To furnish food for the poor starvin' cannibals. That's what these did, anyway; but it's all cleaned out long ago."

"How are you goin' to fix things with the king?"

"Give him something that'll make him forget all about the automobile. He's had a year to get over his mad."

"And he's been a year without beer or new pajama patterns," said Hardin. "That ought to help some."

"Yes," assented Boyle; "that ought to help some."

"What'll you give him?"

"That," said the captain, "is Jimmy's job. I'll send him scouting tomorrow. Fill up your mug and we'll turn in."

"Hi've got the bloomin' hidentical ticket!" announced the sobered Jimmy at breakfast the next morning, after the question of Tamatau's present of placation had been broached to him. "You remember my hidea habout the 'armonium we 'eard at the movie show in Sydney?"

"Yes," replied his skipper. "Rotten!"

"Wait a bit. Wot d'yer s'y to a complete horchestra—bass drum, triangle, cymbals, horgan, 'arp, hand a dozen cornets chucked hin? Wot?"

"What are you talking about?"

"There was a circus 'ere two months hago," said Jimmy. "Went on the blink, hit did; and Strauss—the secondhand dealer wot sold hus the 'ook wiv a flaw hin the fluke—'e' staked 'em to get aw'y; kep' their tents and 'orses and most of their houtfit has security. 'E'd 'ave kep' the rest hof the hanimals, too, honly 'e was hafraid they'd heat their bloomin' 'eads hoff. Well, one of the things they left be'ind was this 'ere steam horchestra. You've 'eard 'em?"

"Calli-ope?" queried Hardin, with the accent on the first syllable.

"No—not them things. This pl'ys hitself. You slip in a tin plate, wiv 'oles in hit like a strainer, and turns hon the steam; and hoff she goes hin Rule Britannyer, six times for sixty. They hused to 'ave 'em on rounderbouts at 'ome."

"Roundabouts?"

"Sure! Don't you know?

"A tuppenny ride on a tramcar down to Victoria Park;
A thripenny ride hon a rounderabout, ter show you're 'aving a lark;
A tuppenny shy hat a coconut hand ninepence for your tea;
Hand tuppence left for your ride back 'ome, hand ——"

"That'll do," said his skipper severely. "You're no canary, Jimmy. And singing at breakfast is bad luck."

"Bad luck at any time for those that listen to Jimmy," capped Hardin.

"You mean a merry-go-round," said the captain.

"Ho, wot's the diff? They hain't so merry; I got seasick on one once."

"How much does he want for it?" asked Boyle.

"Hall 'e can get. 'E'll ask you fifty quid and tyke ten. You can 'andle 'im best on haccount of that hanchor."

"I'll go ashore and see him this morning," said the captain.

"Want me to go wiv you?" asked Jimmy.

"You stay here and dust the traderoom shelves—if there's nothing else to do. You can see Dutchy tonight. I may have a message for him. Get me out Tamatau's pajama pattern and put a bolt of that cloth in the boat—you know the one I mean; looks like busted tomatoes on a skyblue ground."

"Them's pomegranites," corrected Jimmy, "and hit's a fine piece hof hart goods. Hall right, sir! Hi'll stay haboard."

"Order the whaleboat, will you, Hardin?" said Boyle, and went on deck.

"Eight pounds ten shillings—und not a sixbence less!" exclaimed Schwartz, the junkdealer, after an animated skirmish of half an hour. "At less—I give id you my word, Captain Boyle—I lose money."

"You're losing your mind when you talk that way," said the captain. "Eight pounds I'm giving you, and at that you're owing me half of it for that rotten anchor. If it had been bad weather and a lee shore when that fluke broke off short, Mr. Schwartz, you'd have had the lives of twelve people on your conscience—if you have one—not to reckon the loss of the Margaret Ann."

"*Ach! Gott sei Dank!*" returned the dealer hypocritically. "That I should know there was a flaw in that fluke! I am nod an expert. It was bought *unter vier Augen*. But this beautiful orghestrion—it is a loss! I haf still on my hands the horses from the circus. If they were *schwarz* now I could sell them for funerals—but *weiss und* piebuld! They are too hard to keep clean."

"Eight pounds! Is it a bargain or not?" asked Boyle. "Delivered on the wharf by four this afternoon!"

"Well, I take it—on account of the anchor."

"And the records," added Boyle.

"*Ach!* No. They are a dozen—*und* beautiful. They are worth alone *fünf* pounds."

"If they're like the sample we just heard," said the captain, "they're not worth a damn! Eight pounds for the whole thing. Sell it or keep it. At four, on the wharf! Here's your money. Good-by."

Schwartz took up the sovereigns with a sigh of resignation, and Boyle and Hardin left the store.

"*Dummkopf!*" cried the dealer after they had gone. "I should haf told him the boiler was egstra."

"Did you ever hear such a racket?" asked the captain as he and Hardin walked toward the boatlanding.

"Sounded like six drunk German bands celebrating the opening of a boiler factory. What was the tune? I ain't got much of an ear for music."

"I think," said the skipper, "it was God Save the King; but it might have been Yankee Doodle. We want to get out of here to-night, Hardin. Tide sets at ten. Look at that, would you!" he said abruptly, halting and pointing at a smartly handled topsail schooner coming up into the wind, her Kanaka crew in a bustle as they got ready to anchor.

"McShane and the Shamrock!" exclaimed Hardin.

"Now I wonder what the devil he's doing here!" said Boyle. "The last I heard he was up Guadalcanar-way. We'll have to go aboard right away and get Jimmy to belay that Dutchman before that ratfaced supercargo of McShane's gets smelling round. He'll get hold of the whole scheme and beat us to it if we don't get a good start on him. You hurry back to old Schwartz, Hardin, and tell him to crate up that contraption so no one can tell what it is. Have it brought down by some native wagon. I'll send the boat back for you."

Jimmy was startled into consciousness of the practical by the arrival of his skipper.

"You jump ashore, Jimmy!" said the latter. "Tell that Chink tailor he's got to have those pajamas ready by four o'clock. Find Hardin and tell him to arrange for a lighter for that orchestrion. Get hold of that Dutch friend of yours and don't leave him. Keep away from McShane and Flynn. Offer Dutchy a job as steward—or a pleasure trip. Have him aboard by ten o'clock—drunk, sober or shanghaied; and don't pickle that muck you carry in your own brainpan. Here's a sovereign for ex'es. Jump!"

"Hi'm hoff!" said Jimmy. "You leave it to me. Hi'll get 'im."

Captain Boyle's fears as to McShane's general curiosity were realized when he found that worthy Irishman on the wharf-end looking on at the lightering of the orchestrion at four o'clock.

"When did he come?" asked Boyle of Hardin, after nodding to his rival.

"Jest this minnit," said the mate.

"Been buying more automobiles, Captain Boyle?" asked McShane pleasantly.

"If I was I'd come to you," retorted Boyle. "I heard you had one on your hands."

The sudden flush on McShane's always ruddy face withered the hue of his scarlet whiskers to a comparative pink. He, too, had thought to sell Tamatau an automobile a year before, but Boyle had effectually forestalled him.

"Hur-r-rhumph!" he exploded, and stalked off.

"Had him that time!" exulted Hardin.

"We'll have to take good care he don't have us," said Boyle. "Better arrange to carry that contraption on deck; we'll have to get the hang of running it on the way down."

Delighted "Ohs" and "Ahs" Came From the Waiting Queens

"Who's goin' to be orchestry leader?" asked Hardin.

"Jimmy—unless the Dutchman's a better musician. We're goin' to take him along. Hurry it aboard, Hardin."

Ten o'clock found Boyle impatiently pacing his deck, going to the rail every little while to spit discontentedly into the ebb that gurgled past the sides of the Margaret Ann as she strained at her shortened cable.

"Confound that little cockney!" he said to Hardin. "I hate to leave him ashore. Damned if I don't, though, if he ain't aboard by morning. Better give her some slack—tide's racin'."

Eight bells sounded, without a sign from Jimmy.

"I'm going to turn in, Mr. Wilkins," said Boyle to his second mate. "When Mr. Brownbill comes aboard wake me up. He should have some one with him—a passenger."

At four o'clock a shore boat, manned by two grinning Kanakas, hailed the sleepy Wilkins.

"Package—Captain McShane's compliments," said one of the men.

It was Jimmy, neatly sacked, his head limp on its scrawny neck, eyes closed, breathing stertorously.

"What the —— Here you—Fatua and Maloa!" cried Wilkins to the watch. "Get Mr. Brownbill aboard; and then pass the word for Billy-Boy to get him down to his cabin. Hey! Wait a minnit!"

Billy-Boy came yawning to the rail as the shore boat flashed away through the phosphorescent water.

"Cast him loose, Billy-Boy, and see whether you can sober him up a bit. I'm going to report to the skipper. Hello! What's this?"

There was a letter attached to the drawstring that drew the coarse sacking about the unfortunate Jimmy's neck in an absurd ruff.

"Well!" demanded the skipper, emerging in crinkled pajamas from the tumbled chrysalis of his bunk. "Where's Jimmy?"

"In the cabin—in a sack," said the mate, grinning.

"It's nothing to laugh at!" roared the skipper. "Drunk, I suppose. Any one with him?"

"Pickled for keeps!" said Wilkins with sudden gravity. "Came off alone in a shore boat. Billy-Boy's fixing him."

"I'll attend to him," said Boyle. "Get Hardin up, will you?" He tore open the letter, turned up the lowered lamp and glared at the contents. "What d'ye think of that?" he demanded of Hardin as that individual appeared.

The mate rubbed his eyes and read the penciled scrawl aloud:

"*My dear Boyle:*"— it started -"I found this on the beach. It looks as if it belonged aboard the Margaret Ann. If it don't, heave it overboard. It won't sink, with the head it's got on it. "Yours for old-time's sake,

"McSHANE."

"Damn his impudence!" exploded Boyle. "'Old-time's sake!' 'Looks as if it belonged aboard the Margaret Ann!' As for the head, I'll put another on Jimmy when he gets rid of this one! I'm going to shake it out of him now," he continued. "Relieve Wilkins, will you? We'll get out as soon as the tide turns."

It was noon next day, however, with the Margaret Ann fifteen miles from Apia, before the little supercargo regained speech or motion. Then he opened filmy eyes on the indignant countenance of his skipper.

"Doped!" he murmured, opening cracked and purple lips. "Give me a drink, skipper. I'm fair dyin' hof thirst."

Captain Boyle thrust a glass at him as if it were poison and he a righteous executioner.

"Drink that," he said, "and pull yourself together."

"Hi'm hall hapart, hallright," said Jimmy as he gulped at what he fondly hoped was gin, but which proved to be a stiff dose of ammonia and water.

"Got a tongue like a bloomin' piece hof liver sossidge, mildewed," he said, hitching himself up on his elbows.

"Serves you right. What happened? Where's Dutchy?"

"Dutchy? Ho, what price Dutchy?" The ghost of a twinkle showed beneath the glaze of Jimmy's eyes. "'E's the larst I saw hof Dutchy 'e was weepin' hon 'Ibiscus Hann's bosom and hexplainin' the hinnards of a bomb wot 'e was goin' to blow hup the Hemperor Willyum wiv. Hit wasn't my fault, skipper," he protested. "Hi 'ad Dutchy goin' for fair. 'E was coming haboard; but 'e was stubborn. 'E 'ad 'arf a bottle of kimmel to finish, an' before Hi c'd get 'im aw'y hin breezes Jerry Flynn."

"I knew it," groaned Boyle—"and you gave away the show!"

"Not much, Hi didn't. Hi didn't 'ave a charnce. They doped me—Jerry did it. I saw 'im talking to Looey—blarst 'im! Hi'll git heven wiv 'im! 'Ow did Hi come haboard, skipper?" asked Jimmy, collapsing among his blankets. "We're at sea, hain't we? Cracky! My 'ead!"

"Sewed up in a sack like a prize ham," said Boyle. "Not much of a prize at that. You get up and shove that fool's head of yours into a bucket of water. You've got to run that music machine."

"Not yet, skipper," pleaded Jimmy; "not wiv this 'ead! Hit 'ud bust hopen. Hit's split now. Hi can feel the bloomin' cracks."

"Better shrink it before that mess of stuff you think is brains leaks out," said Boyle, slamming the door as he left with a bang that sent Jimmy cowering beneath the bedclothes.

There was no need of Jimmy's services as orchestra leader for many days however. The breeze held fair, despite indications of a shift, and the Margaret Ann plowed cheerily through the sparkling seas, every kite in her lockers, from royals down, speeding her on the way to Totulu.

"McShane'll be put to it to catch us if he's on," said Hardin.

"He's on, all right," answered Boyle, "or why should Jerry Flynn dope Jimmy? He's following with that Dutch sparksnapper on board; but I fancy the wind's blown out behind us. We're in the last of it now, I reckon; and he'll be slapping about and cursing the weather."

"How are you goin' to get in touch with the German?"

"Well, as soon as we close the deal with Old Tomato we'll make for the nearest cable station and get in touch with Sydney. They're going to be there for quite a while yet. Jimmy got that much out of Dutchy before Flynn fixed him.

"It's twenty-three-eighty-nine miles from Tahiti to Honolulu," he went on; "but the cable from there splits at Guam and only touches Australia at Broome, 'way over on the west coast. There's a cable to Brisbane from Levuka, but that's too long a run. I figure we'd better make Auckland and reach them by way of Wellington and over to Sydney."

The next day the breezes lightened and the Margaret Ann rode on an even keel.

"McShane's in the doldrums," said Boyle prophetically. "Jimmy, get Billy-Boy and uncrate the music. Get steam up in the boiler and try her out."

"Suffering cats! Listen to that!" said Hardin, checking up sights in the cabin with his skipper. "Sounds like a competition between bagpipes and a slaughterhouse!"

"Must be stuffed up," said Boyle.

"I wish my ears was," replied Hardin.

The assassination of the air that was being carried on under Jimmy's direction was appalling. Between puffs and snorts, great blobs of sound ascended like balloons from the pipes of the orchestrion and broke in discordant fragments, rending the atmosphere.

"For the love of Susan, stop that racket!" shouted Boyle, coming hastily on deck. "It's enough to raise the dead—and make them commit suicide to get back to their graves again."

"Hit'll be hall right in 'arf a jiff," answered Jimmy, smearing coaldust across his wet forehead. "Hi didn't judge the steam right hat first; hand Hi think"—he added—"Hi think hit's a bit hout of tune. But Hi can fix that."

"Fix nothing!" said Boyle. "You leave it the way it is. It's bad enough now."

"Right-o!" answered Jimmy. "Shut 'er hoff, Billy-Boy. There's some paint left hover from the hauto," he added wistfully. "Hi could fix 'er hup fine w'en she cools hoff. There's henough red for the body of 'er and yaller for the pipes; but Hi hain't got hany goldleaf," he added regretfully—"hand there's no room for a picture nowhere. Hi could paint 'is nyme hon hit, though, wiv a yaller crown hover hit. Wot?"

"All right," assented Boyle. "Hop to it. That's a good idea about the name, Jimmy."

Captain Boyle, after a half-doubtful glance at the gift of conciliation for Tamatau, on which so much depended, walked aft to scan the horizon for any sign of the Shamrock's topsails. But McShane, with sails idly aflap and blocks swinging to the roll of the schooner, was adding every hour to his vituperative vocabulary and the admiration of Josiah Bixby, his first mate, three hundred miles astern of the Margaret Ann.

In the cabin of the Shamrock a nervous German, ex-wireless operator on the steamer Elbe—on special government service—bit his nails to the quick as he realized the possible consequences of his desertion while under the combined nepenthes of Holland gin and kümmel.

"*Majestätsbeleidigung!*" he muttered, wildly eying the mystified Kanaka steward. "Bring a drink, *Schafskopf! Ach, du lieber Himmel! Majestätsbeleidigung!*"

It was close to noon one morning when the Margaret Ann—the orchestrion in full blast—approached the reef passage to Totulu. On each side of the channel grinned a corroded carronade, with its attendant group of native amateur artillerymen. Whatever hostile plans may have been theirs were suspended by a complete paralysis of every faculty except the sense of hearing.

The barkentine passed between the jaws of death—it is doubtful which end of the carronades would have gone off—in safety. Far down the muleshoe-shaped lagoon could be seen the white beach in front of the grouped huts of Totulu dotted with black figures, every minute added to by others that came running from every direction.

"There's the hold cockalorum 'imself!" announced Jimmy, peering through the binoculars, leaving Billy-Boy as orchestral director pro tem. "'E's 'idin' be'ind the wimmin. Hand there's Hatupa! Hand blowed hif there hain't Kokua—wot you made shofer for the car!"

"Kokua, eh?" said Boyle. "I'm glad he's there. I had an idea the king would kill him. He'll do to run the music."

"It's fetched 'em all right," said Hardin.

"Yes," replied the skipper; "it's fetched 'em all right. The question is, Will they stay put? Those chaps at the entrance didn't seem to know whether they liked it or not. Take her in to the old moorings, Mr. Hardin. Give me the glasses."

The crowd seemed to be awestruck rather than excited. By this time the barkentine was close enough for those aboard to distinguish faces and they began to pick out acquaintances among the silent crowd.

"Good-by, Kapitani," said the Monarch. "You Come Back Soon?"

"Good thing Hi laid hin plenty hof dressgoods," said Jimmy. "Look at the *wahine's holokus!* The color's hall bin washed hout of 'em."

"The king's sneaked into the storehouse," said Boyle, "ashamed of his rig. We'll fix that. As soon as the hook's down, Jimmy, get two cases of beer and a case of gin ready, and we'll send 'em ashore. Set 'em on the end of the wharf and put the king's pajamas on top—prominent."

The record ended and the crowd surged down to the water's edge as the Margaret Ann swung at her moorings, and her signal gun spatted the royal salute while the bait was taken ashore and put at the end of the wharf.

Atupa, lord of the Totulu treasury in title only, strutted on to the wharf, accompanied by two burly islanders, advanced to the stringpiece and started in affected surprise at the cases, with the glaring garments designed for Tamatau conspicuously laid across them. Affectation changed to admiration—then activity. He took up the pajamas caressingly, reverently, and hastened away, followed by four Kanakas, packing the cases.

"So that's all right," sighed Boyle with relief. "Slip in your other record. The king'll be off as soon as he can change his duds. Get his tipple ready. We'll serve it on deck. Put plenty of gin in it."

"Here he comes!" said Hardin as a whaleboat, rowed by six of Tamatau's wives, shot out from the shore end of the king's private wharf. The three hundred-odd pounds of the monarch, clad in the new pajamas, lolled in the stern.

Boyle stood at the gangway to receive the royal visitor, who toiled up the ladder, his bulk shaking like not too successful jelly. Tamatau's face was grimly set to no compromise of hasty affability.

"Well, king, here we are!" said the skipper genially. "A bit late this trip; but I had a hard time getting what I wanted for you. Got the king's cup, Jimmy?"

The astute little supercargo held out the foaming stein at arm's length, waving it close beneath the royal nose. The pungent aroma of its contents—a year foresworn—rose as grateful incense in Tamatau's nostrils. His mouth watered; the chemistry of his domestic economy yearned for it. He sniffed—once—twice—and held out the royal hand to seize and swiftly carry the tankard to his lips.

"*Eyah!*" said Tamatau, and with a sigh of content handed back the empty goblet.

Swiftly Jimmy refilled it, and once more the long-denied palate thrilled with delight.

"*Maiti!*" said Tamatau; then pointed in the direction his eyes had taken while he was yet drinking. "What that?" he demanded.

"Present for you, king," said Boyle pleasantly.

"Present? No want sell um?"

"Lord! No, king. That's a present. Cost? Oh, plenty much money; but I wanted to make things right. Sorry about the trouble with the car last year; so fetched you this. See? There's your name."

He pointed out the lettering surmounted by the yellow crown, and Tamatau's face beamed as if lighted from within.

The stored-up steam surged through the valves. With crash and blare and clang the Wearing of the Green throbbed out in full power.

"*Maiti!*" said the monarch. "He present?"

"Sure, king. No charge. I'll send it ashore right away and teach some one how to run it. Come below, king; we can hear it just as well in the cabin. Mr. Wilkins, give the ladies those prints we brought for them. Plenty present this time, king," continued the skipper as delighted "Ohs" and "Ahs" from the waiting queens in the boat floated through the skylight.

"What you want?" asked the always practical Tamatau, suspending operations on a fifth tankard. "You want um cargo? Plenty copra; plenty turtle; some pearl."

"Not now, king. I come back pretty soon and fill ship. This time I'm in a hurry. I want to buy something else—nothing to take away."

"Humph!" ejaculated the mystified Tamatau. "You buy—not take away? That damfool talk! Why he stop?" he suddenly demanded as the record ended.

"Take ashore now, king."

"*Maiti!* You speak um what you want in storehouse. I go now. You come soon."

He waddled to and up the protesting companionway, Boyle following him to the rail.

"It's all right, Hardin," said the skipper as the Amazons pulled away, chattering over their new patterns. "Everything's squared up. Get one of those copra lighters alongside and send the music-box ashore. Jimmy, you come along with me and show Kokua how to run it."

Tamatau, Thinking of a Thousand Pounds in the Treasury, Sighed in Supreme Contentment

The conference took place in Tamatau's private quarters, of California redwood, roofed with corrugated iron—at once palace, storehouse and treasury. It was hot under the metal roof—but the king was happy, though melting. What he lost in exudation he overbalanced with liquor, and he held in imminent perspective the pleasant prospect of replenishing the royal moneybags with the clinking coin of his heart's desire.

"An option, king," explained Boyle, "is this: I pay you money—you give me this Totomotu Island for one year. Suppose then I want it one more year—I pay again. Suppose I want it all the time—I pay you plenty much money."

"You want um now?"

"Sure, king."

(Continued on Page 61)

THE HOUSE THAT JUNK BUILT

By John R. McMahon

Heart of Living Room in "The House That Junk Built." Chimney, Open Fireplace, Fire Screen and Andirons Cost $113.35, But They're Easily Worth It

THANKS to the friendly Italian who made the cement window blocks for us, we were enabled to close up the main walls of our house on August twenty-seventh. On the following day the main partition studs and the ceiling beams were in place, which was very encouraging progress. I tried not to let my mind dwell too much on the speed with which the summer months were passing, but I was daily confronted with the calendar of fading blossoms and bronzing leaves. First in late spring the dogwood dropped a white warning; and later the oaks and tulip trees waved fiery signals of danger.

The main partition studs consisted of two-by-four-inch joists nine feet long, spiked upright on a horizontal plate of the same material, which in turn was spiked to a line of floor beams centering the building. In making my original plans I had not recognized the desirability of centering, but the change was easily effected. The uprights or studs were placed sixteen inches apart, except at the doorways; here the joists were doubled at each side and crosspieces spiked at the door height. Along the top of the uprights a plate of doubled two by fours was spiked by the agile young carpenter. On this plate rested one end of a fourteen-foot ceiling beam, the other end resting on the wall in the space given by beam blocks.

Since the attic was not to be used and the beams would have to support only the weight of a light ceiling, I figured it would be all right to place the beams thirty-two inches apart, or one every two blocks. As in the case of the floor beams this was probably mistaken economy, for later we had to interpolate small joists between the ceiling beams in order to stiffen the ceiling. Beams smaller than the ones we used, but placed sixteen inches apart, would have been better. Right here I want to pay a tribute to the lumber company which, not having in stock the hemlock beams we ordered, substituted at the same price a better material in spruce. This concern, with one hundred thousand dollars' worth of lumber on hand, treated us with remarkable consideration throughout. The head of the firm and the firm's chief representative seemed to regard my wife and me as friends rather than as customers. Our general experience was that large business men were correspondingly large and agreeable in their methods. I recall the quarryman who generously told me to help myself to a pile of rock for road-making and to tell him how much I took, at the set price—and then added that I should probably live in the neighborhood a long time, and if I was not on the level with him the fact would be sure to become known!

When the ceiling beams had been spiked to the center plate, cemented at the wall and braced with plank scraps at their centers, and a plate of two-inch plank spiked to the beams horizontally along the top of the wall, we were ready to lay up the gables and build the roof. The Gordian knot of all my anticipated roof problems was simply cut by the young carpenter. He put a nail through the ends of two rafters, set them at the gable at various angles, and left me, surveying the effect from the ground, to say what angle I preferred. I elected an angle that made the height of the roof at the center about five feet. The rafters were cut to the requisite length, allowing for an overhang of eighteen inches at the eaves. We had plenty of leeway with eighteen-foot rafters, which I had ordered, knowing that sixteen-footers would be too short and that lumber comes only in even lengths of feet.

When Floors Threaten to Crawl

THE rafters were set at the gables to inclose the pyramidal finish of the concrete block walls, and here again was a simple answer to a geometrical problem. Each narrowing course of blocks was bounded and guided by the slant of the rafters. The sides of the gables were a series of steps, which in cheap construction would be merely concealed by boards on the outside. I had the steps filled with stone and mortar, making a slope on the gable wall even with the rafters. This strengthened the wall and made it airtight and insect-proof.

The rafters were to be placed two feet apart, although their dimensions of two by eight inches and the shortness of the span would have tempted the average builder to space them farther apart and save a few dollars. I thought of the howling northerly gales and the stress of an occasional heavy snowfall. The ends of the rafters, which were to project at the eaves, were notched and angle cut, then planed smooth and given a coat of paint. The ridge ends also were sawed at an angle. All this was done on the ground, following a pattern rafter.

Up to this point the house had been built entirely by three men, including myself—that is, with the exception of the work on the foundations, the brief assistance of volunteers, and the varied helpfulness of a clever wife. I decided, however, to hasten the roof making with the aid of an extra carpenter. The new man was a postgraduate wood butcher, he told me. He had knocked about from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and could build anything from a Bill Shakspere play scene to a railroad bridge. I was inclined at first to distrust his vocabulary and his allusions, but I found him an excellent and speedy workman as well as a cheerful companion. Under his generalship all the rafters for the main roof sprang into place in a single day. The rafters were spiked to the plate on the wall and spiked to the ridge, which consisted of two long beams similar to the rafters and joined together.

The new man understood, even though he did not quite share, my zeal for extra strength. He conceded that it would do no harm to brace the rafters at their centers against the ceiling beams with scrap lumber in truss style. He was tolerant also of my placing heavy plank uprights at eight-foot intervals under the ridge. The uprights were placed so as to carry weight down to basement walls and an iron column filled with concrete.

As the next best thing to asbestos shingles, which could not be used on account of the roof's low pitch, I chose asbestos in roll or sheet form. This necessitated our sheathing the entire roof with tongue-and-groove boards, though inferior practice permits ship-lap instead of tongue and groove. Expecting the immediate arrival of the asbestos we proceeded to sheathe the roof and had most of it done in a day. Before sheathing we fitted short boards in the spaces between rafters on the wall. Afterward I noted cracks that might be favorable to air and insects, and after vainly trying to stop them up while prone on the ceiling beams I finally succeeded with paint and putty from the vantage of a scaffold on the first floor.

I astonished myself with my boldness in navigating on the roof. For years I had had a powerful dislike for high places, but I was suddenly and remarkably cured of this by the necessity of going on that roof and doing my duty as boss and workman. The experience paralleled my adventures with dynamite; and, I regret to say, there was the same outcome. When the roof was finished and it was not absolutely necessary for me to get on it all my former fear returned, and to-day I detest heights and high explosives as much as I ever did.

I went to the headquarters of a large asbestos manufacturing concern in the city and was persuaded to buy the best and heaviest roofing, which came in sheets two feet eight inches by six feet eight inches. The price was about four and a half cents a square foot. This seemed a lot of money to spend; but the roll material was manifestly very inferior, and we wanted something that would last. I agreed to pay by sight draft. The roofing was ordered on the second of September. Since I wanted it quickly I suggested that it might be sent by express, but I was assured it would take only three or four days for the shipment to come by freight and that this method was much cheaper and the company would pay the bill. On this assurance I had the roof sheathed a week later, although the asbestos had not arrived. Followed urgent telephoning to the railroad station and to the asbestos people, who had duly collected their sight draft and shipped the goods.

We were threatened with heavy fall rains, which might ruin the unprotected sheathing of thin pine boards; but as I expected the roofing to arrive every moment I decided to take a chance and begin to lay the floor. When we had laid half of the bedroom space it started in to rain. The first drops fell round supper time, and that evening I had very little appetite. After supper my wife and I took a lantern and spread some tar paper over part of the flooring material and the laid floor.

Next morning when I had courage to investigate I discovered none of the warpings I had feared. Most of the water had been shed by the close-jointed sheathing of the roof. The floor was wet in places, but it had not crawled. Yet my joy was not unconfined, for the new carpenter cheerfully told me one could not tell what would happen until the boards dried again.

The asbestos roofing arrived just two weeks after it was ordered. One of the four three-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound crates had been smashed, and a number of sheets were buckled and otherwise injured. However, we could not afford to reject the shipment, but put on the asbestos with as much elimination or remedy of injured parts as was possible. The chief injuries consisted of cracks due to folding. Though these have caused no leaks of consequence during the months since the asbestos was put in place the injured pieces certainly will not survive ten years' of weather, as guaranteed. I have made a claim for damages against the railroad through the asbestos company, and confidently expect a settlement within a few years.

The Gentle Art of Hanging Windows

FOUR men, properly shod with rubbers, put on half the asbestos roofing in a day. The laps between sheets were cemented with a tarry preparation, and short galvanized iron nails with large heads were driven along the edges of the sheets about three inches apart. We ran short of nails although the asbestos company claimed to have supplied enough, but my wife rustled after more and brought them just in time. Meanwhile another night of rain descended on the half-protected roof, but the sheathing apparently was not affected at all. Parts of the floor which had been thoroughly wet rose up in an alarming way, but went back in a few weeks.

The cost of the roof was as follows:

Roof	
42 hemlock rafters, 2 x 8 inches, 18 feet long	$31.75
Porch rafters, cypress hanging rafters, white-pine flashing, and so forth	13.40
[illegible] square feet 1 x 6-inch North Carolina pine, tongue and groove, for sheathing, at $0.[illegible]57	18.83
37 pounds Lake at $0.04, extra galvanized roofing, 11 pounds, at $0.07	2.10
Two brushes, 1 roofing knife	.50
1000 square feet asbestos roofing at $0.04½, and cartage	71.50
Old lumber for roof bracing	3.00
2 attic ventilators at $1.75	3.50
6 wooden columns for porches at $2.40	14.40
Cypress strip for gutters, 1 x 4 inches, 80 feet	1.62
110 feet 5-inch gutter, galvanized, at $0.07	7.70
40 feet 4-inch corrugated leader, galvanized, at $0.08½	3.40
Fittings for above	2.00
Paint for rafter ends, flying rafters, gutters, and so forth	2.50
Labor, mostly $3.25 per 8-hour day	62.88
Total	$269.23

The roof was finished on September eighteenth, and a week later we had completed the floor and the chimney. In order to make the porch floor watertight white lead was

brushed into each joint as the cypress boards were matched in place. The new carpenter commended my acumen in figuring just enough flooring; but there was nothing remarkable in calculating area and allowing twenty-five per cent extra for matching and for waste. I found the mystery of board measure quite simple: A board foot is a square foot one inch thick; a plank a foot square and two inches thick contains two board feet, and so on. I learned also that lumber, in accordance with hoary trade custom, is usually between one-half and one-eighth of an inch short of stated dimensions in width or thickness. You buy lumber according to what it measured in its green state at the sawmill, and you mustn't mind if it has shrunk a lot by the time you get it.

It was less than a day's work for two men to hang all the window sashes on the living floor, and then at last the house was inclosed and we were safe against the perils of rain. The front door was temporarily braced in place. Next I was confronted with the question of furring the walls, so that there might be an air space between concrete blocks and the interior wall covering. The old mason assured me that it would not be such a hard matter as I feared to bore holes in the blocks, insert wooden plugs and attach furring strips. We began experimental holes in mortar joints with cold chisel and hammer. To my surprise and delight the old mason and I bored and plugged all the wall space and nailed on most of the furring strips in a single day. The roughly shaped plugs were pounded tight and sawed off flush with the wall. They were placed sixteen inches apart laterally, and two rows sufficed for the wall height. The furring strips, one by two inches, were set upright and nailed to the floor and to the ceiling beams as well as to the plugs.

My wife and I spent some thought on the next problem—what to use as a covering for the walls, partitions and ceiling. Plaster, we decided, cost too much, would take too long to apply and would require weeks to dry out before the house could be occupied. The courteous lumber people showed us a heavy cardboard material that cost between two and three cents a square foot, which they had used on their office walls. It had to be fastened with wooden strips in panel style, and then painted. I decided we had better use this material for economy's sake, except in our living room and perhaps the larger bedroom.

For the latter we ordered a superior material composed of cemented wooden strips covered on both sides with a damp-proof and fire-resisting paper of a light chocolate color. This composition board had plenty of strength, came in large strips that could be quickly put on, did not require paneling, and had a surface that could be left for some time, if not forever, in its original state. But it cost four cents a square foot.

A Near-Carpenter's Skilled Labor

WHEN we had applied the limited amount of composition board that had been ordered it developed that the lumber company did not have in stock the cheaper cardboard of the right size. It would take a fortnight or more to send to the factory for it. I telephoned to other dealers. They also did not have the cheap material in the required size. My wife and I now feel it was quite providential that we were in this way forced to take the more expensive, but in the end more economical, composition board. For the walls the composition board came in strips nine feet long and four feet wide. It was easily sawed and cut to fit. There were guide marks to show where small nails should be put in three inches apart along the edges and at sixteen-inch intervals.

I had an extra man on the job when we put up the ceiling, and it took all five of us to maneuver the ceiling strips for the living room and large bedroom, each strip being thirteen feet long and four feet wide. The floor of the sleeping porch proved a handy place to store and cut this unwieldy material. We had a movable scaffold on which we stood while putting on the ceiling. It took about a thousand nails just to put on the ceiling of the living room. The back of my neck still aches at the thought. However, it was little more than half a day's work for five men to put on the ceiling for the entire house. Covering walls and partitions required more time, though this job was less fatiguing.

Here is another cost table:

PARTITIONS, CEILING AND WALL INTERIOR

60 2 x 4 inch hemlock, 9-foot, partition studding, at $0.18	$10.80
28 2 x 8 inch hemlock, 14-foot, for ceiling beams	15.17
4 2 x 8 inch hemlock, 18-foot, for plate	[illegible]
20 2 x 4s, 9-foot; 24 2 x 2s, 14-foot, for between beams	[illegible]
50 1 x 2 hemlock, 13-foot, at $0.08½, furring	[illegible]
10 pounds lath nails, 20 pounds other nails, at $0.04	[illegible]
2,788 square feet composition board at $0.04	[illegible]
Labor, mostly at $3.25 per 8-hour day	[illegible]
Total	$[illegible]

When we went to the lumber company to buy ready-made doors and window sash my wife and I had a slight difference of opinion. I argued that having built the important parts of our house substantially it made little difference what kind of doors we had, especially interior doors. It had been essential for us to spend most of our money on walls, floor and roof. Why squander what we did not have on decoration? To this masculine logic my wife replied that we could anyhow afford two dollars extra for the sake of having a certain two beautiful white-pine doors for our living room. They had a single panel twenty inches wide and the full height of the door, showing the wavy red heart of a big pine tree. We could oil them, leaving grain and color intact. And they were bargains, a builder's special order reduced from six dollars to three-fifty each. Well, we took them, and I have never been sorry. And sometimes when I am sitting beside the open fire my eyes fall on those doors, and I ask myself why it is that wives often hit the facts where cold experience fails.

Three carpenters made short work of hanging doors and putting on cypress trim for doors, windows and floor base. The old mason and I did odd jobs, such as patching the cellarway with left-overs of composition board and applying small quarter-round molding round all ceilings and corners. We were stumped by the problem of miter-sawing the molding to fit at ceiling corners. I was quite depressed until it appeared that none of the experts knew how to do it, and we finally discovered that a little whittling made a fair job. I was depressed also with a sense of my incompetence as I watched the fine work of the carpenter in fitting and hanging a door and insetting a mortise lock. My good wife and I had made and hung the door under the sleeping porch; but we determined not to make any more doors, explaining to ourselves that ready-made doors cost less.

Most Important Part of Kitchen. All This Plumbing and Other Work Was Amateur Except Soldering Trap Under Sink

In order to redeem my self-respect as a near-carpenter I determined to undertake the lock setting of a closet door. When no one was round I collected a couple of dozen tools, measured, marked, bored, chiseled and whittled with the imitative ardor of a Japanese; and in three hours' time that mortise lock was in place, looked like a professional job and worked like a charm.

The method of making an interior door frame I found very interesting. The side and top casing of cypress four and a half inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick was carefully joined in a right-angle frame which was set with the spirit level in the doorway and nailed with long, small-headed finishing nails through blocks of wood into the studding on each side. There was always some space between frame and studding, wherefore the wooden blocks.

When Locks Cost More Than Doors

AN ASH sill was fitted at the bottom of the doorway. Small strips called stops, against which the door would close, were nailed inside the frame. Then the trim, cypress boards four inches wide, was nailed on both sides and above the frame. Finally the door was planed down to fit the opening, hinged and fitted with a lock. The entire job described, for a single doorway, if carefully done, is about a day's work for a good carpenter.

In the following estimate of door and window cost I have included all trim and the labor of setting frames in the wall:

DOORS AND WINDOWS

6 door frames, 20 window frames at $1.75	$ 45.50
4 gross screws to fasten frames to wall at $0.35	1.40
Lumber for porch basement door	2.40
Oak for two door sills	.80
8 basement window sash, glazed, at $0.75	6.00
11 double sash, glazed, 2 feet 8 inches x 5 feet 0 inches, at $1.85	20.35
1 small double sash, glazed	[illegible]
Front door, 3 x 7 feet, 1¾ inch[illegible] panel, fir	[illegible]
Rear door, kitchen, 3 x 7 feet [illegible]	[illegible]
2 interior doors, white pine, 2 feet 8 inches x 6 feet 8 inches, 1 panel, at $3.50	7.00
3 interior doors, fir, 2 feet 8 inches x 6 feet 8 inches, 5 panel, at $2.25	6.75
2 half-glass porch doors, 2 feet 8 inches x 6 feet 8 inches, fir, at $3.00	[illegible]
Basement door, 3 feet x 6 feet 8 inches, fir	[illegible]
Cold-storage door, cypress, $2, felt and oilcloth, $1.50	[illegible]
Hardware for 12 doors, 20 windows, and sash cord	[illegible]
307 pounds sash weights at $0.01½	[illegible]
Weather strips for doors and windows	[illegible]
11 window roller shades with fixtures	[illegible]
Trim, cypress, door jambs and stops, door and window casing and molding, aprons, saddles, [illegible] feet 1 x 6 inch base, base molding, base quarter round, other molding, and so forth	34.03
25 pounds finishing nails at $0.04	1.00
Paint, oil, varnish, stain, brushes	11.25
Labor, mostly $3.25 per 8-hour day	74.55
Total	$357.05

Hardware was an item that I had considered with apprehension. According to experts it would cost about one and a half per cent of the total cost of the building. My wife and I went to a large hardware store and obtained everything needed for doors and windows for $15.15, including a cylinder lock at $5.25 for the front door. It was all substantial material, heavy steel hinges, nine mortise locks with antique-copper-finish knobs and plates, hinges and bolts for basement windows, sash locks and sash lifts. We had some amusement over the fact that the lock in the front door cost a great deal more than the door itself; also that

Corner of Kitchen. Space and Labor Saved by Having No Large Coal Stove or Range

we violated all American precedent in not having the front door the best door. If the rurals discovered that the front entrance of five-paneled fir was inferior to the single-paneled white-pine doors within the living room we might be socially ostracized.

Not long after making our coup in hardware we spent the night in a city apartment. I looked over the locks and hinges, which were all heavy brass, with special interest; and I saw that the metal on a single door in that apartment cost more than the hardware for our entire house.

Six months after my wife and I chopped the sod to mark the foundations—or to be more precise, on Saturday, October the fourth, as my account book says—the house was finished. That is, the carpenter work was all done except for trifles here and there. There remained still the plumbing, which was to be done by a local amateur and myself. The pay roll had been thirteen dollars a day for the last week and toward ten dollars a day for a month. Also the lumber company's bills had piled up greatly toward the finish; so that it was more than a relief when we saw the end of these outlays. It seemed almost a miracle that we had financially survived, that we had paid our way, that our house was built and practically ready to be occupied. Yes, we had really beaten old Winter. We had confounded the ill-natured soothsayers and stood on the threshold of the promised home.

I always had a romantic desire to be a plumber. It would be so interesting, I thought, to join pipes together and make water run where you wanted it to. The local amateur who was to collaborate with me on our plumbing had gone far beyond me in translating romance into action. He owned a pipe vise, a pipe cutter, heavy stillson wrenches, and a threader with dies for different sizes of pipe. I had thought of buying such an outfit, but found it was quite expensive—round fifty dollars. We set up the vise in the basement on a braced wooden horse and proceeded to cut and thread the twenty-foot lengths of inch-and-a-quarter galvanized pipe which had been used months before to bring water from the dam to the foundations. This pipe was as good as ever, and we used about all of it. I learned that both work and art are needed to put a thread on a pipe. It required two able-bodied men to exert themselves on the long handles of the threader as it bit silver grooves around a pipe end.

Our first job was to place the well pump in the kitchen. We had decided that it would be handy to have well water as well as cistern water there, and the small well pump would take little room. We disconnected the pump, bored a hole through the floor, cut and fitted the pipe, with red lead applied to the couplings to make tight joints. When all was ready we confidently pumped; but something was the matter. We primed with water and pumped *largo, andante, allegro;* but all in vain. The water refused to rise. We began the dreaded job of taking that pump apart. The valves and everything inside seemed to be all right.

Bucking the Laws of Nature

ALTHOUGH the pump was second hand, it was brass and practically unworn. We put some red lead at the joints, replaced the top and reset the brass screw bolts extra tight. Again we tried the handle; but still the pump would not work. Was it possible that the arch catastrophe hinted by the soothsayers had occurred? Had our well gone dry? The local amateur admitted he was stumped. I could not believe the terrible deduction of dryness, and dropped a lead sinker at the end of a cord into the six-inch tile which led to the well bottom. Thank heaven, there was still water below—the wet cord proved it!

I phoned to a plumber and consulted a correspondence-school handbook. To my relief I found that the local amateur and I had merely been bucking against the laws of Nature and attempting the impossible. Our technic was correct, but our effort was hopeless. A pump, having the suction principle, would not lift water that distance, not if it were driven by the engines of one of the ocean greyhounds. Our distance was several feet beyond the limit. We were trying to accomplish a miracle. It remained to put the pump back where it was.

But we decided that if the pump could not lift water so far, it should nevertheless be able to force water into the kitchen. If one cylinder drew the water into the chamber and the valve prevented it from going back in the well, the other cylinder would drive the stream upward. Our surmise proved to be correct. We continued the pipe above the pump to the kitchen sink, and the water was easily delivered there. This certainly would be easier than carrying well water upstairs in a pail. A faucet at the pump gave the advantage of having well water in the basement as well as upstairs. When the faucet below was closed the water went up; when it was open the water flowed below.

The cistern pump was fitted without difficulty or the fouling of any laws of Nature. A check valve at the bottom of the cistern pipe was an unusual precaution to hold a column of water constantly in the pipe and obviate "priming" troubles, which are familiar to country folks.

The waste pipe from the sink was run at a slant under the floor to connect with the main soil pipe under the bathroom. We used inch-and-a-quarter galvanized pipe for the sink waste. This is much smaller than the recommended size; but we have had no bother with it. It has a sharp slant and a vertical drop of seven feet at the end beside the wall. Since it is entirely exposed, a wrench will speedily dislocate this pipe in case of trouble.

I planned to run the main soil pipe across the basement into a line of cemented tile that extended about seventy-five feet into the edge of the woods, where the cesspool was located. The tile drain had been placed months before, the house end coming just through the foundations and about two and a half feet deep. One of our city friends helped me to put in the drain in a couple of days' time, but though he said it was great sport and that he had had a delightful visit we have not seen much of him since.

The cesspool was built more recently, and consisted of a hole six feet across and eleven feet deep, and two Italians dug it in two days. We used concrete blocks to line the cesspool. The mason laid them without mortar and narrowed the blocks at the top so as to make a small opening. We concreted the top, and later placed over the opening a form of thin boards, through the center of which stood a six-inch tile for a vent. The form was filled with concrete; and the boards were left in place, to be removed at some future clean-up time. Afterward I made an overflow drain of broken tile from the cesspool in the direction of lower sloping ground. A clean-out every few years, and a new overflow drain when tree roots have choked an old line of tile, should keep the cesspool indefinitely serviceable. This sewage disposal system is ancient and orthodox, yet it is not far from jibing with the modern scientific method.

The local amateur and I dug a sharply sloping trench across the basement and laid in it the four-inch iron soil pipe. It was necessary to cut one of the pipes with the hack saw. I decided that we would cement the joints, instead of calking them with oakum and lead in plumbers' fashion. It was important to make an absolutely tight joint, and the ordinary method of cementing pipes would not serve; so we hollowed the clay into a basin under and round each joint and filled with rich, sloppy cement which hardened into a bull round the joint. A little oakum prevented the wet cement from flowing into the pipe. An iron trap was set in line with the pipe at the wall edge to connect with the tile drain through the foundations. We built a brick chamber to inclose the trap and make it accessible from above. The trap had a screw-top clean-out cover and another opening for a vent. To connect the latter with a vent pipe required the gradual cementing together of several short fittings of varied angles. We extended the vent through the wall under the concrete stairs of the front porch.

Having connected the kitchen waste pipe with cement to a side opening of the main soil pipe, we fitted the upright end of the latter with a cement plug. Unfortunately the state of our finances would not permit the equipment of the bathroom, though everything was ready, and the amateur and I could have completed the job in a week or less. I had figured that the bathroom equipment and the simplest water system necessary to go with it would cost round $140, including labor. A plumber would have charged probably fifty to a hundred per cent more. I had asked at a manufacturer's office about a hand-power apparatus that simultaneously pumped water and put it in a tank under air pressure. Such a tank could be located in cellar or basement, and a small daily expenditure of muscle would give the advantage of city water always on tap. The apparatus was listed at $105; but I was told in answer to further inquiry that there was a discount, the net price being $55. As I knew a case where a customer paid the list price, I felt that my romantic desire to be a plumber was not all moonshine.

The fitting up of the bathroom simply had to be postponed. After all, I told myself, many good and great men had struggled along without bathrooms; and millions of our fellow citizens did not have them and never expected to have them. Anyhow, there was plenty of water in the house, and we could practice real old-fashioned English tubbing. Some time after penning these reflections of sour grape vintage I was happily enabled to put in an enamel bath tub and also a chemical closet. Their net cost was $45.04.

The local amateur was handy at carpentry as well as at plumbing, and he made a neat drainboard for the kitchen sink, put up numerous shelves, and made a base for the gasoline cookstove. We turned aside for a day to attach gutters and leaders to the main roof. I had a regular tinsmith to help on this job, and while he was round he soldered the lead trap of the kitchen sink. The amateur and I connected a branch of the south roof leader through the wall into the cistern, using a cemented combination of iron pipe and tile. We also laid a tile drain to take the excess rain water from both sides of the roof and carry it toward the woods. I found later that the tile, not being cemented properly, leaked badly. It was impossible to remedy the fault from the outside, but I hit upon the scheme of pouring into the upper end of the drain pure liquid cement, which flowed down and filled all crevices.

While these operations were going on my able wife was oiling floors and woodwork, applying brown stain to the youngster's bedroom so dirt wouldn't show, and putting Chinese varnish on our front door. I suppose the varnish was to harmonize with our Chinese banner and our wooden image of Quong Ying, goddess of love. We also have a Hindu god in brass on our fireplace mantel. I don't know what harmonizes with him, unless it is the plumbing!

Lucullan Feasts Under Our Own Roof

ON TUESDAY, October fourteenth, we moved into our house with all our gods and goddesses, three beds, two bookcases and plenty of household utensils, all of which had been stored near by. I cannot describe our joy. We were free and independent at last. We were at home, and we could do as we liked. We had a place in the sun. Out in the garden and down in the cold-storage cellar we had enough vegetables to last us all winter. We became vegetarians and had Lucullan feasts on parsnips, beets, Lima beans, kale, Hubbard squash, Brussels sprouts, salsify. I had forgotten the deliciousness of fresh-gathered vegetables well cooked. It was quite a scandal in the community that the butcher paid us no visit.

My wife declared that our kitchen and ultra-company dining room surpassed the conveniences of a city flat. The cistern pump furnished rain water superb for washing purposes. There was a pail of well water, equal to the sparkling product of any spring. Shelves abounded for every purpose; and there were a gasoline stove and a fireless cooker, which prepared meals without the slightest attention. The fireless cooker cut down the kitchen work about three-quarters. Space and bother were saved by having a small coal heater instead of a cooking range.

We stored a two months' supply of groceries on a high shelf above the alcove giving on the basement stairs. A window-box refrigerator, well made and screened, was handy for keeping perishable food. At another window was rigged a pulley clothesline in city style, high above ground and reaching to a post planted at the garden edge. The laundry problem was simplified by a wet-wash concern that charged only fifty cents a week for all the clothes we could muster. In our kitchen it was impossible to waste steps between sink and dish closet, gasoline stove and coffee mill. In short, the kitchen was as snug as a ship's galley and as handy as a kitchenette in an apartment for chorus girls. Its windows, taking in the morning sun, overlooked the woods. When the bedroom door beyond the little hall was open we had a glimpse through the half-glass porch door of western hills. There were a number of things to be done after we moved in. Some were quite unforeseen, as for instance a concrete step at the basement door and a hood above it to balk occasional driving rains. We found that the outside of window and door frames and sashes required two coats of paint; and besides this there was the painting of gable rafters, porch columns and sleeping porch floor to be done. Next, two short pieces of galvanized iron pipe were set in the west wall to drain the sleeping porch of rain water or melted snow. Weather strips were placed round all exterior doors, between the sashes of the large windows and completely round the basement windows, in order to shut

Rafters Braced at Their Centers to Ceiling Beams, Making an Unusually Strong Roof

(Continued on Page 53)

THE BUSHER ABROAD

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

on the Ship bord, Nov. 22.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I bet you did not never think you would be geting a letter from me from the middle of the pacific Ocean and of coarse you are not realy geting it from the middle of the Ocean because I will not male it til we get to japan or Yokohama or 1 of them places but you will be geting it from more then the middle of the Ocean because before you get this letter this letter will of been acrost the Ocean onct and then back acrost the Ocean the way wear going opsite to. and Im not going to male this letter in 1 letter but I will try and write some thing evry day wear on the Ship bord and then male you a hole lot of letters to gather when I male them when we land and it will be just like as if you was a long when you read the letters. I thot at 1st I would write a letter evry day to Florrie and I all ready started writeing to her before I beggun this letter to you but then I remmembered a bout she saying onct that she would rather get a post card from me then a letter because when she got a letter from me she all ways expected to see a check drop out of it and was disapointed but she knowed I wouldent be recklest enough to send no check in a post card and I guess Al you know I got more sence then that to. So when I get acrost to Japan I will buy a hole bunch of post cards the prettest pitchers I can get a hold of and send her enough so as she can fill up a alban up with them if she likes.

I Was a Little Nerous on Acct of the Wommen in the Party

I says I would write some thing to you evry day Al but I ment evry day from now on because we all ready been out on the Ship bord over 2 days and I did not write nothing them 2 days on acct. of not feeling good. I must of ett some thing there in Seattle that did not aggree with my stumick because I been in bed ever since we left the Victoria B. C. and was not able to obtane no food on my stumick and I was in awfull bad shape Al and I called for the Dr thats on the Ship bord and had him come in to my birth and see me and he says whats the trouble and I says my stumick was all set up and he says I had Maul the mare or some thing and he says pretty near evry body on the boat was sick so I thot for a minut that we must of all of us got posoned at 1 of them banquits but I found out after words that the rest of the people that was sick was sea sick on acct of the Ocean water being ruff so I guess the banquits was all O. K. and it must of been some thing I ett a lone at 1 of them restrunts in Seattle.

The Dr says they was 0 he could do for me but I was just to lay still and Id get over it but when he told me to just lay still he might is well of told me to cut my hare with the pianno stool because they was not no chance to lay still on acct of the boat typing back and 4th but this A. M. the Ocean water was not ruff no more that is not as ruff as it had of been and I got up and drest a bout 11 a clock and I thot I would in joy my dinner but when I got in the dinning room I felt kind of set up again and all as I could get a way with was a little soup and I never seen so much to eat in my life Al and me being in there where they was so much to eat and in able to eat nothing a tall was just like as if a man would go up to hit against 1 of them rotten pitchers like Allen and find out he had left his bat in the club house.

well pretty near evry body that was sea sick was all O. K. again and the boys was all most of them laughing at each other for geting sea sick and I says to them you fellows must have a stumick like a baby or some thing geting sea sick when you only been on the Ocean 2 days and dutch Schaefer was standing there and he says where you been your self the last 2 days and I says I ett some thing in Seattle that posoned me and he says that was the trouble with me to I ett some rat poson thinking it was tooth paste and I did not say nothing back but I seen he was not telling the truth and just trying to make them beleive he was not sea sick because rat posen dont look no more like tooth paste then 2 peas and it comes in a tin tub that you squeze it out on to your tooth brush.

Well Al I feel like as if I could eat some thing for supper and pretty soon I got to beggin changeing my cloths because all the boys has got to ware there evening cloths at supper and it seems kind a silly changeing my cloths when I aint only had these cloths on me since 11 a clock this A. M. and I aint played ball or done nothing to dirty them up but may be after evry bodys saw us in our dress cloths onct they will be satisfide and we can ware our reglar cloths to supper after tonight and if not I will put on my evening dress sute pants and shirt and so 4th when I get up in the A. M. and ware a swetter over them til it comes time for supper and then I wont half to waist ½ my time changeing cloths.

Well old pal I wont write no more today because I want to go out on the porch and get some fresh air before I beggin dresing and I was out there a wile this A. M. and its mighty funny Al looking a round all over and all as you can see is water and not no land no wheres tho theys nothing in the way and I guess a man with good eye site can see pretty near a mile in evry direcshon. I wisht I could of hit that 1 I hit off of Walter Johnson that day out here on the Ocean where they aint no fence or club house to stop it and I bet them outfielders would not never of found the ball because it was hit like a shot and was still going up when it bumpt in to the club house. Well Al remmember me to Bertha and Im all O. K. and haveing a grate time only Id kind a like to see Florrie and little Al for a minut even if they was cross the both of them. I will try and write some more tommorow and Im going to leave this letter lay a long with the rest of them I write and send the hole lot of them to gather all at onct.

Your pal,

JACK.

on the Ship bord, Nov. 23.

OLD PAL: well Al I had an other bad night on acct of eating to much for supper last night but you cant hardily blame a man for eating a little some thing when his stumicks been vacant for over 2 hole days on acct of me geting posoned in Seattle. the Ocean was awfull ruff again last night and I just found out that we come pretty near geting recked on acct of it being so ruff and the way I found out steve Evans thats 1 of the players from the Nat. league took me up to the capt of the Ships ofice this A. M. and the capt left us look at his dairy and it says in it that the water tight doors worked and Evans says if it had not of been that we was in danger of geting recked the capt would not of tride the doors to see weather they worked or not and the water tight doors is some thing like the storm doors that you got on your house to keep from geting cold in the winter only they stick them a round the out side of the porch so as when the waters so deep that the porch is under the water it cant get in threw the doors and on to the porch and drowned us and it all so says in the dairy that they was 200 and 65 knots and Evans says that means that the capt counted that many in the doors and if some of them ever busted out and left knot holes it would be all off with us.

Well Al this P. M. we been playing shovvle bord and its a game where you slide some round iron things a long the floor and see how clost you can get them to a certun line and it counts so much and you can curve them like a base ball only of coarse you cant only curve them out and in and cant get no sharp brake down like I got on my curve ball only when my fast 1 is hoping threw there you might all most say I dont need no curve ball. I made the rest of them look like a sucker in this here game we was playing and I had not never tride it before and it just shows that all games is a pipe for a man thats a naturel athalete and I guess its a good thing for some of them would be star foot ball players that I dident never but in to that game.

I got to change my cloths again for supper pretty soon and I dont mind it now Al on acct of the way the evening dress sute sits on me and steve Evans says it fits me like the cloths Bert Wms. wares on the stage fits him and hes a acter. the pants and vest and cote is plane black with a seem runing up and down the out side and in side of the pants legs and the cote dont quite button to gather on me yet but dutch Schaefer says I could button it O. K. if I could get my stumick posoned a couple more times like I done in Seattle and not eat nothing for a wk. and he is all ways puling stuff like that. Comical stuff. But I dont care if it ever buttons to gather or not because I would keep it opened up any way so as to leave the vest and shirt show threw because thats the way they look pretty only I wisht Florrie was here to fix the shirt up for me because they made a miss take and put button holes on the both sides of the boozem insted of buttons on 1 side and button holes to button the buttons on to on the other side and I half to keep the shirt buttoned up with them little black wooden tax that you get from the landry. I got a nice black 4 in hand ty to go with the sute and Callahan seen me comeing out of my birth room last night with my yellow shoes on and told me they dident go good with the rest of it and to go back and put on my slipers so I had to open up my uneform role and get them out. I was a pitcher Al when I was all fixed up and I dont mean no braging but a mans got to be put up right to look good in 1 of these here evening dress sutes and not no little scrimp or sod off or no big long string like this here wellman that pitchs for St Louis and he should ought to be driveing a hack the lucky left handed stiff.

I got the cloths roled up in my uneform role that is the pants and vest and cote on acct of Megraw teling me to not leave them hanging up in my birth room or 1 of the waiters might come in and see them and think they was hisn. And all so he says they might may be skrink if they was left out where the damp air could hit them and the next time I got them on I might may be half to leather my self up and shave them off of me with a ruzor. Hes a grate joker Al and all O. K. when you know him and he is tickeled to deth a bout me going to pitch for his club on this trip insted of the White Sox but I guess the fellows thats got to hit against me aint what you could call them tickeled hey Al. Its may be a good thing Callahans got a picked up team with sam Crawford and Speaker and Evans and some of them outsiders on it because I would

feel like a murder pitching against the reglar White Sox bunch because if they was in base ball on acct of there hitting they would be driveing a dray or some thing.

Your old pal. JACK.

on the Ship bord. Nov. 26.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I promused I would write some thing to you evry day and here I have not wrote nothing yest. or the day before and it was because my stumick went back on me again Al and evry little wile I think its going to be all O. K. and then it gos back on me again. But I ett a big supper tonight and still got it with me so I guess Im all O. K. again but I wisht I could find out what was it that posoned me in Seattle and where I got it at and I bet I would sew the mare of the town for liable on acct of the dammige to my stumick and a place like that should not ought to be aloud to run.

the Ocean waters been ruff again and dutch Schaefer was teling me that the Ocean was named the Pacific ocean on acct of it being peace full and not ruff because thats what pacific means peace full and not ruff and Schaefer says the man that named it must of been sarcasticle and not ment what he said when he named it pacific and if the man that named it pacific was nameing the White Sox he would name them the deman slugers and if he was nameing N. Y. city he would call it the sumitery and if he was nameing the St Louis browns he would name them the worlds champions and then Schaefer says If that man was nameing me insted of calling me herman Schaefer he would be sarcasticle and name me rotten hitter and then I says what do you suppose would he call me and Schaefer says he would half to call you a ball player. so you see Al he knows I can field my position and hit that old pill besides how I can pitch.

Well Al Im going to tell you some thing now and I bet you wont beleive it Al but its true and I just found out a bout it wile I was writeing this letter and wile I was writeing it some body raped on the door of my birth room and I says come in and Steve Evans come in and says what are you doing writeing a letter and I says yes and he says o I thot you was laying bricks and I says what would I be laying bricks out here in the middle of the Ocean and he says who you writeing to your wife and I told him no I was writeing to a pal of mine and he says do you mind showing me the way you got your letter date it and I says no and he looked at the top of this letter and seen where I had it date it Nov. 26 and he says your wrong and I says why and he says because this is the 27 and I says wasent yest. the 26 and he says yes but todays the 27 because we run acrost the line in the Ocean today at 520 a clock tonight where they drop out a hole day and I thot at 1st he was kiding but he was in ernest all right and thats what I was going to tell you a bout Al. You see they aint no Nov. 26 where wear at because they drop the hole day out and this is the 27 where wear at and the 26 in Chi and Bedford and the reason they drop it out here is on acct of us crossing acrost the line in the Ocean that they call the date line see Al. So Evans says you better change the date on your letter or you will get all mixed up and I says no because if I changed it I would get worst mixed up then if I dident change it and Evans says all right sute yourself but some day next summer you will be in there pitching against the Detroit club and it will be Russells turn to pitch the next day and Cobb will be a hole day a head of you and he will think its Russell pitching insted of you pitching and probily hit 1 out of the park. I says Cobb or no body else cant hit 1 out of the park off of me when Im right and Evans says no I don't supose they can but this is 1 time you wont be right because youll be wrong if you dont take my add vise and change the date so then he went out and I was going to change the date but then I hapened to think I better not because if I changed the date and Florrie kept on useing the regular dates I might say I was comeing home on the 10 of March and it would be the 9 or 11 of march on her calendar and she might be out some wheres and not in when I come home and out to the nickol show or some wheres and besides we would all ways be argueing a bout when was little Als berth day and so 4th and we got enough to quarl about with out no more to quarl a bout. So Im going to keep on with the reglar dates like as if I dident know nothing a bout what I been teling you but theys still an other thing yet that Evans says and that is that Florrie will get lone summer for me then Ill get for her because on acct of us looseing a day and her not looseing a day I wont be a way from her as long is shes a way from me and an other thing he says was that my dress shirt and coller that I ware a long with my dress sute should ought to be glad to have the day droped out so as they could have a hollow day. Evans and Schaefers all ways puling funny stuff Al and you cant hardily help from laughing all the wile there talking to you.

Well Al tommorows thanks giveing weather its the 27 or the 28 and wear going to have a big time on the ship bord and the capt of the ships going to give a banquit and our hole partys invited and wear going to pull off some grate stuff. Schaefers been lerning us to sing a song he got up and its a dutch song and some of the boys is going to make speechs and sing solos by them self and what do you think Im going to do Al and I bet youll be supprised when I tell you. Schaefer come up to me and says I got you down for a stunt on the program for the banquit and I says what can I do and Schaefer says Well we was all trying to think and they wasent no body could think of nothing you could do and they was going to leave you off of the program but I says they must be some thing you could do or else the lord wouldent let you live and it must be some thing that dont take no thinking. So I says well what do you want I should do and Schaefer says well you can write some poultry and speak it. And I says what a bout and he says a bout the trip a round the world that wear makeing so I says I would try and now I will quit writeing this letter and try and fix up some poultry and I will half to get up and speak it in front of the hole crowd includeing the wommen because theys a bout 14 of the party got there wife a long. some stunt hey Al but if I did not have all the nerve in the world I would not be where Im at. I got to quit for now and fix up some peace to spring on them.

Your pal. JACK.

He Says the Minut a School of Sharks Hears That Bell They Think Recess is Over

on the Ship bord. Nov. 27.

OLD PAL: Well Al we was up so late on acct of the banquit that I wasent going to write you no letter tonight and I got my cloths off and went to bed but I got up again and Im writeing this letter with a swetter on over the out side of my night gown and I dont know why is it but latly I cant sleep good and besides that as soon is I get to bed Im trouble with insomia. we had some time at the banquit Al and several of the boys told storys and sung songs and Schaefer and the boys sung the song that Schaefer got up and the name of its the garden house and its mostily in dutch and Callahan told some irish storys and Evans told some storys and then they finely called on me and Schaefer interduced me and he says I take plesure in interduceing the long fellow of the party and he ment me tho I aint quiet as tall is jim Thorp the indian thats a long with us but Im build pretter then he. And Schaefer says I would resite a reginald peace of poultry that Id wrote my self so evry body claped there hand and I had to get up and I was a little nervus on acct of the wommen in the party but I seen they was all waiting I should beggin so I cut lose and I will copy down the peace I wrote Al so as you can see what I sprang on them:

It was in the year 1913
when the boys says good by to there girl
And got on the bord of the Empires of japan
For to make the trip a round the world.

The Chicago White Sox and the N. Y. giants
was the teams makeing the trip.
and the White Sox did not have there own team
But some boys from other clubs that can hit.

and the N. Y. giants nether one
Had there own team a long on the trip
But some boys from
out side who can hit.

And the Ocean water was ruff
the 1st few days on the trip
And some of the boys was to sick
To in joy the trip.

but finely the Ocean water got less ruffer
and then every body shout hurrah
and they come out on the porch of the Umpires of Japan
To talk with Comiskey and Callahan and Megraw.

And now there giveing us a banquit
To the boys a long on the trip
And I will resite this little peace
that I wrote a bout the trip.

so heres to Comiskey and Callahan and Megraw
Who are takeing us a long on the trip
they May win the penant next summer
And fight fer the worlds champion ship.

Im going to pitch for the N. Y. giants
because Megraw was short.
But when the season opens next April
I will be in there wareing the White Sox
And giveing Callahan the best I got.

Well Al you should ought to of herd them cheer when I got threw and set down and I wisht Florrie could of been here and herd it and I will keep a coppy of the peace and say it for her when I get home or may be by that time I will have it lerned by heart with out no coppy. But Schaefer says I got to write an other peace for the next banquit they have and it looks like I would be busy now they know I can tare off them pones and I dident know it my self till I tride it just like I never knowed I could throw a slow ball till I tride it on Cobb and he looked like a sucker.

Well old pal I must try and get some sleep and last night I just layed there all night wondring how is Florrie and little Al geting a long and it kind a chokes me up Al thinking a bout not seen them til a long in march some time and if it wasent for the good time Im haveing I would wish I had of stayed home. Your old pal. JACK.

on the Ship bord. Dec. 1.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal when I tell you whats come off you wont make no holler a bout me not writeing to you for 3 or 4 days and they was severel times when we was all pretty near finnished and I thot we was gone and Florrie and little Al would be a widdow and you wouldent have no old pal to write and tell you what come off and I did not know the hole story til today and all as I knowed was that we was with in a ace of geting recked and besides that the poson I got in Seattle come back on me but I dident know a bout us geting atacked til today.

the Day after thanks giveing the Ocean water got ruff again and they was a snow storm and evry kind of an other storm and the water was so deep that the front and back porchs was both of them under the water and the capt him self thot it was all off with us and hung up the water tight doors all over the porch but they must of had some knot holes in them this time because the water come right threw them and the wind was blowing between 11 and 12 and Evans says it dont hardily never blow after ½ past 10 and we had to go faster on acct the back end of the ship was falling Aft in the trought of the Ocean water so you can see we was in awfull shape and I only come out of my birth room onct in 3 days and could not eat nothing and besides what was the use of filing your self up full of food when it looked like we was going to get sank and the heaver a man is he will sink that much sooner. But finely the storm let up and we was all O. K. and I got to feeling all O. K. and I got my cloths on yest. and come out and then was when I herd a bout us geting atacked. if it hadent of been for steve Evans Al it would of been all off and worst then if we had of just got drownded and I dont know where he lerned all he knows a bout fish and how to scare them but its a good thing he knowed what to do when this come off because even the capt of the Ship was scarred and did not know what to do. I guess you know the pacific Oceans full

of grate big fish and sharks and 1 shark a lone is biger then all the blue gills or bass in the world put to gather and 1 shark by there self cant do nothing to you unlest your swiming in the water and they get after you but they cant do nothing to you when your on the Ship bord unlest theys a hole lot of them to gather and the night before last night the capt of the Ship seen a School of Sharks comeing at the boat and when theys a lot of them to gather they dont get scarred but there vissus and mean and come right at a Ship and run in to it and knock it over and they couldent do it if the Ocean water wasent ruff but when the Ships all ready typing on acct of the storm it aint no trick to push it over. well the capt seen them comeing and he called all the crews and says what should they do a bout it and 1 of the crews says he had a pistle in his grip and would shoot at them so he went and got his pistle and shot all the bullits they was in it at the School of Sharks and they did not pay no a tension and kept comeing and the capt beggin to holler and some of the ball players herd him and come runing out and they dident know what to do and finely dutch Schaefer says steve Evans would probily know what to do so some body went and called Evans out of bed and he come out there and seen what was comeing off and says to the capt have you got a bell on the Ship and the capt says yes certunly because they ring a bell to tell the time instead of a clock so Evans told him to go get the bell and the capt did not know what for but he got the bell and Evans held it over the side of the boat where the sharks was comeing and beggin ringing it and sure enough the sharks quit comeing at the boat and turned a round and went back where ever they come from. The boys is talking a bout buying a little present for Evans when we get to japan because of him geting us out of danger and I will go in on it Al if they ask me because look where we would of been at but for him knowing that trick a bout scarring the sharks and I says to him when he got threw teling me the story Where did you lern that trick and he says he all ways knowed it ever since he was a kid that it was the way to get rid of a School of Sharks but you could not get rid of 1 shark that way but only a School of Sharks so I says why and he says the minut a School of Sharks hears that bell they think recess is over. So you see Al how lucky we was to have him a long and even the capt of the Ship dident know the trick.

so when you see what we been going threw I guess you wont find no falt a bout me not writeing for a few days. This was a pretty fare day and some of the boys was out on the porch skiping the rope and exerciseing but I was not feeling good and did not do nothing but set a round and wear do in Yokohama in less then a wk. now and I will be tickeled to deth when we get there and no more danger only Larry Doyle the capt of the N. Y. giants says we wont never be safe as long is Klem the umpire is a long and I says why not and he says because Klem will say wear out weather wear safe or not so you see Al the Nat. league umpires is just as bad is our league. There all rotten.

Your old pal. JACK.

on the Ship bord. Dec. 2.

FRIEND AL: well Old pal may be I wont be on this trip much longer and may be I will see you yet before the winters over and it all deppends on if I get a letter or not in Yokohama or that is if theys a letter waiting there for me when we get there or not but even if I was to give up the trip and come on home I probily wouldent see you because the reason Im may be comeing home is because ether Florrie or little Als sick and I would half to stay in Chicago and take care of them and could not drop down to Bedford unlest they got all O. K. again and I could bring them a long with me.

I and dutch Schaefer had breakfast to gather this a m and he was reading some thing and I ast him what was he reading and he says he just got a telegram from Chicago where he lives at in the winter and the telegram was from some of the boys just to tell him that evry thing was O. K. and I says I wisht Id get a telegram from my famly and find out how was they geting a long and Schaefer says did I mean to tell him I had not herd nothing since I left the US and I says thats right I had not herd nothing and he says why all the rest of the boys on the Ship bords had telegrams and letters from there wife or there friends and then he says I should think you be worred a bout them not hearing nothing and I says Well I havent herd nothing and I am worred and I says how could I get a letter from them out here in the middle of the Ocean and Schaefer says No of coarse you could not get no letter unlest your wife maled it special the Livery and she probily dont know nothing a bout that but I should think she would of wired you a telegram. I says I bet ether her or the kid is sick and I wisht I could go home and Schaefer says why dont you wire them a telegram and find out how there geting a long and I thot for a minut I would Al and I ast Schaefer how much would a telegram cost from here where wear at and he says Only a bout $24.00 dollars. Hows that for robbers Al but I wouldent stop at no amt. of money if I thot I could find out how Florrie and little Al are geting a long only it would be foolish to send them a telegram and wear so clost to japan now where I can male them a post card and besides Schaefer says theys sure to be some male waiting for us at japan or Yokohama and I says I guess I would wait till we get there. Then Schaefer says Yes but if you dont get no male there you better jump us and go home and I says I wouldent want to go right back acrost the Ocean and go threw all that again right a way with out no rest and he says Why dont you go the other way a round by the R. R. and I did not know they was an other way to get back accept the way we come but Schaefer says Sure theys the over the land rout to go back on and it dont only take a little over a wk. to go that way. And you go threw russia and Jerusalum and Cuba and Pru and a round threw canada and catch the N. Y. central at Niagera falls and theys extra excurson fair now on acct of the elks convension and thats what Im going to do Al come home by the R. R. if they aint no letter for me at Yokohama and Comiskey and Callahan will see how it is and wont be sore at me but supose they should get sore whats the diffrunts and Im not going to fool a round on no world trip when little Al and Florrie needs me and how would I feel if I was fooling a round here and some thing happened and they must be some thing wrong or I would of got a telegram but I will wait and see is they any male for me at Yokohama.

So I says to Schaefer I would probily leave the trip at Yokohama and he says I would to if I was you only you better wait til wear in china berause thats where the landrys are at and you can give that dress sute shirt of yours a treat and I says may be there might be a landry in Yokohama and he says Yes may be they might be 1 but just 1 wouldent do that shirt no good. But Im not going to miss no train for no shirt Al and if I can start home the same day we get to Yokohama I wont wait a round for no landry and besides a man dont half to put on no full dress

I Must of Et Some Thing There in Seattle That Did Not Aggree With My Stumick

sute evry time you eat supper on the train. Well Al if I dont get no male from home you can figure Im comeing home and I will write to you from Chicago or may be if Florrie and little Al aint to sick you can come up and pay us a visait.

They been takeing moveing pitchers of the whole party out on the porch today and its been a grate day and I was in all the pitchers and its grate weather and evry thing would be fine if it wasent for Florrie and little Al being sick or they would of wired me a telegram.

Your pal. JACK.

on the Ship bord, Dec. 4.

AL: Well Al we will be safe in Yokohama the day after tommorow and theys only a bout 36 hrs. more we got to stay on the Ship and I cant hardily wait til we get to Yokohama and see weather theys any male for me from Florrie and little Al and if Im comeing strate home or stay on the trip.

I have not told ether Callahan or Comiskey yet a bout me probily going home from Yokohama but I will half to spring it on them as soon is we land on acct I got to get some money off of them to pay for my fair on the train and Schaefer says he hasent got no idear how much will it be but the reglar fair is a bout $32.00 and probily on acct of the rates it will be some wheres between $16.00 and $48.00. what ever it is I guess they will give it to me and if they dont I can borry it off of Mcgraw but I guess Comiskey and Callahan will give it to me because they wouldent dast not give it to me or I would jump to the federal.

Well Al I had the old uneform on for a wile today and tride my arm out a little only of coarse I dident cut lose because why should I ware my arm out geting in shape in Dec. when Im probily going to quit the trip. joe Benz and bunny Hern and geo. Wiltse put on there sutes to and besides we pitchers they was dutch Schaefer and Speaker and sam Crawford and Buck Weaver and all as we did was toss the ball around a little and when steve Evans seen me come out in my uneform he says Why dont you ware that to supper and I says Why and he says because it looks like it was prest onct. I and Schaefer throwed back and 4th to each other for a wile and he says why dont you cut lose and I says you know why because may be Im not going to do no pitching on this trip and besides I says if I cut lose at you and you with out nothing but a finger glove I would burn your hand right off of you. He says I bet you wouldent and I says I bet I would and he says I bet you can throw a ball at me just as hard is you can throw it and it wont hurt my hand and I says What will you bet and he says $1.00 so I says all right your on and he says all right so I wound up and give him my fast 1 and he ducked out of the way of it and the ball went clear over the bord in to the Ocean and then he says pay me and I says I will not and he says why not it dident hurt my hand did it and I says No because you wasent game and ducked out of the way and what do you think of him Al trying to beat me out of $1.00 and if he is to cheap to pay his bet he can keep the money and well come but I win it fare and sqare and he knowed the ball would hurt his hand or he would not of ducked.

(Continued on Page 57)

Evans Told Me What Was it He Says and it Was Your a Fine Looking Goof and Goof Means Athalete

THE STRANGE BOARDER

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VII

IMMEDIATELY after dinner Jane and Miss McChesney held an anxious consultation. Half an hour later Jane grimly stationed herself in the back parlor, while her fellow conspirator—having paused a moment to compose herself and steel her agitated nerves as though she were about to take her life in her hand—tiptoed angularly through the dining room, opened the swinging door to the butler's pantry a cautious inch at a time, took one long-legged step and applied her ear to the other swinging door which gave to the kitchen. Returning she walked on the balls of her feet, with her long arms extended and waving at Jane as though she were trying to swim in a strange element.

"She's just finishing the sink," Miss McChesney whispered breathlessly, clutching Jane's arm. "She's almost through. Go! Go!"

Jane marched forward to the kitchen and entered just as Tilly, having taken off her big gingham apron, was rolling down her sleeves.

She Looked at Jane an Instant, With Calm Insolence

"Good evening, Tilly," she said pleasantly. "I've been talking to Miss McChesney about your vacation. Wouldn't you like to start tomorrow? You can have two weeks, you know."

The statement did not lighten Tilly's gloomy face. She went on rolling down her sleeves in glum silence. Indeed, she seemed minded not to reply at all; but after a moment she said sullenly:

"I dunno's I ought. You heard what Professor Byers said."

"Oh, shoot Professor Byers!" Jane replied, taking care to smile. "What does he know about it, or about anything else? He's just a solemn, empty-headed donkey! My goodness, there's nothing wrong in your taking a vacation, is there? You can get away for two weeks, you know. You can make a nice long visit to your sister in Wisconsin."

For another long moment Tilly was gloomily silent.

"I don't want to visit her," she then said resentfully. "She's got three children and she'd put all the work off on to me. Last time I visited her she about broke my back."

"Well, go somewhere else, then, Tilly," Jane replied cheerfully. "There are plenty of places to go."

The prospect apparently appealed to Tilly. She stared thoughtfully into the sink a moment; then looked up at Jane with solemn, dull blue eyes, and her voice betrayed suppressed emotion.

"I dunno's I ought," she said. "I'm only a hired girl, but I don't want to go to hell any more'n you do."

"Oh, nonsense, Tilly! Nonsense!" Jane retorted with energy. "Get all that stuff out of your mind. Professor Byers is just a donkey! Why, you're not doing wrong in keeping away from the police, Tilly! You're doing right. It's absurd to suppose that Mr. Gardner is any more guilty than I am. I'm sure he came in at twenty minutes past eleven; but if you go to the police you may put him to a great deal of trouble and expense—an innocent man, you know. Surely that's wrong. You just forget all about Mr. Gardner, Tilly—forget you ever thought you saw him that morning—and go take a nice long vacation. There are plenty of places to go, you know. I'll help you look up some fine place."

"Mrs. Barnham's girl's just got back from Lake Mactawber," Tilly observed dreamily. "She says it's swell there."

"I'll bet it is!" Jane encouraged. "They go bathing and fishing, don't they?"

"Yes; and there's picnic parties 'most every day and a grand band concert at the hotel in the evening. She says it's swell."

"Of course! Well, go there, Tilly."

"Mrs. Barnham's girl's fellow took her," Tilly observed in a kind of gloomy abstraction. "His sister rented a cottage and invited 'em. Her husband's a teamster and makes big money; but John only gets twelve dollars a week. He ain't got any rich sister to invite us. I couldn't afford any high-toned place like Lake Mactawber."

"Probably you could get very good board there for eight or ten dollars a week," Jane suggested.

"Oh, yes; you can get swell board for eight and privileges of using a rowboat."

"And the railroad fare wouldn't be over a couple of dollars," Jane added. "Now let's be sensible about it, Tilly. Of course you're doing me a favor by keeping away from the police, because it would embarrass me to have to contradict you. And if you give me a good time I ought to give you a good time. That's only fair. So I'll give you twenty-five dollars, Tilly, and that'll pay your expenses; and you forget all about Mr. Gardner and go have a fine vacation! Is it a bargain?"

Tilly managed to look solemn for a moment, then grinned a little sheepishly and said:

"Well, if you say it's all right ——"

"Of course it's all right!" Jane replied positively. "Now Miss McChesney will start right out in the morning to find a girl to take your place for two weeks, and you can get away day after to-morrow, no doubt."

So Jane returned to Miss McChesney in triumph. Her spirits expanded now that she felt she was doing something, and that expansive spirit took her over to Pike Street to tell Gardner that Tilly would not go to the police. They walked down the avenue to the park and back, and Mrs. Wilson made her entries in the back of the cookbook, with Miss Ingraham's opinion of her housekeeping in mind.

While Miss McChesney was canvassing the employment agencies next day for a substitute maid-of-all-work, Inspector Ryan called again at the Cereal National Bank.

"Sorry to trouble you so soon again," he said pleasantly as he sat down at the end of the president's table; "but the fact is we are very much interested in this young lady of yours."

Mr. Byron did not reply and, as he faced the inspector, took no pains to conceal that he felt annoyed; in fact he had meant to catch the two-fifty train for the Country Club. On the one hand he hated to refuse to see a police inspector; on the other hand he hated to be inconvenienced. He was running a bank, not a detective bureau, and he resented this intrusion by the police; so his colorless eyebrows were drawn together in a slight frown as he listened to Mr. Ryan, and his ruddy face showed some ill temper.

"It may be true that her interest is all in the little boy and not at all in the father," the inspector continued good-naturedly; "but the fact is she waits nearly every evening until the little boy has been put to bed and then goes over to see the father, and they spend the evening together. Here's the record if you care to look at it."

He took from his pocket a transcript of Mrs. Wilson's notes and pushed it across the table to the banker. Mr. Byron scowled reluctantly down at it, reading it over half in spite of himself.

"I don't care what she does evenings," he said testily.

"No; but you care to see a murderer caught, don't you?" the inspector replied pleasantly.

"Of course—as a citizen—I care for that," said the banker crossly.

"Of course!" the inspector repeated. "Now that young lady puts up a strong alibi for Gardner. It's strong on account of her reputation and on account of her good looks—which tell infernally with a jury in the case of a reputable woman—and because she's supposed to be disinterested. That business of the little boy, you know, would count like the devil with a jury! But now—just put it up to yourself as a man who's been trotting round the world a good many years and observing human nature—suppose we find there's something between the girl and Gardner. If you were on a jury wouldn't that make a mighty sight of difference when it came to weighing her alibi?"

"Why, if that's the case she didn't tell the truth about it anyway," the banker retorted irritably.

"Certainly," said the inspector good-naturedly. "It's a case where we've got to be very careful, Mr. Byron. We can't have people saying we're persecuting an innocent young lady. Of course she's an employee of your bank and I suppose you feel a sort of responsibility on that account. I just want to show you that we're going very carefully—and if we should feel it necessary to take the young lady in hand it will be because we have mighty good ground for it." His voice was at the pleasant pitch of casual conversation, but he was looking the banker steadily in the eye. "Of course this stuff," he added lightly, nodding at the transcript of Mrs. Wilson's notes, "is only one small angle of the case. I don't mind telling you that we're drawing the net in. I expect to have the murderer tight and fast within forty-eight hours at most."

By running down the marble stairs and telling the chauffeur to hurry Mr. Byron caught the three-twelve train instead of the two-fifty; but that was a slower train and he was actually forty minutes late at the golf links. That alone would have displeased him, because long education had thoroughly inoculated him with a belief that his time was exceedingly important, no matter what he was going to do; but his cause of annoyance to-day reached deeper than that. He felt it was a kind of outrage that a man like himself, burdened with the affairs of a great bank, must have a young lady about who was the cause of his being annoyed by the police. He did not like women in business anyway, and was partially reconciled to having them only by the fact that they were much cheaper than men.

Inspector Ryan returned to police headquarters and summoned Sergeant Worril.

"Did you pull it off?" he inquired as the mountainous man lumbered in.

"Sure!" the sergeant replied complacently, dropping his bulk into a big armchair. "I fixed it up with Kittie Hinch. He and Gardner walked by where the woman could get a good look at him. Of course she was looking down at him out of a window that night; but she'll swear to him all right."

The inspector stroked his beard thoughtfully and asked:

"How is she?"

"Third class," Worril replied calmly. "I guess she'd swear to anything for fifty dollars; but I can scrub the paint off her, you know, and make her put on mourning, and tell her I'll break her neck if she don't act like a lady on the stand—and she'll put up a pretty fair appearance before a jury. Of course the other side will show up her record; but if her clothes are all right and we can keep her from making any bad break on the stand she'll do."

"You can't do anything with a woman that's got a tough record if she looks tough," the inspector suggested anxiously. "She's more apt to hurt the case than help it."

It Was Too Clear That She Had Escaped!

"With some plain, dark clothes and the paint off she won't be so bad," the sergeant repeated. "She gave me a tip on another witness too. If we could get a couple to identify him it would be pretty strong."

"Well, I've got the bank on the wing all right," Inspector Ryan observed with satisfaction. "I want just a little more there—just a little more."

"I'd throw Gardner and the girl both in if I had my say," Worril observed impartially. "You know how it is, Tim—everything hangs up in the air about so long; then some little thing starts it going and the whole business drops in a lump. I believe we've got the case right in our fists now."

The inspector thoughtfully bit his nether lip and after a moment replied:

"Wait a little! Wait a little! It's going to drop all right. I can feel it coming. See what turns up to-night."

Meanwhile Jane was industriously pursuing her duties in the bank library, without the least suspicion that the foundations of that mighty institution, so far as she was concerned, were slipping beneath her feet. A subdued excitement burned in her mind, for she had thought of something that struck her as having a vitally important bearing on the Bloom murder case. Consciously or subconsciously, her mind was always toiling at that now.

She was thinking over her new clew with brightening hope, as it seemed more and more plausible, when she entered Number 2 Carlisle Terrace—only fifteen minutes before dinnertime, because she had waited half an hour at Number 111 Pike Street in a vain attempt to see Gardner. She encountered Miss McChesney in the hall.

"Oh, Jane!" the landlady gasped with relief. "I've been watching for you. Oh, dear!"

Her voice failed and she clutched her hand to her breast, rolling up her large, pale-blue eyes. They stepped into the empty parlor; and there the landlady, bending over Jane and gesticulating—in an agitated voice, that now dropped into a whisper and now rose just above it, explained her trouble.

"You know, Professor Byers came in about half-past four and went up to his room; and just a little after five I stepped into the kitchen to see whether Tilly had the dinner started, and she wasn't there at all! I thought that strange and I looked into the back yard. Well"—she had to halt a minute tremulously to recover her excited breath—"I thought she must be up in her room—and it was strange, because she should have started dinner a good quarter of an hour before that; so I went up the back stairs. But her room was empty. I thought it very strange, and then"—she lifted a long forefinger tragically and paused an instant again to recover her breath—"then I thought I heard the sound of voices. I thought I heard voices in Professor Byers' room. That seemed very strange, for no one had called. I tiptoed along the hall, Jane—and Tilly was in there talking with Professor Byers! I could distinguish their voices—and I heard something he said."

The landlady straightened up, put her hand to her breast and rolled up her eyes.

"I heard him say: 'If you concealed it you would be a criminal in the eyes of the law; you would be morally responsible.' Jane"—the landlady lifted both hands and gasped—"I thought I should sink through the floor! I hardly know how I found my way downstairs—for, of course, I dared not stand there where they might open the door and catch me. I didn't know what I should do, Jane—I didn't know what I should do; so I waited for you. You are strong, dear; you are resolute. What ought we to do?"

Jane considered, with a darkened face, and took a tiny bit of her nether lip between her teeth and gently bit it. If that mite of red lip between the white teeth had been Professor Byers there would have been an immediate vacancy in the faculty of the Carlisle Theological Seminary.

"I'll talk to her as soon as dinner is over," she said. "Don't go near her until then. Don't notice her at dinner. Don't let her think we suspect anything."

Jane avoided noticing Tilly at dinnertime, but could hardly avoid looking over at snub-nosed Professor Byers, who smiled at her fatuously, without dreaming what thought lay behind her dark eyes. As they left the dinner table Jane whispered to Miss McChesney:

"Is there any money at all in the house?"

In fact she had determined to abduct Tilly, if necessary, that very night. She waited a few minutes until the maid should have time to clear the dining-room table, for she wished to have her fairly cornered in the kitchen. Then she marched through the butler's pantry and swung open the farther door. The unwashed dinner dishes were piled on the kitchen table; but Tilly was not there.

Jane looked into the back yard—then ran upstairs; but the maid's small bedroom at the back of the house was empty also, nor was Tilly in any of the other rooms on that floor. Jane ran downstairs and summoned Miss McChesney. They made a hasty search of the house, ending at Tilly's room. Opening the closet door, Miss McChesney gasped and wilted weakly back against the wall, tragically pointing to the workdress that Tilly had worn at dinnertime, but which now hung in the closet. Her street dress and hat were gone. It was too clear that she had escaped!

"We'd Like the Whole Bunch—This Young Lady Too"

No defense remained, apparently, save the clew Jane had thought of that afternoon. Leaving Miss McChesney agape, she hastened to her room, changed her dress, caught up her hat and fled, driving the hatpins through her hair half at random as she ran downstairs. Twilight was coming on even then, and on the avenue she just barely restrained her impatient feet from running.

Mrs. Wilson opened the door for her, with a smile more powerful than common, and called upstairs to Gardner. As soon as he answered, the landlady shuffled back to the dining room where the telephone was, her small eyes twinkling with pleasurable excitement, because her instructions for that evening were unusual and very strict.

"Get your hat, Sam!" Jane called as Gardner appeared at the head of the stairs. As he came down, hat in hand, she barely noticed Billy in his wake, but said bruskly: "Come out; I want to talk to you."

When they were two doors away from the house she slipped her hand through his arm and subdued her voice:

"Tilly's gone to the police. I'm sure of it! That sneak, Byers, has been talking to her. You see, they may arrest you again within an hour!"

In spite of herself, her heart was thumping and she caught her breath as though she had been running.

"I want you to think it over very carefully—very carefully—and tell me just what you said to the man Arthur when you asked him whether Hinch left the room that night. Can't you remember exactly what you said and exactly what he said?"

"Why—I don't know that I can remember exactly, Jane," he replied in mild surprise, "in fact, I don't think I asked him a great deal about it. You see, I knew from other sources that Kittie Hinch was right in the poker room."

"From what sources, Sam? Exactly now—exactly!"

"Well, that's what everybody said who had been there. Pat Maloney told the police so; they all said it."

"And Hinch said it, didn't he? He told you so himself, didn't he?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Why, yes, Kittie said so," he admitted.

"Precisely!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "And the man Arthur, now when you came to ask him what did you say?"

"Why, as I told you, Jane, it's hard to remember exactly. We talked of the murder a while, you see, and I said: 'You and Kittie were there playing poker all the time?'—or something like that.'

"Exactly! Exactly!" she exclaimed again, with triumph. "That's just what I thought, Sam! It came to me this afternoon. Oh, I knew there must be some way out of it! I knew it! And I've been thinking my head off about it. And it came to me this afternoon. Sam, I knew that man Hinch killed Bloom! I was sure of it. And yet you had told me he couldn't have done it because he was in the poker room all the time. Of course those two things couldn't be true—that he was upstairs and downstairs too. I don't know why I never thought of the explanation before! But it occurred to me this afternoon—I wondered how you knew Hinch was downstairs—do you see? Then I saw the answer."

"Why, I don't quite see, Jane," he replied in astonishment.

"I asked myself how you knew; and then I saw you'd heard the police were satisfied on that point; then, no doubt Hinch himself had told you so. And as he told you your mind just automatically accepted it as true—because you'd believe anything that anybody told you if they looked you in the eye and kept a straight face."

"But I did ask Arthur," he objected mildly.

"True—just exactly as I thought; just as you say you did—that is, you brought it up casually—you said, just in an incidental kind of way: 'Hinch was there with you, wasn't he?' And he said: 'Yes.' And there you dropped it. Isn't that so?"

He seemed confused and at a loss what to reply. "You didn't press him? You didn't cross-examine him? You didn't try to find out whether he was deceiving you or whether he hadn't forgotten that Hinch had stepped out for only fifteen minutes and then reappeared while the hubbub was going on?"

"Well—no; I didn't do that," he confessed.

"I knew you didn't!" she replied decisively. "Sam, I'm going to see this man Arthur myself—at once. I want you to take me to him."

He would have halted; but her hand was on his arm.

"Oh, that will do no good, Jane," he expostulated gravely.

"It will satisfy me," she retorted. "This is my case now. I've made it mine. I have a right to on account of Billy. I'm going to see Arthur to-night, Sam. If you don't take me I shall go to the police and ask them where he is."

Trudging dutifully at her side, Gardner removed his hat and ran his fingers through his hair; for a minute they walked on in silence.

"I hardly know how you can manage it, Jane," he then observed deprecatingly. "You see, the gambling is all shut up now; so a man like Arthur hasn't anything to do. The only place I know to find him is a lodging house for men—not a very pleasant sort of place."

"We'll go there. I'm not afraid of it," she answered.

"But there won't be any place to talk," he objected.

"We'll find some place—the street corner if necessary. Please don't raise difficulties. I'm bound to do it."

Again for a time he trudged beside her in silence; then he suggested hopefully:

"I'll go get Arthur and fetch him up here to the park. You can talk to him here."

(Continued on Page 49)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 20, 1915

A Wail From Congress

IT WAS a loyal Southern congressman, if we remember correctly, who complained some time ago that the President had "hogtied" himself and his fellow representatives. In more polite language Senator O'Gorman more recently complained of a similar disability. Debating the Ship-Purchase Bill, he said:

"Let it be known to the people of the state of New York there will be thirty-two Democratic senators representing a population not greater than I, as a single Democrat, represent; and by the operation of caucus rule thirty-two or thirty-five senators can bind the representative of New York hand and foot."

Of course nobody can compel the senator from New York to abide by a caucus rule when he does not wish to. The President cannot compel Congress to do anything whatever against its will. If that distinguished body is hogtied, its own hands draw the knots, even as its own throat utters the squeals. Whatever limitations there are on its freedom are imposed by itself, and nobody else can impose them.

If in a given case it is too timid and flabby to stand by its convictions against the President, or if considerations of patronage or of party discipline outweigh in its mind the legislative principle involved—why, then it chooses to yield; and it is the limitations within itself—not those imposed from without—that prevent it from carrying out its first purpose.

As regards the President, Congress will always have exactly the freedom of action to which it is entitled. In the government scheme it will always count for exactly its own weight.

Congress always has the choice of yielding or not yielding.

Physical Valuation

HERE are certain large, tangible objects—to wit: parcels of land; steel pillars, beams and rails; wooden ties; cars; electrical machinery and power stations. You might say offhand that to invoice these objects and find their value is simple enough. Two sets of experts have invoiced them and their estimates of value differ by forty million dollars.

The objects referred to are comprised in the elevated roads of Chicago. They may be valued in several different ways—first, according to what they originally cost; again, according to what it would cost to replace them, or by their original cost, minus a more or less arbitrary reduction for the depreciation that is supposed to have taken place. In order to get land that was absolutely necessary for their purposes, the companies sometimes found it expedient to take land that was not absolutely necessary.

In a given case it might be more economical to take an entire lot than only one end of it. Should such land be included in their railroad investment? Assembling girders, ties, rails and cars does not make an elevated railroad, any more than assembling bricks and mortar makes a manufacturing concern.

There are, also, expenses of organizing the business and getting patronage for it.

Whenever a great going concern is appraised, wide difference of opinion as to its tangible value is the rule rather than the exception. That was notably the case in the appraisement of the private telephone lines which the British Government took over. With any big going concern, physical valuation seldom brings a definite conclusion. Usually it simply furnishes a basis for compromise. Probably in most cases as fair a compromise could be arrived at without the bother of a detailed inventory.

Completing the Circle

PERSONALLY we regard the huge foundations that an agency of the Government has been investigating as in the nature of large warts on the body politic—with the important difference that there is no feasible method of amputating them. As the Government seems not to have got anywhere in particular with its investigation we venture to recommend a highly useful activity it might invite or compel the foundations to undertake.

The need of the activity referred to was particularly emphasized by former President Taft's article in this publication on Government economy. Showing that great waste occurs, Mr. Taft says: "Permanent economy in the discharge of the functions of the Government must be preceded by an expert investigation into the whole field of its activities."

He might have added, we think, that the investigation, to be impartial and thoroughgoing, ought to come from the outside. If we knew of a business concern that had consistently practiced reckless waste and inefficiency for many years we should not much trust that concern to investigate itself. We should fear that the investigation would be as inefficient as its other undertakings. Incidentally, Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, has lately expressed a belief that a hundred million dollars a year might be saved by the creation of a joint budget committee of the two houses of Congress. This indicates the presumable amount of the spillage at Washington.

We believe a searching investigation of the Government by an impartial nonpolitical commission of capable men would result in more direct, tangible good to the public than any other single investigation so far has. It would cost considerable, but the foundations have the money. Why do they not invite the appointment of a proper commission and supply the funds? Or why does not the Government, knowing its own incapacity, require them to do it?

We repeat that, judging by the statements of those in the best position to know—such as Senator Aldrich, Mr. Taft, Senator Kenyon, to mention only a few in a long list—the Government at Washington, by waste and inefficiency, imposes an unjustifiable burden on the people, such as would not pass uninvestigated for a day if it were attributed to any private business. Surely a searching investigation there is in order.

The Use of Hired Guards

THERE is no question at all that in many strikes arms and badges of authority are bestowed on men who have no business with either. Here is a typical case: A mining strike occurs; the mine owners call on a private detective agency for guards; the sheriff immediately deputizes these hired guards and turns the job of maintaining order or protecting property over to them.

Furnishing such guards is a regular business of the detective agency. The leaders and many of the rank and file of the guards are simply Hessians, whose regular occupation consists in protecting property against strikers. Of course they are not neutral in the labor dispute. They are partisans of the property owners who pay them. Hire a man by the year to sit with a gun in his hand in order to see that your neighbors on the south do not molest your chickens, and his general sentiment toward the neighbors on the south will soon become about that of a dog toward a cat.

Cases of wanton or reckless shooting of strikers almost always come back to hired guards clothed with the law's livery. It is entirely probable that hired guards are usually less interested in upholding the law than in breaking the strike. The trade of a hired guard is not one likely to attract the sort of men who hold a high view of the majesty of the law.

That there is frequent need to protect property from strikers no open-minded person will deny. To supply that protection is the business of the state. It has no business to hand the function over to either of the parties to the dispute. That is merely a return to the private wars which so enlivened and ensanguined urban life in medieval Italy.

The Universal Scale Holder

THE theory of checks and balances on which this Government was founded seems by way of receiving an extension of which the founders never dreamed. The theory was that political functions should be so checked one by another, and so balanced one against another, that the scale would always stand level. The new application is in the direction of making the Government itself a universal scale holder, busily checking and balancing everything else in sight.

If cotton falls below a theoretical mean the Government is asked to toss in a counterweight by some kind of valorization and fetch the price up. If wheat rises above a theoretical mean the Government is likewise besought to dress the balance by an embargo on exports. War having thrown ocean freight rates out of the mean line, we can't wait a minute for the passing of the temporary conditions that caused the disturbance; the Government must intervene immediately and pull freight rates back where they belong.

We have recently set up an extraordinary Federal commission to see that everybody competes just enough and nobody competes too much.

It is still as regrettably true as in the Mikado's time that "A is happy—B is not"; but it is probably not beyond the ambitions of statesmanship to change all that by a judicious shuffling of weights.

Personally we hope for the day when a handsome man will be required by the Government to wear a green patch over his left eye in order to keep him at par with those whose features Nature has fashioned absent-mindedly and less successfully.

The Last Potato Paring

ONE of Germany's most eminent scientists is delivering lectures to large and attentive audiences on how to make sugar, salt and pepper go as far as possible. Another savant has pointed out, with much detail, the folly of throwing away any scraps of pork, which at least can be used to grease boots.

Housewives are enjoined not to pare potatoes, but to cook them with their jackets on, as any other method involves waste.

As hay and grain are dear, it is pointed out that garbage should be looked over to see that nothing suitable for fodder is thrown away. Bakeries are required to use a mixture of wheat flour, rye flour and potato meal for bread, instead of pure wheat flour.

By every possible means the Kaiser's government is impressing the strictest frugality in the use of foodstuffs, metals, leather, and so on. All this, of course, is supplemental to the decree of the Federal Council commandeering stocks of corn, wheat and flour, and forbidding private transactions in those commodities. By this order the government becomes the sole dealer in imported grain; and undoubtedly it will see that the chief cereal foodstuffs are used with the utmost economy.

All of which means, of course, that Germany has tightened her belt and is prepared to utilize for the successful conduct of the war not only the last man and gun but the last potato paring. Not a thing that can contribute to her power of resistance in the field is to be overlooked. It is an extraordinary example of national regimentation. Perhaps the nearest parallel in modern times is found in the Southern Confederacy, which pretty literally emptied itself into the war chest.

If the energy of a modern nation were likewise strained to the last notch for a useful purpose, almost anything might be accomplished.

Tact and Taxes

THE income tax puts the Federal Government into a new relationship with three or four hundred thousand persons. They must hand in a schedule of their income, on which they are taxed.

An analogy to this relationship is found at the customhouses, where the returning citizen files a schedule of foreign articles in his baggage, on which, if they are dutiable, he is taxed.

Travelers regard the customhouse as a natural enemy. The limitation on the value of articles for personal use that may be brought in is unreasonable, and the law is enforced with much inconvenience to the traveler. Thousands of respectable citizens regard it as quite meritorious to beat the customhouse; and they take pleasure in vaunting their achievements in that line. That there is a lot of tax dodging at the customhouse is undeniable, and the Government, though making an example here and there, is virtually powerless to stop it.

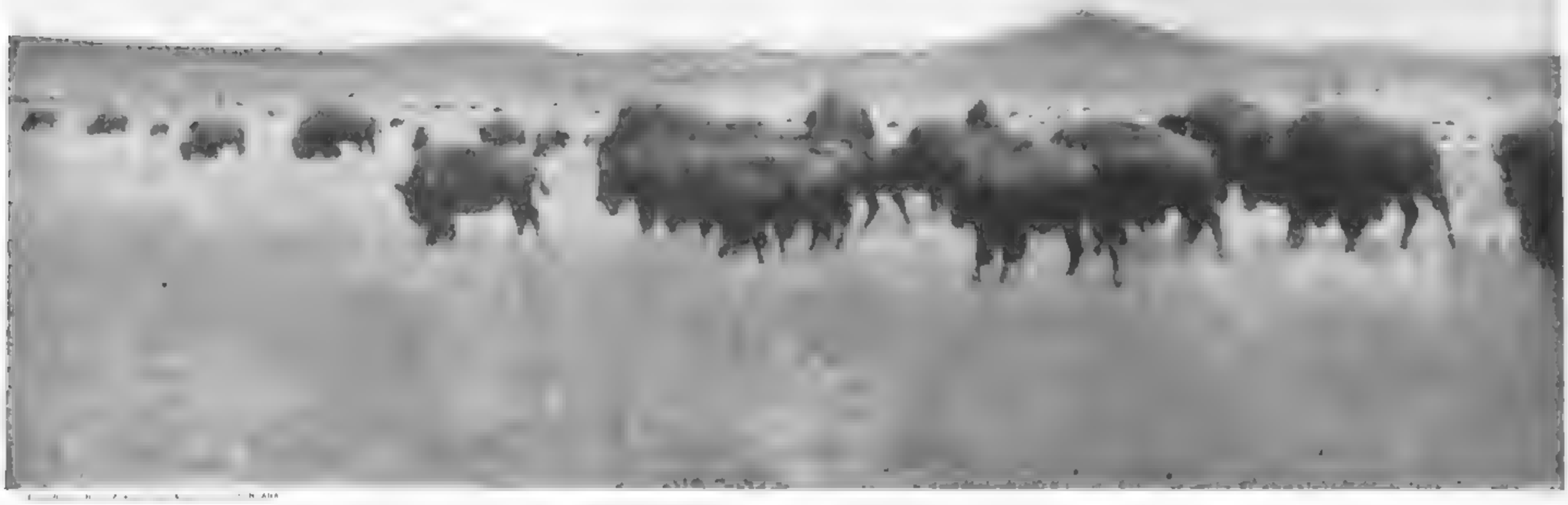
We suggest that analogy to the Treasury Department, especially as Secretary McAdoo implies that the income-tax law should be more rigidly enforced.

This is really a very moderate and entirely reasonable tax. Every man who is liable ought to pay it willingly; and we believe almost every man will when a schedule is put into his hands.

It would be possible, however, by harsh and arbitrary action on the part of the internal revenue force to create among taxable citizens about the same sort of hostility toward the income tax that travelers feel toward the customhouse. That, we believe, would be very unprofitable for the Government.

SANCTUARY—By Emerson Hough

Our National Game Refuges



Buffalo Grazing in the Big Open, North Montana, 1880

IN DAYS of old, when knights were bold, and barons held their sway pretty much as millionaires do to-day, the law of taking care of yourself was the only rule of the game. It was permitted to take your neighbor's cabbages, his ox or his ass, or his maidservant, if you liked, and, if he protested too much, to slit his weasand or cleave him to the chine—as the girl novelists used to say in the day of historical fiction—always provided the said neighbor did not get to your weasand, chine, or other essential portions of anatomy first, with the same intent. After all, this really is about the way we play the game to-day.

In that day, however, when maidens sighed out of windows at gallants passing to the East to save the Sepulcher, there was one exception made to the general rule that to the victors belong the spoils. When men were pursued—and they were—by enemies from whom there was no hope of escape, they might, if they were able, make a slide into first base in any shrine and claim what technically was called sanctuary. If a beautiful maiden was pursued by a knight, baron, or other successful business man—and she was—she was ruled safe, provided she was not tagged before touching the sack on the nearest church doorstep.

If he or she succeeded in doing this it was customary to turn on the pursuer with a mocking laugh. The latter then calmly remarked, "Foiled!" and went back home to his pretzels. Sanctuary could be held against the king himself—and kings were kings in those days, even more than they are now. Holy ground was ground of refuge, and not even the hardiest ruffian dreamed of violating sanctuary.

The ancient law of sanctuary has been pretty much set aside in modern business as being too hard on a pursuer when he is only a jump or so back of the pursued. It is now considered correct to steal candy from babies, to drop bombs on women, if need be to poison children—and then to raise the retail price and ask for an increase in freight and passenger rates. To-day there is no sanctuary. We are civilized. The law of sport, business and society to-day is that the devil may and should take the hindmost.

The Polite Teachings of the Prize-Ring

THERE has always, however, remained in the human bosom just a trace—passive, if not active—of the old rule of the game that we phrase in the proverb: "Fair play is a jewel." It is still customarily believed that when a man is down it is not fair to kick him in the face beyond a reasonable amount. There is a prize-ring rule that forbids a gentleman to sit on the chest of a fallen adversary who is stalling for the count and slug him while he is helpless.

True, these gentler usages are not employed in business and polite society so much as they are in the prize ring; but it still remains fashionable to refer to them to some extent. For this reason we have what, by a large exertion of the imagination, is known as modern sportsmanship, prominent in which cult is that wholly imaginary and really nonexistent figure known as the True Sportsman.

Under the saving influence of the alleged American True Sportsman—who never did want anything except the best of it all his life—we have seen the wild game of this country disappear. The True Sportsman wants game laws, but he wants those laws observed by somebody else and not by himself. The game of America has been pursued to the death and has been allowed no sanctuary. We shudder at the atrocities of war, but we do not often stop to think of the atrocities of sport. The wounded animal has no sanctuary. It has no country—no flag—no Red Cross service—no help—no aid—no chance! The best it can hope for is death.

Even the grizzly bear is a passing species, and the giant brown bear of Alaska is bound to be exterminated before long, vast as that wilderness is which houses it. Where once your father used to go out of an evening and get a mess of prairie chickens for breakfast the covers have not seen a bird for a generation. Even in parts of the South, where ten years ago it seemed as though the supply of quail would be with us for an indefinite time, the dog trainers say it is hard now to find country with birds enough to train their dogs. If you believe these are alarmist statements—as some profess to do—take ordinary business precaution and test their truth or falsity for yourself by observation of a wide series of facts. Do not reason from any narrow experience embracing only a few facts.

Yet our game laws have grown stiffer and stiffer year by year. In 1900—just fifteen years ago—all of our forty-five states had established shooting licenses; forty-one of them had export laws and fifteen had license laws. Twenty-eight of them prohibited the sale of game and five exacted shooting licenses. Thirty-one of them had game-warden systems then. To-day all of our forty-eight states have game seasons—shorter than they were; all have export laws—recognizing the futility of making open commerce of game; all exact nonresident shooting licenses. Forty-seven have stopped the sale of game—that is to say, have passed laws to that effect—and forty-four have state wardens who draw salaries or fees. Thirty-nine of them have resident shooting licenses, and thirty-nine also have laws protecting birds that are not game birds; whereas there were only seven that had such laws a decade ago.

The foregoing figures speak for themselves. Obviously the True Sportsman thought it was time to do something to stop the disappearance of our game; but nothing did stop it! All the time the agencies of destruction have been perfecting. The repeating and automatic shotgun and the cheap automobile have cost the lives of millions and millions of game birds, which in the last decade have disappeared in an accelerating ratio. We comb them out of the last cover and give them no chance at all. The True Sportsman knows something ought to be done, but the True Sportman's pose is largely a convention. His real frame of mind is only a vague hope that in some way, somehow, some day, something is going to happen that will still give him a place in which to shoot.

It is altogether fair and truthful to say that the state game laws of our republic have proved themselves inefficient. They have been worse than that—they have been instruments of a very extensive political corruption as well as of an equally extensive official inefficiency; and their abuse has taught a contempt for other laws as well. It would not be just to say there has been no progress in a better sentiment, for such is not the case. The widely extended campaign under the slogan, Stop the sale of game! has done good work for many years. California organized a great fight to check the disappearance of her wild fowl at the hands of market shooters, and lost the fight; but it may be won at some later day.

In spite of all, however, one thing as against the other—the instruments of destruction as against those of protection—the result has been the same: with greater or less speed the game has disappeared. The pace of the world has become abnormally keen. We are faced with a new world to-day, and we are not adjusted to the conditions of that new world. There has been no great general developed as yet in the European war—no advanced thinker who has grasped the full significance of these improved engines of destruction. Our generals are, in part, using the tactics of fifty years ago. In sport, also, we are using the obsolete tactics of fifty years ago; and they are worthless.

When Laws Increase and Game Decreases

BEING of the belief that it was not wise actually to exterminate all our wild life, and seeing that our states have failed to preserve it, our National Government has at times taken a hand in the matter. The first leader to use new tactics under modern conditions was a man not well enough known and credited for his work in this country—the late Congressman John F. Lacey, of Iowa. The Lacey Act of 1900, regulating the shipment of game, was the first Federal game law passed by our Government.

The next great step was taken thirteen years later—the Weeks-McLean Law, practically wiping out spring shooting and offering a wide protection to the migratory wild fowl. The Biological Survey has made a great deal worse than a failure in the enforcement of the Weeks-McLean Law. For the first time in history we have the spectacle of Uncle Sam apparently afraid to enforce a law passed by the Congress of the United States. The weak work of the Biological Survey has brought out perhaps more protests of an indignant nature than ever reached Washington before. No one can measure the harm which in one year—one week—the Biological Survey in Washington has by its negative action done to the wild life of America, and to America as well.

The average American citizen is not quite so much concerned with game laws—or quite so officiously concerned—as the True Sportsman; but very probably not even that latter imposing figure knows much about the intricacy and confusion of the widely ramified system of game protection

in this republic, once so rich in game. Even those who are paid to make a special study of our game laws are obliged to throw up their hands. The Game Laws Bulletin of the Department of Agriculture makes this illuminating comment:

"With the rapidly growing complexity of regulations—Federal, state and local—in fifty states and territories, and the constantly increasing number of persons who hunt, the demand for information concerning game laws is spreading. The problem of how to keep the public informed of the numerous yearly changes taxes the ingenuity of officials, and can be solved only by the fullest coöperation on the part of the press, private associations and individuals."

We once had more game and fewer game laws than any country. To-day we have more laws and less game than any country in the world of equal opportunity. Suppose we inspect a few chapters and verses. Under the caption of Open Seasons our trusty bulletin goes on to state:

"In some states certain days of the week constitute close seasons throughout the time in which killing is permitted. Hunting on Sunday is prohibited in all the states and provinces east of the one hundred and fifth meridian, except Illinois, Louisiana, Michigan, Texas, Wisconsin and Quebec. Mondays constitute a close season for waterfowl in Ohio, and locally in Maryland and North Carolina; and other weekdays for wild fowl in several favorite ducking grounds in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina. Hunting is prohibited on election day in Allegany, Baltimore, Cecil, Frederick and Harford Counties, in Maryland; and, when snow is on the ground, in New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia and Maryland.

"The county laws of Maryland and North Carolina, which are too numerous to be included here satisfactorily, are not incorporated in the following table, which otherwise may be regarded as a practically complete résumé of the regulations now in force. The difficulty of securing absolute accuracy is very great, and the absence in the laws of many states of express legislation as to the inclusion or exclusion of the dates on which seasons open and close makes exactness almost an impossibility."

A like lack of uniformity exists as to bag limits, the project that next followed the ineffective short-season attempt to restrict the killing:

"Laws limiting the amount of game that may be killed in a day or a season are now in force throughout the United States except in Kentucky, Rhode Island, Virginia and the District of Columbia, and in all the Canadian Provinces, except Prince Edward Island. These measures are of comparatively recent origin. In spite of the objection often urged against such statutes—that they are impossible of enforcement and easily evaded—experience has shown them to constitute one of the most effective features of modern game legislation. They have been tested in the courts and upheld by the supreme courts of several states, notably those of Maine and Wisconsin."

An Object Lesson in Bird Protection. Wild Ducks in the Wichita National Bison Range, Oklahoma, After Four Years of Absolute Protection

How Sportsmen Draw on Their Capital

"WHEN restrictions on limits are extended to possession and shipment as well as killing, and the total amount of game allowed a party made less than the quantity allowed the individual members of the party, little difficulty is experienced in enforcing the statute. Moreover, among law-abiding sportsmen the incentive to make large bags is removed when the act is declared illegal."

I am inclined to think the Washingtonian writer of the above is what is technically known as an optimist—or else that his practical field observations have been extremely limited. The bag limit is one of the most abused of game laws.

The sale of game was one of the greatest factors in the extinction of American game. The market hunter never rested. Our optimist at Washington still keeps his eye on the ball—that is to say, on the theory and not the results; but it is evident we are of many minds as to the sale of game and how to stop it.

"Legislation restricting the sale of game is passing through a transition stage. Some states prohibit the sale of game throughout the year, others only in the close season; and between these extremes may be found all gradations and exceptions, such as restrictions prohibiting sale of game outside the state or for export, and exemptions allowing sale for a few days in the close season. The difficulty of tabulating such regulations is increased by the fact that, in addition to the special sale laws, close seasons and provisions regarding possession must be taken into consideration. It will be necessary to bear in mind three different classes of restrictions: sale in close season, sale in open season, and sale prohibited all the year. In general the sale of game is prohibited during the close season, but a brief additional open period is sometimes provided in order to permit dealers to close out stock on hand at the end of the hunting season.

"In order to counteract a tendency on the part of market hunters to anticipate the opening of the season, the sale of certain game is sometimes prohibited at the beginning of the open seasons. Forty-seven states and most of the provinces of Canada now prohibit sale of all or certain kinds of game at all seasons. The statement shows the kinds of game the sale of which is prohibited throughout the year. The sale of all other game is so generally prohibited during the close season as to render a detailed enumeration unnecessary; but when an extension of a few days is added to the open season, or a special season is provided for either possession or sale, attention is called to this exemption."

Is it not simple and lucid! Our optimist does his best to make all these things plain to us, and he really is not to blame if all the states and counties have made a thousand conflicting laws, which largely render each other nugatory. He passes next to the great subject of shipping game:

"Shipment is the most important feature of the traffic in game. If permitted without limitation it is a great factor in game destruction. A realization of this fact has induced many of the states to prohibit export of all or certain kinds of game, and in a few instances all transportation, even within the state. Federal laws affecting the shipment of game comprise the statutes regulating interstate commerce in game and the importation of birds from foreign countries, and those providing for the protection of birds and game on territory under immediate Federal jurisdiction. Since the constitutionality of the Connecticut statute prohibiting export of certain game was established by the Supreme Court in 1896, nonexport laws have been generally adopted; and at the present time every state prohibits the export of certain kinds of game.

"In most states sportsmen are allowed to carry a limited amount of game out of the state under special restrictions, and exceptions to the laws prohibiting export are also made in the case of birds and animals intended for propagation or reared in licensed preserves. Restrictions on shipment from the state have now become so stringent that all the states west of the Mississippi River prohibit export of all game protected by local laws. East of the Mississippi laws prohibiting the export of all game—or, in some cases, all but one or two unimportant species—are in force in all the states except Kentucky and a small group along the coast from Massachusetts to North Carolina. Special attention is called to the following table"; and so on. It all reads like a Patent Office report—the kind father used to get from his congressman as a token of regard.

The foregoing jumble of statutes, regulations, and exceptions to statutes and regulations, gives us a comprehensive though not lucid idea of the careful method we have had in locking the stable door. Of course everybody could see the horse was stolen; but we locked the door most handsomely behind him, so he could not by any chance get back again. We have the grandest little list of game laws in the world, largely compiled at the instance of the True Sportsman! Has he not got the sunny disposition?

The outstanding features of our national attempt to solve what really is an important national problem are the two Federal laws—the Lacey Law, of 1900, and the Weeks-McLean Law, of 1914. Since they have in great measure failed, what is left for the man who claims to be neither optimist nor alarmist, but a horse-sense business man, who intends to get down to cases? Nothing remains except the one idea of refuge, of sanctuary. It literally is our last resort—our last chance.

That idea rests on three pretty good foundations: the love of fair play, respect for the law of trespass, and the principle of using your interest money and not your invested capital. A deadline is easier to remember than a date. The law of trespass is ground into the appreciation of the average man by centuries of hard training. The law of thrift also has been learned by hard knocks. The law of sanctuary vaguely lingers out of a Middle-Ages past, where once it was written deep with iron.

It was not by any gift of prophecy so much as by gift of chance that our Government, many years ago, began a policy of game refuges, which has been followed out with fair consistence. The idea has worked well and to-day has reached national dignity. We are establishing more and more refuges, and already this policy has saved millions of birds and thousands of great game animals.

Not mentioning a few ancient lighthouse refuges for sea birds, we began the game-refuge idea purely by chance when in 1872 we established the Yellowstone National Park. The scenery was specifically saved, but the game was only incidentally protected—at first, perhaps, not thought of at all. Up to 1894 the only punishment for killing any of the game animals in Yellowstone Park was that of the confiscation of the outfit of the offender and his ejection from the park, which was simply a park rule and not a national law.

Protecting Wild Life

IT REALLY was due to my own story—printed in 1894, after my winter journey through Yellowstone Park, showing the absurdity of the park regulations as practical protection, and showing also the actual extent of the ravages of poachers on the park buffaloes—that we got the law of 1894, known as 28 Statute 73, the first United States law to make it a criminal act to kill buffaloes or other wild animals in Yellowstone Park.

This really was the corner stone of our whole series of national game refuges. The later and incidental results quite outgrew any purpose Billy Hofer and I had when we made the trip which resulted in that law, because since that time Yellowstone Park has come to be the greatest object lesson in the world of the value of the idea of sanctuary. Without this park and without this park law all that country would be a desert to-day, bare of game and bare of trees, as millions and millions of acres of our wild regions elsewhere are to-day.

The waste of our advance across this continent has been something horrible—relatively as wicked a waste as that of this European war, which outrages all our sentiments. And out of all this welter of wastefulness and destruction there stands, so far as our wild life is concerned, only one efficient idea—not a new one, but an old one—this idea of a sanctuary; an idea that dates back to the Middle Ages.

In the application of this idea we do not do so well as they did in the Middle Ages. If we could speak only in terms of praise of our national application of the great idea of sanctuary surely we would be much happier; but the unhappy facts are stubborn. Again we face a platform of legislation, but a dearth of executive efficiency.

We administer our national parks by several different Departments and bureaus, and we do yet worse in the administration of our game refuges. If there is not a man in America who knows all our state game laws, and if there is not a sportsman or naturalist in the entire United States who can, without reference to the records at Washington, tell who or what is the administrative arm governing half of our national parks or our national monuments, far more difficult would it be to name even a tithe of our national game refuges. Not even Washington itself could keep track of these things, except through the services of a few paid specialists, who have it all pigeonholed away in grim precision, which amounts to nothing in practical results.

We have brochures on lighthouses, naval reservations, fisheries, fur seals, and whatever you like, no one of which increases our game supply. We can tell you, with scientific precision, that our park buffalo herd was once in danger from hæmorrhagic septicæmia; but we have no book explaining why Canada was allowed to buy the largest herd of our buffaloes and was able to raise a couple of thousand more, whereas our herd has decreased to less than a hundred and fifty head. Yet it is a safe bet that we pay in

salaries for bulletin writers a sum far in excess of all the salaries of all the wardens of all the provinces of Canada.

We have sixteen national parks, at least ten of which are or could be pretty fair game refuges to-day, whether by virtue of park regulations, state laws or national statutes. We have twenty-eight national monuments of no very great acreage; and of these five are game refuges. In addition to these we have ninety-five other game refuges in twenty-six different states and territories. Of the total, ten are national parks; five are national military parks of small consequence; nine are national game preserves, fifty-six are national bird refuges; ten are national refuges for certain aquatic species; and seven are national refuges made game refuges in whole or in part by virtue of state laws. This does not seem altogether plain, does it? It certainly is not altogether plain. On the contrary, it is very much the other thing; but these are the facts none the less.

The national parks that serve as game refuges cover less than four and a half million acres: Glacier, Yellowstone, Mount Rainier, Yosemite and Sequoia Parks are the best of them. We have a good-sized addition in the Grand Cañon Game Preserve, which is not a national park. Then we have the Wichita Game Preserve, the Montana National Bison Range, the national monuments of Mount Olympus and Mukuntuweap, and the Superior National Forest, of Minnesota. We have also five bird reserves of some importance—the Hawaiian, Klamath, Malheur, Niobrara and Yukon Delta.

In all likelihood there is not a sportsman in America who could tell where all these reserves are located without the aid of our Government bulletins; and in all likelihood the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of the Interior, also, would have to consult some bulletins to learn which or what Department had charge of any given refuge in the list. Probably he could not discover the correct bulletin without additional aid. They are not matters of national concern; yet they are our sole sanctuaries, our sole shrines of Nature.

Turning Reserves Into Refuges

THERE is not a European Power, with colonial possessions in Africa, which does not have better game laws and more game refuges there than we have in the United States. The game laws of British East Africa are stricter than are those of the state of New York, and are far better enforced; and in that enormous country, unknown to settlement as yet, they have vast sanctuaries.

We have set aside nine reserves in which the deliberate intent was to protect big game—the National Bison Range, in Montana; the Grand Cañon Reserve of Arizona; the Wichita Reserve, in Oklahoma; the Mount Olympus Reserve, in Oregon; the Fire Island Moose Reserve, in Alaska; the less important reserves of the Muir Woods and the Pinnacles, national monuments, in California; the Colorado National Monument, and the Mukuntuweap National Monument, in Utah. No one knows what or where they are; but these reservations represent our highwater mark in practical protection under the American theory of game sanctuaries.

Let us see how they are administered. Circular Number Eighty-seven, from the bureau of the esteemed Biological Survey of the celebrated Department of Agriculture, may in part give us this information:

"The Department of Agriculture has jurisdiction over the two game preserves and the Mount Olympus National Monument, which are under immediate charge of the Forest Service, and the bison range and the moose reservation, which are in charge of the Biological Survey; and the Department of the Interior has jurisdiction over the other four national monuments. The wild life on the game preserves and the national monuments is protected by the acts under which these reservations were created; and the buffaloes on the bison range, the elk on the Mount Olympus National Monument, and the moose on Fire Island, are protected throughout the year under the game laws of Montana, Washington and Alaska."

How dignified and simple! The enforcement of some national protective laws rests on the state game laws of Montana, Washington and Alaska—in every one of which the disappearance of game has been a matter of mathematical advancement! In other words, though we have recognized the value of the idea of sanctuary we have done what we could to render ineffective the use of the idea itself.

Wild Rocky Mountain Sheep in the Yellowstone Country

In the Elk Country

It would be perfectly simple to extend the game-refuge idea and administer it in a large and useful way. For instance, we have an enormous acreage of forest reserves. Some of our forest reserves are game refuges and some are not—most of them are not. In one enactment we could make each and every national forest also a national game refuge. That would evoke a loud wail, but it would preserve the game.

To-day, in Montana, Washington, Oregon and California, you will see hundreds of hunters waiting, camped out all through the forest reservations, two or three days before the season for shooting deer or elk begins. If the hunters were kept that much farther away from the breeding grounds the breeding grounds themselves would be extended and the numbers of the several species of big game largely increased. In that way there would really be more overflow game for shooting.

For fear we may hit on some practical idea all by ourselves, let us hasten back to our trusted bulletins and have another look at our system of interlocking laws—which works out worse for the game than any system of interlocking directorates of corporations does in business.

"Several national reservations have become game preserves through subsequent state legislation, which has made them wholly or in part state game preserves. With the exception of the Pinnacles Preserve, in California, they are all in national forests; and, as hunting is permitted in national forests, they are the only parts of the forests, except the few monuments and bird reserves, and two game preserves, which actually form refuges. . . . In each case the game is protected primarily by state laws, and the reservation is patrolled and maintained by coöperation between the state and the General Government."

Simple, is it not? You have one guess as to how much good is done for our wild game by coöperation between the state and the General Government! But even so, we are here on the trail of a good idea—all national forest reserves ought to be national game refuges.

Safeguarding National Assets

MEANTIME let us not sneeze at the state refuges, which begin to show where there are no national forest reserves. A state refuge is not so good as a Federal refuge, but it is much better than a state law. Year before last we created fifteen additional state game preserves. In the state of Washington, county commissioners may create certain preserves of not more than three townships in a county. The laws of Michigan, Ohio and Vermont authorize the establishment of game preserves by contract on private lands. Pennsylvania has set aside a preserve for the protection of elk, deer and other game. Our bulletin adds:

"Montana created the Sun River Game Preserve; California, the Cleveland Game Refuge; Oregon, the Imnaha, Deschutes, Steen's Mountain, Sturgeon Lake, Capitol and Grass Mountain Preserves; South Dakota, a preserve in Custer County, and an appropriation (fifteen thousand dollars) for fencing and stocking it; Utah, the Strawberry Valley and Fish Lake state game preserves; Washington, a preserve near Commencement Bay, on Puget Sound; Wyoming modified the boundaries of the Teton and Big Horn Preserves and established three new refuges, known as the Laramie, Popo Agie and Shoshoni Preserves."

These things are all progress in the right direction. Every one of them recognizes tacitly the virtue of the ancient theory of sanctuary; and every one tacitly admits the validity of the good business maxim that, though we may spend our interest money, we ought not to waste our capital. We call ourselves the greatest business people in the world. On the face of our record in the destruction of native resources we are the worst business people in the world.

We ought to classify all our national parks, national monuments and national game refuges as assets, and not as luxuries. We ought to classify all our wild game as a great asset of America, not as a means of selfish enjoyment for a few men who call themselves sportsmen. We ought to study the handling of these refuges and of these parks purely as a business problem, not as a political problem. We ought not to have half a dozen Departments and

Black-Tail Deer, Yellowstone National Park

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bureaus handling either our national parks or our national game refuges.

Up in Canada they have the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, a body of men much advertised in fiction and in news mention. Possibly few of them are any better than the old-time sheriff, but they do have an organization, and they do have a sentiment for it. Also they have a popular sentiment back of them, which holds them up and strengthens them all the time. That is why they enforce the law—they have some traditions and some *esprit de corps.* They have one dominating master: and that is not the king, not the Dominion Government—it is their sense of duty, their sense of pride. I believe it just to say that most of the men of that organization do have these actuating motives. They go far toward taking very ordinary human timber and making it useful in the world.

The Northwest Police, among other things, are wilderness game wardens. They do not know favorites. Now take our own national parks and refuges, and consider how they are administered. This Department has a few scouts or rangers for one park; that other Department has a few soldiers for another; some "coöperating" state game wardens "administer" yet others. But we do not have one distinct body of constabulary to take care of all our parks and refuges; a distinct force chosen and elected for that one purpose, and chosen because they are fit for it—men who are soldiers plus, or who at least have the making of soldiers in them in time of need.

I think I violate no confidence when I say one wish of Secretary Lane, of the Interior Department—who is by all odds the biggest friend the travelers, the tourists, the sportsmen, the wild regions and the wild life of this country have to-day—is that there may be a new system of constabulary for our national parks and for Alaska. Put back of this body of men some tradition, some feeling of honor, some sentiment working for *esprit de corps,* some pride in their business, some bowing before the one great master of Duty, some refusal to crook the servile hinges of the knee to partisan politics—and then what would be the future of these splendid parks and refuges we own?

Compare our past with that future; compare our present with that future. Compare a fenceless sanctuary with one fenced by iron fearlessness and fairness. If that idea ever breaks into the Congress of the United States, let us be behind it. And, in the name of decency, let us keep politics out of it.

The Relation of Sport to War

If we enforced the Lacey Law; if we enforced the Weeks-McLean Law; if we made every forest reserve a game refuge; if we had one bureau or one head to administer all our national parks; if we had one bureau or one head to administer all our national game refuges; if we had one bureau or one head in each state to administer all that state's game refuges; if we had one body of nonpartisan wilderness constabulary, chosen and built up with the intent of seeing that our national laws are enforced in our national parks and refuges—then, my brethren, we could settle in one moment this whole question of the perpetuation of our American game supply.

Nothing could hinder the success of such simple measures as these—measures that simply enlarge the ancient idea of sanctuary—except the curse of politics. Therefore, august reader, it is easy to be seen that this whole question of good shooting rests in your hands and mine.

If we believe in partisan politics; if we are reactionaries; if we think the richness of the past will be ours in the future; if we are content to let political spoils go to the victorious political party—then, by all means, let us admit we are willing to continue on the pay roll the weak sisters at Washington who fail to enforce our laws, and that we are willing to let our game vanish forever.

But if we want our wild game; if we believe in sanctuary; if we believe in saving our capital and only using our interest money—that is another matter. We can have good government and good shooting any time you and I get ready to demand them.

In these days, when war is so close that it may come closer, it is a good thing to set aside mere vaunting and mere vanity, and do a little close estimating of our own resources. We have been figuring for a long time that we are a race of sportsmen—but we are not. We have been figuring for quite a while that we are a nation of soldiers and marksmen—but we are not. We have been figuring that we are a nation of business men—but we are not. We are a nation of wasters and spendthrifts.

What stature does that sort of nation take in the actual ultimate clash with any people which has been thrifty, which has kept its resources, which has lived within its dividends, and seen that the mortgage securities back of its capital have been sound?

It is not so wide a jump from sport to war. It is not so wide a jump from parks and refuges and raw resources and an out-of-doors to a national measure in military stature. No nation is forever going to raise good soldiers or good citizens that wipes out the idea of thrift, or that forever accepts the idea of unregulated waste.

The question of making parks and monuments and of protecting our game is not one of class legislation, done in favor of a few. It is a question of national business sense, and is large enough to deserve—no, to demand—an intelligent and practical handling by the men we have chosen to represent us in our Government.

One word more, brethren, and I am done. Let us turn to the pleasant part of the picture and see what good has been done by the refuge idea in actual application. It is so large as to be amazing as well as gratifying.

Be Good to the Hen

If you could see the United States Government and the state of Wyoming feeding hay to from ten thousand to twenty thousand starving elk in the wintertime, you would perhaps believe more in coöperation between the states and Federal Government. And if you saw even the elk trails and the horn marks that scar the quaking aspens, and the sign that tells where thousands wintered, or the beds in the meadows showing where they are summering—even if you never saw the long lines of elk going down out of the snows in the autumn—you would see in one glance what the great refuge of the Yellowstone Park Sanctuary means for great game.

We have a breeding stock of thirty-five thousand wild elk. Take down the park line for two years and you would not have three hundred head left. When you photograph forty different wild bears in three days at a distance of from fifteen to fifty feet, and then think how you have hunted all your life even to see one bear anywhere else, you will see what sanctuary means. Open the park for two years and you would see no bears at all.

Did you ever see a real live beaver dam—one where the beavers are at home and working? You can see scores in Yellowstone Park. Where else but in that refuge do you know of one to-day? Where can you find antelope and bighorns except in or near some permanent refuge?

In Glacier Park, which is a refuge now, game was once abundant, but later became almost extinct. It is slowly coming back. You can see a white goat now and then—I saw ten during three days there.

At the Lake Hotel in Yellowstone Park you may see any number of chipmunks, so tame they will run up on anyone's shoulder after nuts. They know they are safe. Wild ducks learn in a week just what the sacred club reserve is, where no hunting is allowed. You can walk within thirty feet of a thousand wild mallards on one Louisiana preserve. The wildest of wild animals learn sanctuary very soon.

In Sequoia Park, on the high Sierras, I saw wild deer so fearless that I rode up and photographed them in the middle of a hundred miles of cover. There are twenty-five hundred deer in that one park. They know their sanctuary. You yourself, if you are much accustomed to going afield, can multiply instances of the extreme rapidity with which wild game learns where it is safe. The law of the fence, the law against trespass, the law of sanctuary, the law of business—to many thinkers these seem to be our only hope for game to-day.

The refuge idea is only the hencoop idea after all—plain as the nose on your face. Extend it; keep it simple. Take care of the hen. Build a fence round her. Then we may still use the hen's increase. The bulletins at Washington may not be very plain, but it is a plain poultry proposition that if we kill the hen there is no increase—and no hen.

Nothing Mumbles but Bricks

By Arthur Train and Albert Herter

III

ONE evening, about two months after his resignation from Burbler's, G. W. descended from Cavia's apartment in a state of nervous excitement due about equally to the adulation to which he had been subjected by his admirers and to the fact that he had been unable to satisfy his cravings for food at the supper table. Moreover, he was tired, for he had been kept constantly explaining and defending his new theory since four o'clock that afternoon, while Cavia had somehow seemed less solicitous as to his welfare than usual. Had he still been in the employ of Burbler's he would have described himself as being "all in." As it was he had told Cavia that he was "intellectually sapped." In reality he was jealous of the new disciple of Marinetti who was now constantly dangling after her, the fellow with moving statuary.

The studio was suffocatingly hot—"banana," as Cavia would probably have expressed it—and its atmosphere suggested that of a greenhouse at high noon. G. W. knew something was wrong, but he didn't know what exactly. Suddenly he discovered that his forehead was suffused with a cold sweat, and without warning the black and white squares upon the walls began to swim round and round amid waves of blackness. He realized that he must make his escape or something dreadful might happen, and with a fragmentary apology to Swash he forced his way to the elevator.

The rush of air in the shaft partially revived him, and by the time he had walked a couple of blocks no symptoms of his indisposition remained except a hollowness in his stomach. He recollected that he had not eaten since morning, for the lunch hour had slipped by while he was engrossed in trying new places for his Futurist Frames upon the walls of the art gallery. He searched in his pockets for money and found that he had only twelve cents. He had loaned his last two dollars to the lilting Irishman, who had forgotten his purse.

Just at that moment he passed in front of a large and scintillatingly brilliant establishment, over the door of which flashed an electric sign alternately reading "Eat" and "Automat Lunch." Numbers of people were going in, and he could see them marching up to little shelves inside and taking things out which they promptly removed to little tables and devoured. Joyously G. W. joined the procession, dallying with the two nickels in his pocket and hesitating between the manifold temptations exposed in long rows to his famished view: "Ham Sandwich," "Tongue Sandwich," "Rolls and Butter," "Chicken Sandwich," "Baked Apple," "Rice Pudding," "Tapioca Pudding," *ad infinitum*.

G. W.'s mouth watered. He appreciated for the first time that he was nearly famished. Cautiously he thrust one of the cherished nickels into a slot under "Rolls and Butter" and pushed the knob; but the door would not open. It resisted all his efforts. Evidently the thing was out of order. Just inside the glass door he could see the rolls and butter for which he had paid his money. He had been cheated! He was seized with a primordial fury. He grabbed the knob and was about to tear it from its brazen fastenings, when he heard a laugh beside him, and he turned with a sort of snarl ready to commit homicide. There, pipe in mouth, stood Wigham, the scoffer.

"*T'urn* the knob first," said the artist in a friendly fashion.

"Oh!" muttered G. W. shamefacedly. "I thought I did turn it."

But, nevertheless, the little door opened at the sesame of his touch and he found the rolls within his grasp.

"Ever try their beans?" inquired Wigham, waving his pipe toward an adjacent alcove marked "Hot Dishes, 10c." "They're immense! Have some?"

G. W., knowing that seven cents was his limit, shook his head.

"Thanks, I guess not. Only wanted a bite, you know, before turning in."

"Well, grab that table there and I'll join you," said Wigham, moving beanward.

G. W. followed him hungrily with his eye. If only Wigham would! This genius business was all right enough in its way, but unless you could get along without food, like Humdumderum Rab, it left something to be desired. On the day that G. W. had declared his independence, dedicated Burbler's to perdition and liberated his soul he had had precisely one hundred and fifty-three dollars in the bank. The one hundred and fifty-three dollars were now gone, save the seven cents remaining in his pocket, their departure having been accelerated by invitations extended to Cavia and her mother to dinner and to various places of refined entertainment. Several of his new esoteric Cubist and Futurist friends, including the author of Sonnets From the Eskimo, had also relieved him of divers sums in the nature of "temporary accommodations only," the total of which had eaten largely into his nest egg.

Then there had been the art photo, taken by and at the special request of Miss Cassawary, which he had understood to be complimentary, but which had turned out otherwise, and which had been reproduced in all the New Thought magazines; and his subscription to Who's Who in Art—still to be paid for. But curiously enough he discovered that all his new friends assumed that being famous involved being rich.

Cavia was constantly talking about his future. G. W. as constantly thought about it, but in an entirely different way. He had earned nothing toward his support since he had removed himself from Burbler's, except fifteen dollars for a five-thousand-word exposition of his Theories on Art in The Bohemian—he decided then that big money was not in letters—and there was no one to whom he could turn in his extremity. He had, to be sure, an arrangement with Chupepsin by which he was to receive ten per cent on all sales of the latter's works framed according to the G. W. formulæ, but although the salon had continued to draw crowds daily, with no indication as yet of any diminution in their numbers, nobody had bought a picture—this in spite of large placards marked "Sold" affixed to a dozen or so of the least desirable.

It was in truth a dismal outlook. It was all very well to have people pat you on the back and tell you how they admired your independence of thought, your courage and originality, but it wouldn't pay for a single plate of baked beans. That was the disheartening fact. He remembered how the apostles of Ultimism had all rushed for Mrs. Busey's doughnuts, and he had a momentary suspicion that perhaps they were all like that. Well, he might as well eat and postpone dying until the morrow. He watched with some curiosity a young lady in white and lavender—who he could have sworn must be a duchess if he had met her at Cavia's—press a nickel into the slot above a spigot and withdraw a cup of foaming chocolate. She cast a furtive look about her and then hurried away with her booty into a distant corner.

G. W. became instantly convinced that chocolate was the one thing necessary to his salvation, and the secret of the proper method of procedure having been thus gratuitously furnished him, he deftly placed his remaining nickel in the same slot and shoved a thick, white receptacle beneath it. The machine hesitated, then released a squirt of cream, followed by a torrent of steaming brown liquid. G. W. could hardly wait to carry it to the table indicated by his friend, and he was strenuously engaged in the mastication of rolls, assisted by copious draughts of chocolate, when Wigham appeared bearing—oh, gracious heavens!—*two* plates of pork and beans.

"Just thought I'd bring 'em along on the chance that you'd change your mind," said the artist good-naturedly. "You deserve to eat anyhow. You've certainly put over a good one!"

He seated himself, yawned, and rolled a cigarette preliminary to sampling the beans. G. W., who had never yet heard his artistic triumphs described in such terms, nevertheless showed his appreciation by

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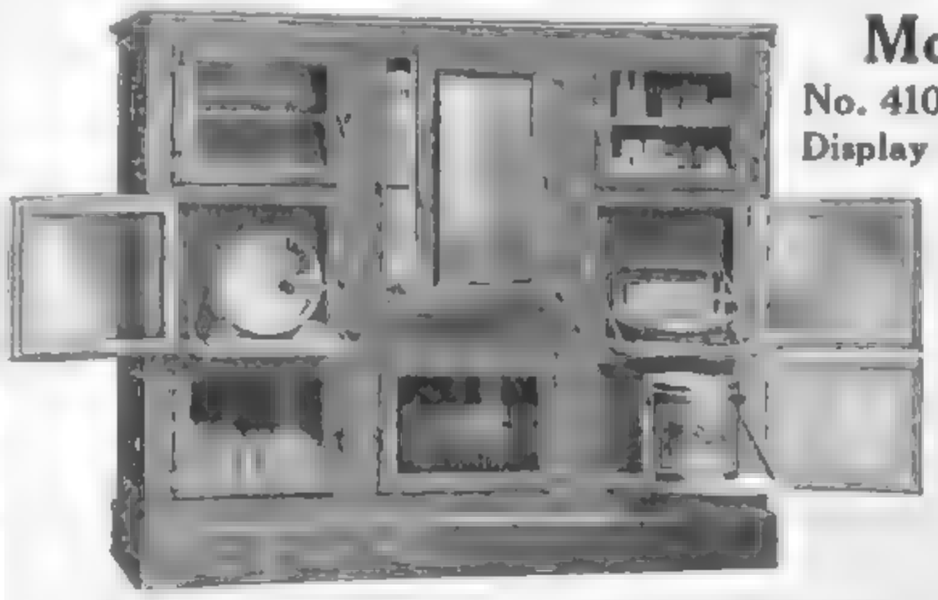

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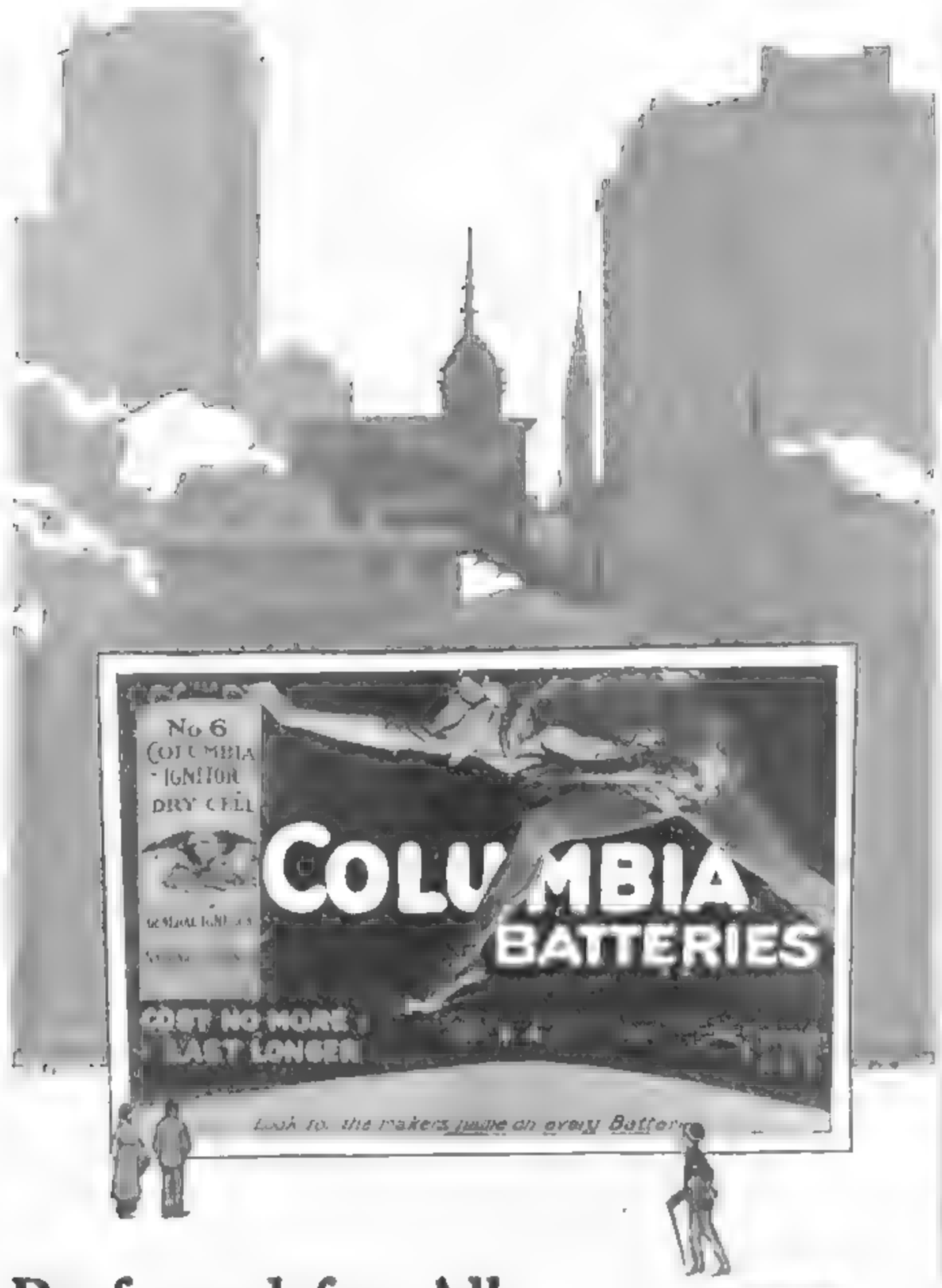

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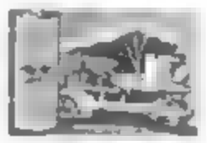

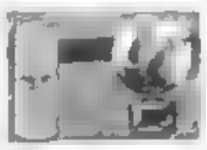

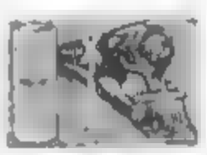
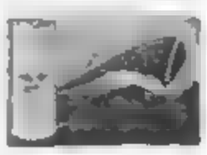

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smiling deprecatingly across his mug of chocolate. Of course Wigham wasn't one of the elect—G. W. had been sufficiently informed of that—he was just a money-grubbing Philistine with a certain amount of conventional talent. But his next remark exploded under G. W.'s complacency like a bombshell.

"I told Rollins, the art editor of the Radiograph, only this afternoon," continued Wigham, "that the public hadn't had such a joke played on 'em in years!"

He lit the cigarette unconsciously.

"What?" stammered G. W., thinking he must have misunderstood. "How do you mean—joke?"

"Why, this blooming Futurist Framing, of course," replied Wigham with entire unconcern. "Of course you mustn't think you can fool me. I'm wise! But it's a damn clever bit of work. I shouldn't wonder if you could keep it going ten days or two weeks longer."

"But it isn't a joke!" sputtered G. W. in indignation. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Wigham laughed easily. "Oh, don't pull that stuff on me!" he retorted.

G. W. boiled with wrath. He wanted to grab Wigham by the throat and choke him into insensibility; only he had paid for the beans, and was the host in a way.

"I beg your pardon," he managed to say in a tense voice. "You're quite mistaken. There's no joke about it. I—I mean every word of it." The voice slightly quivered.

Wigham gazed at him intently.

"Oh," he answered with raised eyebrows. "I didn't understand. Excuse me, old chap. You—I—well, you can see yourself what a good joke it *would* have been, if," he concluded lamely, "it *had* been meant for a joke."

"There is no joke about it," repeated G. W. passionately, choking over a bean.

Wigham hummed nervously for a minute before continuing the conversation.

"Just forget it, old man," he said at length. "You see all the rest are such a lot of fakers that you mustn't be too hard on me for thinking that you were just trying to show 'em up, beat 'em at their own game. Of course there is a good deal that can be said for your theory—as a theory."

"What do you mean—a lot of fakers?" demanded G. W.

"Why, the whole bunch, of course—Rab, and Swash, and Chupepsin, and all the rest of them."

The constellated lights overhead seemed to darken for a minute.

"I don't regard them as fakers," replied G. W. loyally.

"Oh, come now!" coaxed Wigham. "That Yogi for instance; why, he's just a panhandler. You haven't given him any money, have you?" he added suspiciously.

"N-o-o," G. W. assured him.

"Well, just don't!" advised the other. "He'd take the shirt off your back or the paper off the wall. I don't mean to be unkind, but you're evidently new to this game. Let me give you a tip. Of course some—a very few—of the people who run in that crowd have common sense, but the most of the rest, take it from me straight, are bugs. And those who aren't bugs are shams."

"Oh, I say ——" started in G. W., feeling that the merest common decency required him to rush to his friends' assistance

"Wait a minute," commanded Wigham. "You're a good fellow, G. W., and I like you—I've always liked you. What's more, I realize I'm hurting you and I'm sorry. I got in bad at the start, but now I'm going to give it to you straight. After that you can take it or leave it. You're a decent, clean, rather simple-minded young chap who's had the wool pulled clean over his eyes. You've landed somehow in this bunch of goggle-eyed, hysterical egotists and they've conned you silly. I don't know where you got your idea about these switchback, animal-cracker frames, but it stands to reason that it's no good to anybody. The man who invented this place where you can get a plate of hot pork and beans by dropping a dime into a slot has done more for the human race than the whole crew of short-haired old maids and sexless young men that hang round gurgling at Cavia's ——"

"Do you refer to Miss Bender?" inquired G. W. icily. He had swallowed the insults heaped upon himself, but any reflection upon the moonlit lily of his dreams was another matter.

"I refer to Miss Bender," Wigham repeated coolly.

"Do you mean to classify her with the other ——" G. W. could not bring himself to utter the words.

"Cavia Bender is an extremely pretty girl who ought to be married," answered Wigham abruptly, "and have all this nonsense knocked out of her!" he added, looking steadily at G. W.

The latter rose to his feet.

"I refuse to continue this conversation," he managed to stammer with difficulty. "You can say what you like about me, but you have no right to reflect upon my—my friends. Good night!"

"Oh, come, G. W.!" Wigham spoke earnestly. "Don't take it that way, old chap. You mustn't mind my shooting off my mouth. I apologize for anything I oughtn't to have said. Shake and be friends!"

But G. W. had started for the door, blinded by tears of humiliation and anger. Wigham shrugged his shoulders. His face wore a whimsical smile.

"Anyhow," he called after G. W., "don't lend any of 'em money!"

There was no reply. G. W.'s retreating back gave no sign of its owner having heard this final note of warning. Wigham sank back in his chair and took up his fork.

"Another young genius dead at an early age!" he sighed.

The beans were cold and he went back for another plate. But G. W.'s was clean.

G. W. hastened along Broadway in a diminishing rage. Wigham's untempered excoriations had had no effect except to goad him into fury. He had had an overdose of common sense forced into him, and like any other overdose it had counteracted. He thought Wigham an unmannerly brute, a stupid ass, who was the victim of jealousy and possibly of unrequited love. But the fact that rankled was that the ass could pay for a plate of beans while he, the genius, could not. Gradually on a full stomach he mastered his irritation.

He turned west into Forty-eighth Street and laboriously climbed the dark stairway to the top story, pausing occasionally to regain wind. As he attained the summit the dim light, sifting through the beclouded skylight in the roof, revealed a monstrous figure sitting cross-legged before his door. For an instant he experienced a palpitation of fear. Perhaps the man was dead! But, no, a weird, intermittent rattle issued from the shrouded form, a familiar sound, the echo of Humdumderum Rab's communions with the infinite. The Yogi's position was strategic, and any attempt to open the door would have pitched him bodily backward into the interim. Poor fellow! Exhausted from his fasts he was oblivious of everything. Perhaps his astral body was even now hovering over the moonlit ruins of some ancient Indian temple. But how was G. W. to go to bed? He touched the Yogi gingerly upon the shoulder. The rattle ceased; a great sigh issued forth. "The unknown—the unknown ——" Rab opened vacant eyes. "I have grasped it!" he whispered triumphantly.

As if still in a trance he elevated himself from his recumbent position while G. W. lit the gas and crossed the room to close the window. It was evident that the Yogi intended to pass the night, and yet where could he sleep? There was only one bed, a very narrow one. This problem offered no difficulties to Rab. The sound of a heavy body in contact with creaking springs caused G. W. to turn hastily round. Humdumderum had taken possession of the bed and was apparently already fast asleep. G. W., slightly annoyed, closed the window and seated himself on the single chair next the washstand. There wasn't room for anyone else in the bed, and he couldn't evict Rab even if he wanted to; he wasn't big enough. There was a quilt on a shelf in the closet and he spread this on the floor. Then he rolled up his Sunday suit for a pillow, lay down and draped a bath towel over his legs. After all, he meditated, it was the spirit and not the body that mattered. He lay still for fifteen minutes listening to Rab's converse with the infinite. Then he arose and opened the window to its utmost capacity.

He awoke in daylight after agonizing dreams, cramped, stiff and sore. Humdumderum was still sleeping thunderously. G. W., rubbing his neck, examined the Yogi critically for the first time. It occurred to him that he had never seen a more flaccid, sensual face. It filled him with disgust. If the infinite, the unknown, was anything like that —— By contrast Louie Epstein's was the countenance of an angel. He threw a swift glance round the room.

It was as yet only five o'clock. His week's board was up that morning. Under the control of some superior force G. W. stealthily unearthed a battered suitcase from the recesses of the closet and began to fill it with his belongings. Once he dropped the alarm clock and it went off, but Rab gave no sign. All the things he could not jam into the bag he threw into the quilt and made a bundle of them. Then he cautiously opened the door and crept down the stairs.

He walked about half a dozen blocks and then began to realize that he was hungry again. What a pestiferous thing the stomach was! The horrible thought came to him that he had nothing with which to buy any breakfast. Even at the Automat a cup of coffee cost five cents. Across the street he noticed some drays drawn up against the curb, and a shanty in front of which the drivers were collected. Over the window was a large sign, "New York Coffee Mission. Hot Coffee & Rolls 1c." He strolled across. The little, whiskered man at the counter did not even look at G. W. as he picked up one of the two remaining coppers. Our genius carefully tied the last one in a corner of his handkerchief. It represented dinner and perhaps supper. Seated on the tailboard of one of the drays he leisurely consumed his unbuttered rolls and his pint of coffee, and pondered upon the complexities of human life. The first thing he must do was to find a job. He must also leave his suitcase and bundle somewhere. But where?

Farther down the Avenue three large golden balls hung over the sidewalk. He had never been in a pawnshop, and for that reason the possibility of resorting to one had not up to that moment occurred to him. Here at one fell swoop he could get rid of his confounded baggage and maybe, possibly, even get a little money. The proprietress, a stout lady, was washing off the sidewalk, and she took G. W. quite unconcernedly as the little, whiskered man at the mission coffee stand had.

He felt a slight wave of embarrassment as she poured out the contents of both receptacles upon the greasy counter and poked through them with her dirty fingers. Yet in that humble locality some of his duds looked quite elegant. There were his new imitation pearl studs, for instance, and his silver-handled shaving brush. And his patent leathers weren't so bad either. There was also a pair of old suspenders, his bathrobe, toothbrush, a copy of Vasari's Lives of the Painters, some theater stubs, a celluloid comb, one of a pair of military hair brushes, a safety razor, that justly celebrated book entitled Tender Buttons, a tube of shaving soap, some shirts and collars, socks, underclothes, his dress suit, his overcoat, and a mass of drawing things, including a bundle of sketches. The old woman regarded them scornfully, although she showed some slight interest in the evening suit.

"Two dollars for the lot," she remarked conclusively.

G. W. hesitated. Had he known it she would gladly have given him seven. But his hesitation was not due to the smallness of the amount, which in fact seemed colossal to him at the moment, but to a slight pang at losing the sketches.

"Would you—may I—do you mind very much if I keep these?" he hazarded timidly, holding them up.

"Huh!" she answered after a single glance. "I'd pay you to take 'em away!"

He departed, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, his sketches under his arm and with almost a light heart. He found a crumpled cigarette in one of his pockets, borrowed a light from a cabby, and in a wild burst of extravagance removed the copper from his handkerchief and bought a morning paper.

After skimming the front pages he turned to the Art Notes. There among the Art Jottings his own name stared out at him in malicious mockery. He discovered that after looking over the field for Futurist Framing in the great West he was contemplating a trip to Italy for study and relaxation. Then he read with interest the following: "The Swami, Humdumderum Rab, who is much sought after among the élite of fashionable society, has consented to pay a few visits in Newport before continuing his investigations in the field of etheric vibrations, where he has become famous."

He began to have an uneasy feeling that perhaps Wigham was not altogether an ass. He felt reasonably confident that Humdumderum had not been invited to Newport and that he probably didn't have the fare to get there, anyhow. As for his own trip to Italy for study and recuperation, it seemed more likely that his journey would be no farther or more luxurious than to some cheap boarding house. Indeed his outlook began to look serious. The bundle of sketches were still under his arm, however. He wondered if he could sell them. They were studies in crayon that he had done on Sundays and half-holidays, picturesque bits of the lower city along the wharves, the arching terminal of the Brooklyn Bridge by moonlight, and pushcart peddlers of the East Side. He had no idea where to look for a possible purchaser even if they were marketable, which he gravely doubted. If only Julie were there to advise him. Julie! His heart smote him. He certainly had treated her disgracefully, shamefully neglected her.

It was now well on toward eight o'clock. If he happened into Burbler's he might see her for a minute before any of the other clerks had arrived. She was always the first one in the place, except Moses, the colored man. He surrendered the rest of his paper to the tramp and walked across to Fifth Avenue. Even if he encountered Louie Epstein he was bound to see Julie once more; but as he approached Burbler's his nerve almost failed him. How would she receive him? As a prodigal or as a genius? Somehow the famous theory of Futurist Framing, of which he was the originator, did not seem particularly valuable as an artistic contribution. He was forced to admit, as he stole a glance into the window, that on the whole the Frans Hals hanging against the green-velvet curtain looked better in its rectangular border of simple black molding than it would have done in anything else. He mastered his courage and entered the door. Moses, shaking the rubber mat, gazed at him in worried astonishment. But he pushed past Moses, searching eagerly for Julie. There she was, her blue-black head bending as usual over the correspondence.

"Hello, G. W.!" she said without looking up. "How does it feel to be a genius?"

"Oh, Julie!" he murmured. "If you only knew how I've missed you!" He shifted like a schoolboy from one foot to the other.

"This is so sudden!" she remarked, looking up at him demurely. "When did it begin to come on?"

Something in her banter stirred his anger. After all he was somebody now! He tried to think of some clever Futurist retort, but couldn't.

The thing that struck G. W. as he stood there so conscious of his own ineffectiveness was Julie's capacity, her sureness, her deftness. Throwing her remarks at him she swiftly sorted an overflowing pile of mail, separating it into little heaps in accordance with the general appearance and superscription of the different pieces. Suddenly she paused, holding aloft a letter between a forefinger and thumb and wrinkling her nose. The envelope that thus excited her disgust was large and square, of orange paper bordered by small black squares, and it exuded an exotic Oriental odor which G. W. instantly recognized.

"For Louie Epstein, Esquire," declared Julie disdainfully. "How's that for handwriting? The person who wrote that must have had locomotor-taxicabilia."

But G. W. did not laugh. A sudden depression descended upon his aorta or thereabouts. Why should Cavia be writing to Louie Epstein—Cavia of all people in the world, who pretended to regard all Philistines, and particularly picture dealers, with abhorrence?

"All the fools aren't dead yet!" sniffed Julie, throwing the thing into Louie's personal pile.

But somehow G. W. did not feel the same resentment that such a reflection upon his moonlit lily would previously have aroused.

"Look here, Julie!" he whispered piteously; "I—I want you to help me. I'm down and out. Art is long and I'm hungry, that's the plain English of it. I've got to find a job."

"Deary me!" sighed Julie in mock astonishment. "Are you going to ask Louie to take you back?"

"Damn Louie!" exploded G. W., like the final cracker in a damp bunch.

"Well, why don't you give a course of lectures on Modern Art—The Ultimate Vorticist, or something?"

"Oh, Julie," groaned G. W., "please don't kid me. I can't stand it. I've got only two dollars to my name. It's get busy or starve."

The despairing note in his voice with its admissions of ineffectuality, his childish

Wise little mother!

"Grocer boy, you're just in time!
My children all are crying.
This fretful group
Wants Campbell's Soup,
A need there's no denying.

"Besides, the Duchess comes to dine,
She brings her royal cousin;
And each, at least, will want a feast,
I hope you brought a dozen!"

She knows what's good

She knows how many different ways it is good. And she knows *why*. So do all the intelligent youngsters who eat

Campbell's Tomato Soup

They know that it is just as good for *them* as it is for grown folks; just as good for the regular every day meals as it is for special occasions. And they never get too much of it.

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Campbell's Soups

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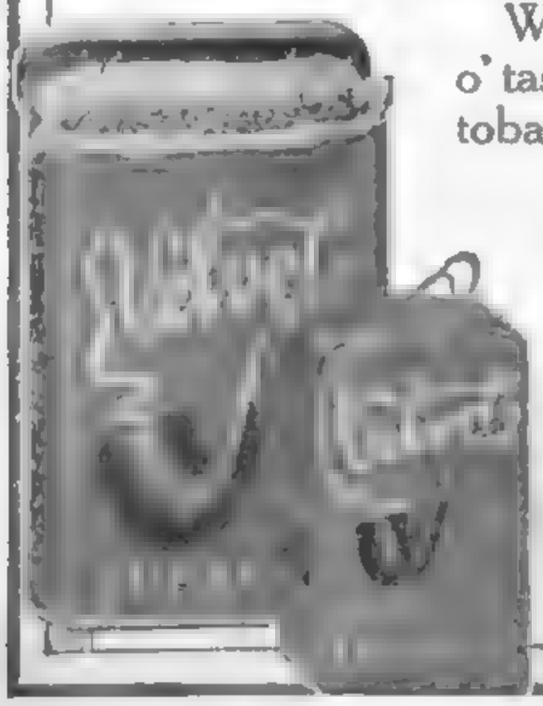
Thar's a lot o' solid comfort an' cheer in a pipe o' this slow-burnin', cool tobacco, an' *mo'*—

Thar's some real, solid hoss-sense to be found in a pipe filled with the age-mellowed smoothness o' VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.

Whatever you are makin' in yo' shop is good only because you use *naturally* good materials, improved on by good workmen.

I reckon Nature never did a better job than when she made Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe*. And when we've finished agein' it—

Well, it's VELVET—full o' taste an' fragrance an real tobacco cheer!



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inability to face the world, to get on, went to her heart. It was her old G. W. back again, the balloon of his egotism pricked flat and dangling from its string. And to whom should G. W. have turned save to her? Her heart seemed to expand and her pulses to sing, "I've got him! He's mine! My wandering boy's come home again." But he should not find the fire lighted, the kettle purring and supper waiting for him. No, he must stand outside in the cold a while and learn his lesson. He wouldn't run away. In the meantime she'd invite him to dinner.

"Hm-m!" she murmured doubtfully. "I supposed you were oodling with money. And you're down to your uppers? Haven't you any assets?"

"I pawned 'em all for those two dollars less than an hour ago," he confessed, but encouraged by even her apparently slight interest. "I haven't a thing in the world but the clothes I have on, the brains in my head ——"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Julie heartlessly.

"And this bundle of sketches."

He held them up shamefacedly.

"Almost a hobo!" remarked Julie, taking the sketches from him. "Now listen, G. W.! I'm busy. However, your story interests me. Go and forget yourself for a while, blow in your two dollars on a good square meal, and meet me round five o'clock—at the old place. We'll talk things over and go to dinner afterward—on me."

"Oh, Julie!" began the wandering boy; "you're a real brick. Honestly, I've missed you terribly ——"

She fixed him severely with her eye. "Can the quiver music," she shot at him, but at the same instant her expression changed. "Good morning, Mr. Epstein," she added sweetly to some one who had just entered.

G. W. turned cold with fear. He was caught, trapped within the enemy's works. He could not escape without facing that terrible man to whom he had cringed for five long years. He felt something rising in his throat. To save his life he could not turn round and meet those beady little eyes blazing with malicious hatred. He could not. No, he could not! He felt "banana" all over again, just as he had at Cavia's studio the night before.

"Gentleman to see you, Mr. Epstein," continued Julie innocently.

"Eh?" queried Epstein. "Oh—G.W.!"

G. W. waited for the expected blow, the swift kick; but it did not come.

"Well," said Epstein with inexplicable courtesy, coming round to where his ex-employee stood shivering by the table, and extending his hand. "How are you?"

G. W. took the hand suspiciously.

"Oh, so—so!" he gagged.

"You look fit enough," returned Epstein with a shade of envy in his voice. "You know I've been intending to look you up in connection with this new modern stuff. I wonder if there wouldn't be money in it? The public seem to want it."

"I—I don't think there's much money in it!" answered G. W.

"Don't know—not so sure!" returned Epstein. "The market is awful slow in Old Masters. One's got to keep up with the times. Anyhow, drop in some day and talk things over." He picked up his mail and disappeared in the rear.

G. W. could make nothing of it, save that for some occult reason the sting had gone out of Epstein.

"Thank you, Julie," he said tenderly. "I'll meet you at five o'clock. I ——" Then he retreated behind an easel supporting a Rosa Bonheur.

A beautiful young woman was entering Burbler's, a slender goddess clad in a prismatic minaret gown with strange, dangling mother-of-pearl ornaments. Her pale oval face had a wistful spirituality about it that was marred only by the restlessness of her eyes. She swept in confidently, almost with an air of proprietorship.

"Is Mr. Epstein here?" she inquired without pausing, and nodding patronizingly to Julie. Hardly waiting for a reply, she passed on to the rear and disappeared behind the green curtain that shrouded the sacred privacy of Burbler's inner shrine.

G. W. dared not look at Julie. With his eyes carefully directed toward Fifth Avenue he made his way to the door. What was going on, anyhow? Everything was topsy-turvy! As he reached the sidewalk G. W. thought he heard a suppressed giggle.

At a corner table in the rear room of Papetti's Italian restaurant G. W. and Julie had reached the demi-tasse stage of their seventy-cent table-d'hôte dinner. The lessons of the preceding evening and even of that very morning had been accentuated by a harrowing afternoon spent by G. W. in attempting to find a job. Apparently there were no jobs to be had. Utterly discouraged, with the pride and conceit both nearly knocked out of him, he had dragged himself at five o'clock to keep his tryst with Julie. The world that afternoon had treated him very roughly and his sensitive nature was wounded to the raw. All the time that he had been tramping from one picture dealer to another he had been wondering what on earth Cavia had been doing at Burbler's.

She was still, for him, surrounded by a nimbus of glory. She at least was still the stern, chaste goddess of modernity. But now, as Julie sat there facing him, his mind mirrored the other woman as he had first seen her and contrasted her not altogether to her advantage with his present jolly little comrade. Cavia might be more beautiful, more romantic, but Julie certainly was pretty. Cavia might be more intellectual, more spiritual even, but Julie had brains no one could deny that. And while his heart had almost stood still when the high priestess turned her almond eyes upon him, Julie somehow was more—comfortable—he couldn't exactly express it. He wasn't excited when he was with Julie, but when he asked himself he had to admit frankly that he liked being with her more than with the goddess. He liked being with her now in spite of the obvious fact that she was still amusing herself by kidding him.

"I've been reading some of Miss Bender's articles," Julie was saying. "Some of them are quite wonderful. Do you know Gentle Gumdrops? It's one of her last, I believe."

She pulled a magazine from her pocket. G. W. hadn't read it; in fact, except for Nothing Mumbles but Bricks that first evening he had heard none of Cavia's extraordinary fulminations. But he still believed in her and in her sincerity of purpose.

"I'll read it to you," offered Julie, pulling the candle nearer.

"Gentle Gumdrops," she began in a crisp, matter-of-fact tone. "A scissor, one thermometer, a little pain in the inwardness, some plasters and no vacancies. Why is there no dinner and why are there no bottles? Bottles are an alienation. So is the distaste for lingering lions. But the separation is smaller and where there was a question there is a decision. What was smaller is bigger and what was bigger is ample. There never is! Let it go!"

G. W. listened reverently.

"What do you suppose she means by 'There never is!'? Never is what?" asked Julie innocently.

"I—I'm not quite sure," answered G. W. "That last line is a little obscure. But the rest is plain enough—very strong, I should say."

"Very!" agreed Julie. "Now what should you say it was all about?"

"Why, it describes the sensations of the author after eating gumdrops," explained G. W. eagerly. "It's quite amusing in a way. Of course 'lingering lions' is a metaphor for things that you have eaten and that don't agree with you. No one else could have visualized it in just that way."

"Well, I think it's just plain rot!" announced Julie frankly.

G. W. was irritated. He still felt a loyalty toward Cavia that did him credit, and although the paragraph had meant nothing to him he was unwilling to appear without proper appreciation. Julie was too smarty.

"Perhaps that's because you aren't intellectual enough to write anything yourself," he ventured.

Julie tittered.

"You dear, sweet boy, I did write it!"

G. W. furiously reached for the ice water. It was monstrous, such duplicity! Still suspicious, he held out his hand for the magazine. Julie gave it to him open at the page from which she had pretended to be reading. There was nothing there but an article on Eugenics. He handed it back with a wry grin.

"That's one on me all right," he admitted. "To tell you the honest truth I never have understood any of it."

Julie nodded approvingly.

"Now you're coming to your senses," she remarked. "Long before you met Miss Bender I'd been making up that stuff by the yard for the girls at our club. It's just nonsense. I'm sure even you, G. W., could write it."

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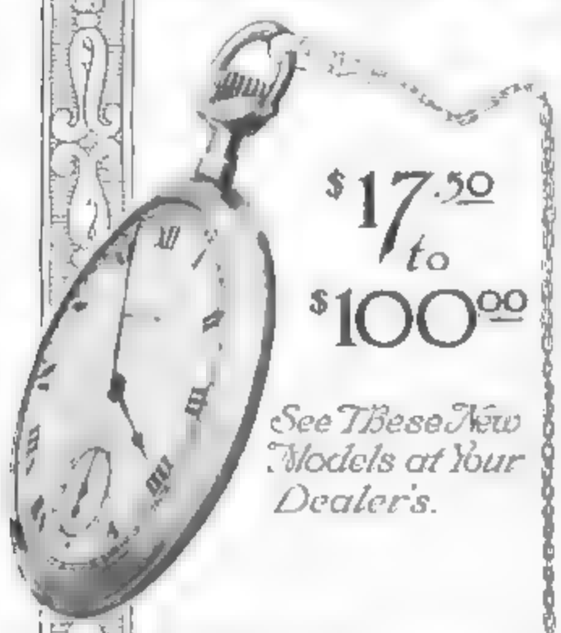

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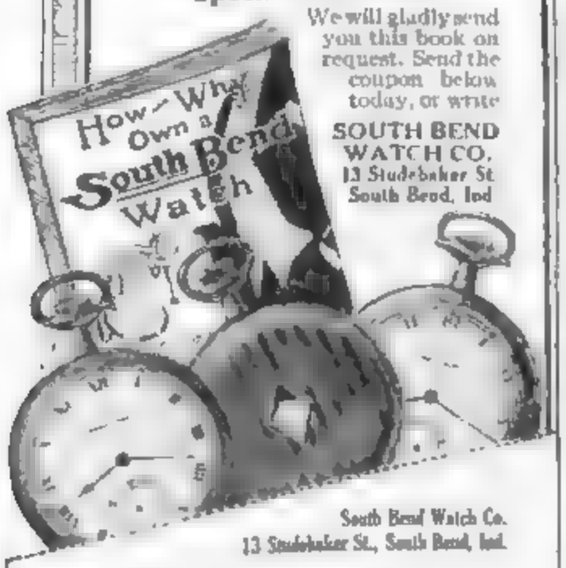

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He shook his head, unmindful of her taunt.

"All the same," he went on, "there's some idea back of it."

"That may be," she retorted; "but that doesn't make it either art or literature. That's the whole trouble with these crazy people that you have been associating with—they imagine that every ache or pain they have is a proper subject for artistic perpetuation. They're a lot of freaks who want to advertise themselves, and who find that the easiest way is to advance some outlandish notion about art ——"

But G. W. was still smarting from her ridicule, and though the temple of his faith had been shaken by Wigham it had not as yet fallen. Moreover, these people were his friends, who had recognized his genius.

"No, Julie," he said seriously; "just because you played a mighty poor joke on me you mustn't think you know everything. Remember you're not an artist. You don't understand. It's easy enough to ridicule anything that's new and strange to you and too deep for you to get the underlying meaning of. It's always been that way. Idiots used to think Turner was funny and that Whistler was a joke. They used to roar at Monet and the Impressionists, and now the museums are full of them ——"

"At least they painted things as they saw them," she retorted. "These people try to paint their own insides the way they feel in their own little peanut souls. That isn't art, it's psychology or medicine. Just because it's new doesn't make it art either. I suppose you really think your silly picture frames have an eternal value simply because they're queer."

"They may seem queer to you!" cried G. W., indignant at himself and her. "As I said before, you don't know about these things. If you had ever had an idea like that yourself you'd appreciate its significance. But you never have!"

"No?" asked Julie, her eyes narrowing. "Who invented your Futurist picture framing, I'd like to know?"

"Who? Why, I did, of course!"

Julie laughed scornfully.

"You didn't at all! *I* did."

"You!" snapped the outraged G. W.

"Yes, you little innocent; I did!" asserted Julie. "Don't you remember my telling you how easy it would be for you to discover something wonderful if you'd only put your mind to it? And then, just to string you, I suggested that the modern idea of framing was all a mistake. I only did it for a joke, but you swallowed it, hook, line and sinker. And the funny part of it is that a lot of other fools seem to have swallowed it too."

She stopped because G. W. was looking at her in such a curious way. She had seen a man look just like that who was being hypnotized. Somewhere in the recesses of his recollection there was an echo in response to what she claimed to be the fact. Could it be possible that she, Julie ——

"Well, I did! And perhaps it was a good thing, even if you have made yourself ridiculous. It's waked you up—partly, anyhow."

G. W. rubbed his forehead as if he had received a dizzying shock.

"Jackass!" he cried. "Jackass!"

"Yes, jackass!" assented Julie. "But a nice little jackass!"

"Look here, Julie!" at length exclaimed G. W., gritting his teeth. "I plead guilty. This thing here on top of my neck is solid ivory. I'm it! The only genuine, original, primordial nincompoop! But tell me one thing—are they all as big fools as I am?"

"That's a good G. W.," answered Julie, patting his hand. "In the first place the mere fact that an idea is or seems to be new is nothing in its favor. There's nothing really new, and what seems so, at least in art, is usually so old that it was discarded before printing was invented. Anybody can suggest anything—that statuary ought to move, for example, like Marinetti. But go him one better! Why not make it talk and sing too? But is that art? And why shouldn't a picture have real electric lights? Or inserted glass windows? Or real smoke coming out of the chimneys?"

"But, Julie!" he expostulated. "Surely my new friends aren't all idiots! All the followers of the new modern movements can't be crazy or fakers!"

"Oh, no!" she answered hastily; "of course not. Many of them are intelligent and sincere. I can see what some of them are driving at, too, and I respect their independence. Also I can see that their efforts may lead to something better, more vitalized, more original than what has been done.

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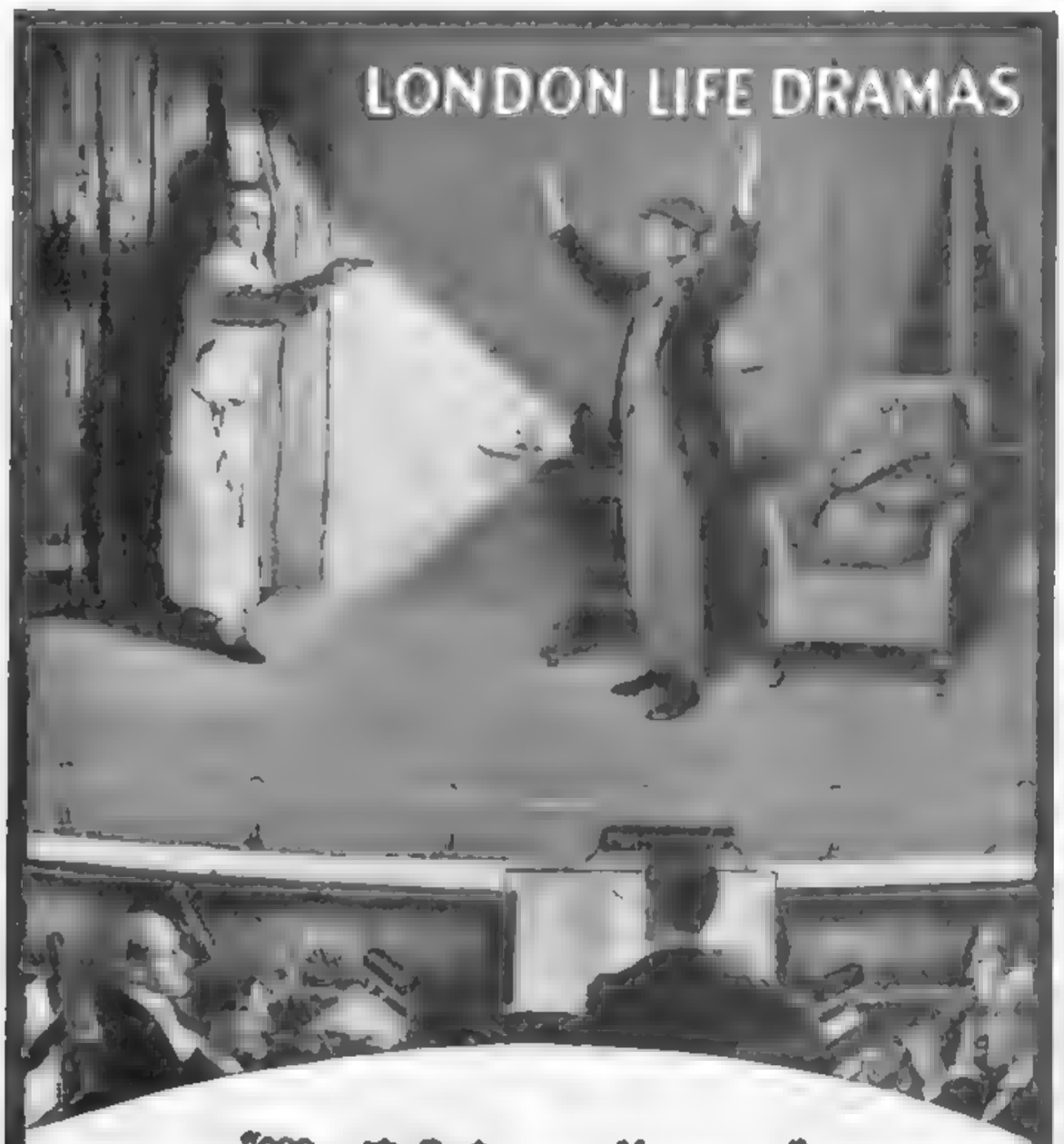

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OWNER:—Hands up!

BURGLAR:—Dog-gone that "London Life"!

OWNER:—What do you mean, "Dog-gone that 'London Life'"?

BURGLAR:—Hadn't been fer those cigarettes I'd got away.

OWNER:—How did *they* stop you?

BURGLAR:—Picked one off the table—smoked it while I rounded up the silver—Boss, fer five minutes I forgot I was a burglar. Just *had* to stop for another—then you got me!

OWNER:—Ha, Ha! "London Life" brings 'em all back for more! I've a good mind to let you go.

BURGLAR:—Do it, Boss!

OWNER:—All Right! Beat it! And here—take this box of "London Life" along—they'll reform you!

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But the point is, does that belong to the field of art any more than it does to electricity or advertising or surgery?

"The first thing that one demands of a work of art is that it have beauty. I know you are going to say that ideals of beauty differ, and of course I know they always have differed with time and place and fashion. But what we call spiritual beauty is always the same and always will be. In hearing these new movements talked about, even by their exponents, you never hear beauty mentioned and you almost never see it in their work. You hear about everything else—force, virility, movement, feelings, emotion, vitality, and so on, but never, never beauty.

"Is a musical composition beautiful because it has the force to give you a headache? Is a poem beautiful because it gives you a sensation of nausea? If a subway blows up you do immediately get an impression of instability, I grant it. If you fall off the roof of the Flatiron Building you get an emotion, and so do the people underneath. But why try to paint these feelings any more than you would put into music your telephone order to the butcher. Each art has the limitations of its medium—one doesn't orchestrate philosophy; one doesn't paint the portrait of an oratorio; one doesn't recite a mural painting ——"

"Don't be absurd," he protested.

"I'm not absurd," she retorted. "I'm just perfectly logical. If art is the presentation of ideas, feelings, why don't you just frame a few blank canvases, frame them really like abstract ideas, you know, and have an exhibition where the imagination would really come into play and your precious élite, who perfectly understand you and are in tune with your soul, would immediately vibrate with you and divine your thought? Don't look at me as if you thought I was talking nonsense. I'm only a little ahead of my time, that's all; you'll come to appreciate me yet!"

"Ah, Julie," he cried eagerly, "I do appreciate you! And I know you must be right. Anyhow I have the sense to see that your head is better than mine, that you're the real thing, while I'm just a faker like the rest. Julie, if I wasn't such a useless idiot, incapable of earning even my own living, I'd ——" He stopped with trembling lips, but with unutterable yearning in his eyes.

"Dear G. W.," she answered, taking his two hands, "you're not an idiot any longer. You've just been a fluttering little sparrow circling round in the air"—her nostrils quivered—"over a snake! You're not incapable of earning your living. You're not a genius, it's true, but you've got talent ——"

"Nonsense!" he sneered at himself. "I, talent!"

"Oh, yes, you have," she asserted positively. "I've got the evidence of it in my pocket-book. Surely you'll admit that the opinion of dear old Louie Epstein is worth something as to the market value of water colors and crayons. Well—now don't faint—I sold him your sketches this morning for five hundred dollars ——"

"Five hundred dollars!" gasped G. W., nearly upsetting the carafe of ice water.

She fumbled in her bag and threw five yellowbacks upon the tablecloth.

"But, Julie, you cheated him!"

"Cheat Epstein!" she retorted. "That old Shylock? Why, he'll sell them for two thousand! He's hungry for more at the same price."

Again the room whirled for G. W. He could not speak. Was he a real artist?

"Listen, G. W.," said Julie seriously. "Forgive my saying so, but even if you can paint pictures that people will buy you ought not to be round loose. Somebody might steal you. This big city is no place for innocents like you. You ought to go abroad and study, and develop the genuine talent that you have."

"But I couldn't," he answered feebly, discouraged at the idea. "I couldn't afford to; and besides, I'd be so lonely!"

Julie looked at him with motherly tenderness. "G. W.," she said softly, "I'll tell you something. I regard you as a first-class business proposition, a good little investment. I've saved up a couple of thousand dollars myself, and I'll stake you for a share of the ultimate profits."

"Oh, Julie," he whispered; "you're too generous! I—I—I couldn't, unless"—and his eyes softened—"unless you'll go along, too, and look after your little investment!"

"I'll go," she answered, pulling his head toward her and giving him a kiss right in front of Papetti, who was coming with the bill. . . .

"What are you mumbling about?" asked G. W., as half an hour later they strolled out into the street arm in arm. It was a shameless trap, but Julie always would have her joke.

"'Nothing Mumbles but Bricks,'" she giggled, giving his elbow a big squeeze.

That spring Burbler's budded unexpectedly into exotic luxuriance. In the same window, where erstwhile only a single Old Master had reposed in exclusive elegance against its red-velvet background, now glowed a dozen or more examples of the Ultramoderns. Louie Epstein had, as he had threatened to do, "thought it over" and reached the conclusion that there was "money in it." His conclusion may have been hastened, if not aided, by the influence of his new wife, the former justly celebrated Miss Cavia Bender, the originator of Cubist literature and the author of the well-known book of essays entitled Nothingness. Nobody seemed to know just why Cavia had married Louie, or what she had seen in him, but, as the newspaper announcements informally stated, they were "admirably suited to each other." Moreover, Burbler's no longer suffered from the stigma of being the place of origin of an artistic absurdity, for, just after his wedding to Julie, G. W. issued a statement to the effect that the whole idea of Futurist Framing had been a joke, intended to show the inanity of certain recent movements in the direction of originality of thought and freedom of expression in art. Thus G. W. rehabilitated himself in the eyes of a more sober public and laid the foundation for that reputation, which never afterward deserted him, of being not only an excellent—if somewhat conventional—painter, but an exceedingly clever fellow as well. What Mrs. Cavia Bender Epstein thought of the matter has never been disclosed. The whole thing probably struck her as "banana," or perhaps if interrogated she might have expressed herself by quoting those famous lines from another's masterpiece of Gentle Gumdrops:

"But the separation is smaller and where there was a question there is a decision. What was smaller is bigger and what was bigger is ample. There never is! Let it go!"

PROMISE LANDS

(Continued from Page 12)

That night ruin was at home with us. I heard father pacin' up and down mutterin' it when I went in to keep him comp'ny. Once mother passed through, lookin' white and cold, and the whole house was a little crazy as woods 'fore a storm. The servants wandered 'bout half lost and whimperin' their words like swallows.

Nobody but me was in at dinner, and I couldn't look the butler in the face any more.

Then a strange voice was callin' from the library, "Clay! Clay!" but not in a way it ever had been called before, and I found father and mother standin' and waitin' for me.

"It's time things were made plain to you," said father. "The home is 'bout to break up." He and mother were goin' to leave each other. I said it was all right.

They stared at me, and mother thought to ask in a low voice if I und'stood, so I 'splained that I was ready to take whatever come, same as they did. "And I'd rather have the gold money now," I told 'em, which was better than quarrelin' for it.

They thought it over to 'emselves, and were still not sure I und'stood.

"Oh, he means the gold in the firelight," said mother. "Ever'thing's a game to such a little boy." So I had to 'splain again that I didn't play games any more.

I wished they'd b'lieve me and let me go. I wanted 'em to know that I was with 'em in whatever they did, but I wasn't used to bein' grown up yet, and was 'fraid o' showin' it.

Mother spoke my name under her breath and father studied me with his arms folded. All at once he laughed, short and sharp as a dog's bark. "I guess we all und'stand 'nough 'bout each other," he said. The talk was broke up, they moved apart, and I was glad to get to my room.

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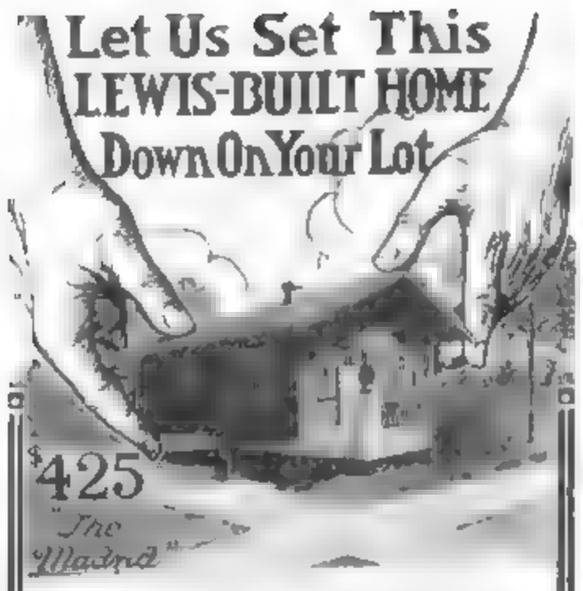

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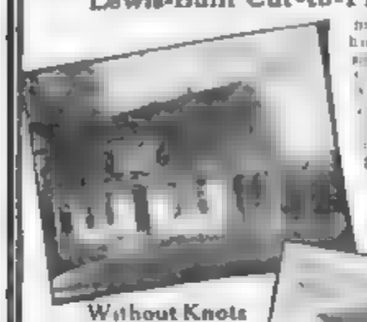

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Next mornin' I sat round waitin' to see if anybody'd need me for comp'ny and went down to the woods only a minute in the afternoon. Joe was there, waitin' in his red jersey, with a new book page he'd found. I never saw anything like him that day; the leaves flew up under his hands and feet and hung 'bout him in clouds o' frost fire. His eyes were brighter and blacker than ever and the wind shook his hair in tangles. And when he put back his head to laugh the woods rang all the elves' bells which I used to hear.

"All the world's blowin' past," he said, "and me too." To-morrow he was goin' 'way to his promise land. The devil must have been trapped or bought off, Joe said, 'cause now his pa was happy and free to travel right on inside.

Somehow I hadn't missed old play times as much when Joe was round, but didn't know what it might be without him. I asked if he was goin' far, and he said: "Why, you know!"

He 'spected to meet me there; he b'lieved ever'thing which was told him. He didn't say good-by or look behind. "Jus' to-morrow—only to-morrow, and we'll be there forever an' ever," he said, and went 'way singin'.

It was terrible to think of him when he knew the truth like me, though I was grown up and could stand it. Only once he turned: "Have moosic ready," he called, and was gone.

Late in that last night I was dozin' in a corner o' the hall by the stairway, so I could go keep the folks comp'ny any minute, when a shape came 'tween me and the long window. It seemed to change and tumble to pieces, but all the time makin' for the library where the light shone behind the curtains. When they were pulled to one side I could see father at the table with his head on his arms, fast asleep. Standin' out in the dim lamplight was Carger, who went on inside squatterin' down at every step, but makin' no sound.

He stopped by the table, and would look down at father and then at his own twisted hand and leg. At first he was very pale and wiped the sweat from his forehead; then his face and eyes began to fill up with blood, so that Joe would have thought a devil had him again, and he stretched out his giant arm over father's head.

"Wake up to the judgmint!" he said, low and deep as thunder. Father stirred in his sleep, and muttered. I thought he said, "Ruin." Then he breathed on heavier than before, and Carger, turnin' his head, saw me standin' under the curtains. He wiped the sweat off his forehead 'gain, and came limpin' up closer to make sure it was me.

"What are you doin' here?" he asked, and I told him how it was.

He hadn't known I lived in that house at all, and for a minute stood lookin' back and forth from the table to me. I said that I'd been 'fraid for a minute after he'd come in, but now I was glad to see him and, sighin' deep in his breast, he held out his hand and I shook it. Then he came on in to the hall and sat down on the stairs. The only light in there came through the slit in the curtains, but I could tell that the blood had gone out o' his eyes and we sat talkin' together quite a while.

He 'splained that he'd come there after some money to pay for his hand and leg, which had been broken in my father's factory. "The law had cheated me," said Carger, "so I'd come to make my own law on your father." Sittin' there in the dusk he picked a chair to pieces with his fingers.

"I'd 'a' broke him as his machines broke me," said Carger. "I wrote him in town that I was comin' if he didn't pay, but you're his boy and my Joe's friend, so now nothin' can be done 'bout it."

"Maybe he hasn't much money," I answered; "and mother keeps wantin' some, and he can't pay both of you."

He thought that might be so when I told 'bout the home breakin' up, and didn't blame father so much. But he was worried 'bout the promise land:

"Why, I'd 'a' bought ever'thing like you have it here, with all those thousands o' dollars," he said. "I'd 'a' been king o' magic—and wouldn't ole Joe had a picnic? Now I'll have to tell my chap—oh ——" he said, strikin' his breast.

I begged Carger not to tell. "Keep on pertendin' and lyin'. It's dreffle when you hear the truth—I'm grown up just lately and I know," I told him. Sometimes I wished I'd died while folks was pertendin', and I told that too. "Maybe Joe

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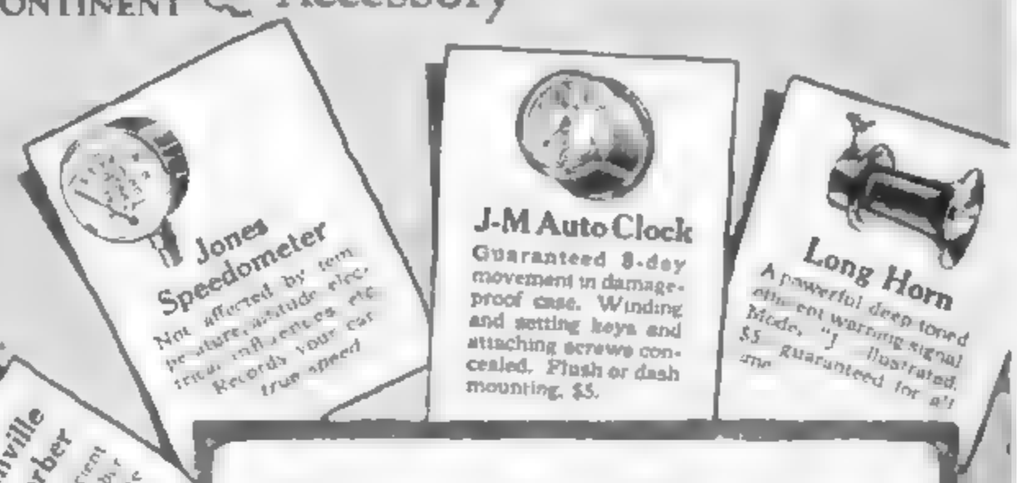
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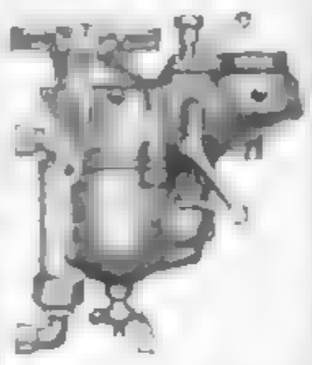

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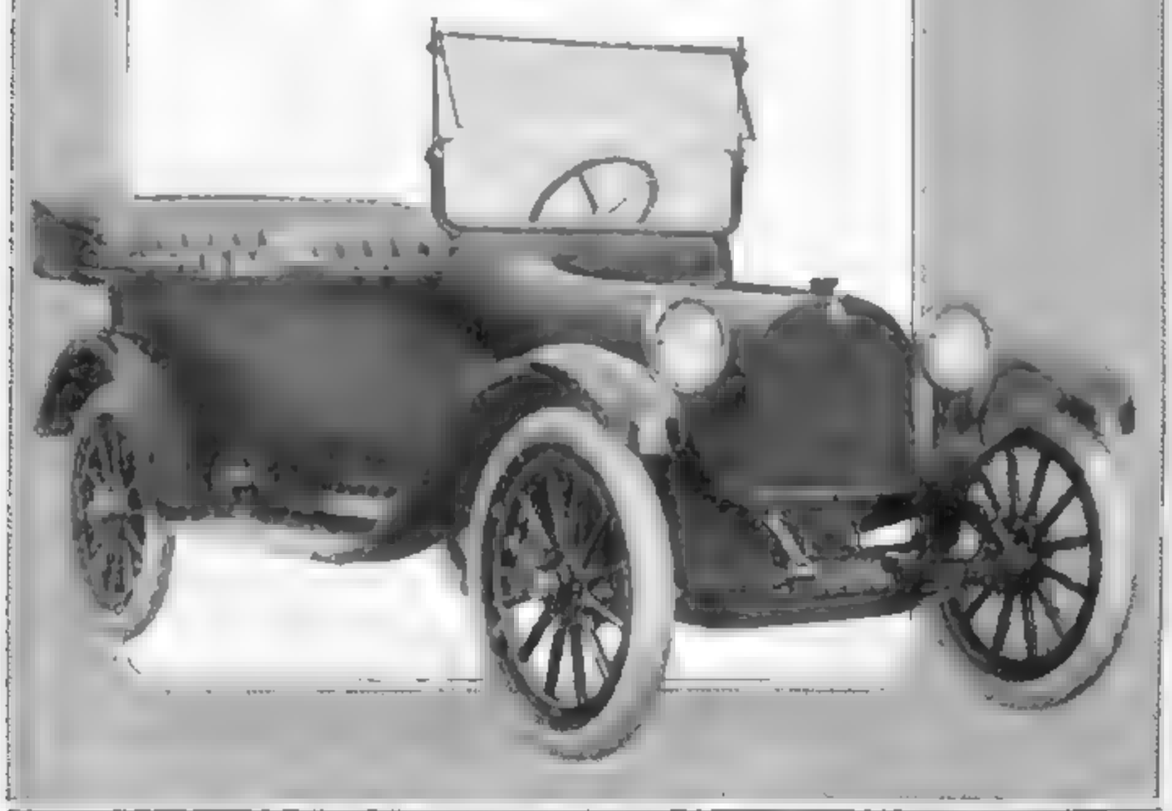

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will die 'fore he finds out," I said, and then the stairs cracked sharp and clear.

"What is that?" said Carger, but there wasn't any answer. "Some one's stirrin'," he said. "The house'll wake. I'd rather not see your father, Clay," he whispered. "I can't do anything 'gainst him now and any trouble to me would fall on Joe."

He said good-by and I let him out o' the door 'stead o' the window he'd come in. Carger thanked me for bein' Joe's friend and for the red jersey. "You fought for my chap Joe once," he said, "and I reckon we won't ever forget it," and was gone.

I shut the door, and a light above switchin' on showed mother standin' at the turn o' the stairs. She'd heard what Carger and me said, but didn't ask any questions. She came down a step at a time, as though 'fraid, and stopped, with her hands pressed to her temples, to stare at the chair which Carger had picked to pieces with his fingers, then with a rush looked through the curtains at father, and listened to his breathin'.

After a while she sat down on the floor near where I was in the shadow of the stairs, and kept lookin' up out o' the corners o' her eyes. "I'll bet I know a story o' gold and goblins," she whispered.

Then the room was dead still, and the wind outside made a thin music higher and higher till it ended with a screech.

My mother smiled as if very anxious over such a sound, and then shivered. Her long hair was over her shoulders, shinin', and all at once she stretched out her hands. "Ain't you goin' to play with me, Clay?" she asked, and I 'membered her voice soundin' as sweet when she used to sing at the piano.

I was s'prised and shook my head, and she said: "But I can tell 'bout bears!"

"I don't want to pertend 'bout them," I told her, and when the thin music o' the wind struck up again it seemed that she crumpled and shrunk—she was only a little shinin' heap with the long hair coverin' her. The tall clock began strikin', and I was thinkin' that to-morrow was comin' without that promise land. Then the window was pushed open, and straight into the room, lookin' up and round at ever'thing, came Joe himself.

"This is it," he said. He was glad I'd already come, and stood holdin' one o' my fingers without askin' any questions or bein' s'prised.

"I couldn't sleep to-night, which is same as Christmas," whispered Joe, "and when pa crep' out to make things ready I follered 'long so he wouldn't have to send back for me. I saw him walk in right through the window, and waited till I jus' couldn't wait any longer."

He was bareheaded and had on the coat, which was too big, over the red jersey. Soon he began movin' round very solemn, touchin' things, and watchin' the picters and statue to see when they moved. His eyes were bright, and he spoke to shapes he saw playin' round the room. "They're all hustlin' in from that wind outside," he told me. "Listen to 'em yell!" I could hear the trees thrashin' and leaves brushin' the windows. Then he saw mother.

"Is it one o' them?" whispered Joe, pointin' to the picters. I had to shake my head and he was tuggin' at my coat. "What's the matter?" he begged. "You won't answer. Turn round, please, Kay."

So all the lies I'd told came back home to me and I couldn't look him in the face. He was sure to know the truth in a minute or two, no matter what I did or said, and I was 'fraid they'd make it worse by sneerin' at him or bein' cross. My mother was still huddled down in the shadow made by the light on the landin', and I went over to her, askin' Joe to wait where he was.

"That little feller thinks this mis'ble house o' ours is the promise land," I 'splained; "and when he hears different and knows I lied 'bout meetin' him here, I don't want to see his looks a-tall."

She kept still for a while, studyin' Joe and me. "You tell him," I said, "'cause such things don't matter to you."

I was 'sprised that two big teardrops rolled down her cheeks, but she didn't notice 'em. "I wonder why you watch over him so," she asked. "One boy should stand bad news as well as 'nother."

"He can't," I said. "He's different and we got to be careful of him."

She asked if I was goin' to hide away, so I answered no, but I didn't want to see Joe's face while bein' told. After that I'd take my med'cine for bein' a liar.

"I oughtn't ever to have pertended," I said. "I knew better. Now you just 'splain that there ain't any playfolks or magic or

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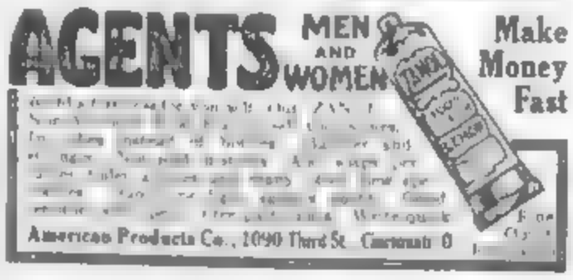

American Products Co., 1090 Third St. Cincinnati, O.

A Letter From Two Jolly Pipe Smokers at the Top of the World

THE DENVER & SALT LAKE RAILWAY COMPANY

Corona, Colo., Sept 21, 1914

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen: Having just used the last of a box of Edgeworth and finding the enclosed, we write you, not to report any irregularities, but to praise the regularities of Edgeworth. Being two of the five residents of Corona, the Top of the World, we beguile many hours with Edgeworth, at this, the highest standard gauge railroad point in the world, elevation 11,660 ft.

WARREN W. GLASGOW
ROBERT M. AMES
Air Brake Inspectors, D. & S. L. R. R.
Corona, Colo., via Tolland

What does the man who does not smoke know of the perfect peace that a good pipe and tobacco can bring him, even in solitude?

Why, he knows as little of the joys of smoking as the man who has never smoked Edgeworth knows of the added pleasure that Edgeworth can put into his pipe.

Two or three men living together in a lonely place or traveling together in a strange land can quickly tire of each other's conversation.

But if they both own pipes and if they have a generous, comforting supply of Edgeworth they are never bored.

They can sit in silence and puff away in great contentment and be supremely happy.

Edgeworth is made by men who understand pipe smokers' nature quite as well as they understand tobacco nature. They know how to get that "peace and good will" taste into tobacco, and Edgeworth has it.

You can find this out without buying a tin of Edgeworth, if you want to, and we want you to.

Send your name and address and the name of the man you buy your tobacco from, and we will send you free and postpaid a package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. We want you to sample it. Fill your pipe with it and smoke it slowly and you will understand why those two chaps at Corona took it upon themselves to write and sign with both their names the letter reproduced above.

If you roll cigarettes, try Edgeworth that way. It makes a tight, round cigarette with a refreshingly different flavor. In a cigarette the flavor of Edgeworth is slightly milder than in a pipe.

Send your request for the free package to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.

The original Edgeworth is a Plug Slice, wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere, and in the handsome $1.00 humidor package which is so suitable as a Christmas gift. Edgeworth Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by practically all dealers or mailed prepaid if yours has none.

To the Retail Tobacco Merchant:— If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen 10c size carton by prepaid parcel post at the same price you would pay the jobber.

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HONOLULU
A wonderful holiday—quite different—novel scenes and delightful experiences.
Round trip, first cabin, Honolulu, $110—Sydney, $337.50. 5½ days to Honolulu. 19 days to Sydney. Superb 10,000 ton American steamers "Sierra," "Sonoma," or "Ventura" (classed ✠100 A1 Lloyds). Sailing every 14 days for Honolulu, every 28 days for Sydney.
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671 Market St., San Francisco
SYDNEY

promise land or anything to love a-tall—nothin'!" She nodded and called Joe over, while I sat down by the window listenin' to the wind with my eyes shut.

Still, I could hear their voices, and once Joe cried out. Then they were very still till mother spoke in a clearer and louder voice: "Now I've told ever'thing Clay said—that there's no magic, or love, or lands o' promise, and I say it ain't true. Clay's wrong, Joe ——" And Joe laughed.

I started 'cross the room, shoutin' it was wicked. She was pertendin' again and makin' fun o' Joe. Then I stopped dead still, facin' a little girl in white lace with her black hair parted smooth and soft on her forehead. "Now can't you b'lieve in magic?" she asked, pointin' her finger. "I am turned into Jos'phine Carger!" The dress was only a table scarf and mother's wrap, but she looked awful pretty.

For a minute I could hardly breathe, wonderin' at the change. Father, hearin' us at last, stood under the curtains. The window opened and Carger came into the room.

"Come, Joe," he said. "Our promise land's blown."

"No, no," cried out mother. "Clay, are you goin' to let Jos'phine go—are you goin' to let me go now?"

I could hardly answer that 'twasn't nothin' but pertendin'.

"I'm not here threatenin'," said Carger to father, but mother spoke up that his claim was honest and must be paid.

"Paid?" said my father. "How? It's bad times in town. First I tried to get 'nough money to run the town house; now you need it for yourself." He spoke fast and reckless. "I wanted to pay Carger; but my wife came first—whatever she does, wherever she goes!"

She was tremblin' to think o' the danger he'd been through, and said: "I don't want the town house, or any home but this." And father's face was splendid to see. He spoke her name and their hands were held out.

Then mother backed away. "No, no," she told him. "We can't come 'lone into this promise land, with all its love and play and magic. Clay must lead the way and ask us to follow, with all his heart!"

I was listenin' to the wind blow dead things 'bout the house, but, lookin' up, saw that their eyes had turned again to big, soft sparks. Their faces were same as when we all three played at countin' gold in the firelight.

They waited, 'fraid to go near each other without me. The window blew open with shouts o' the wind and Jos'phine's hair tangled, and gold and red leaves flew round her.

"We'll be caught up into the sky, Clay," said father in terrible earnest; "with crowds o' new and splendid folks and friends, to play the games you never grow out of. Have faith—these things are comin' true."

The boy's voice died away and he studied his companion's face with troubled eyes.

"You invited them into the promise land," affirmed the old gentleman gravely. The boy nodded.

"I 'vited 'em in."

"And they live there now of course. But you ——"

"I pertend," answered the boy drearily.

"Yes, yes," said the old gentleman. "I understand." Absently he tore leaves out of a cherished volume. "To the fence corners with you," he said.

After a time he spoke in a different tone and with a changed aspect, the boy listening raptly.

"You need not worry; you did right to pretend. And if you are found out pretend again. I was a great pretender once, to make two people happy."

"I thought you was one," said Clay. "Somehow I wanted to tell you."

"Quite right," said his companion.

"I never can b'lieve same as I used to," said the boy longingly. "But the others do. It's all right ——"

A girl of nine or ten came calling down the path to their retreat. "Clay, I've come over to play croquet with you"; and the boy rose to answer, unconscious of his flushed cheeks and brightening eyes.

He bowed politely to his companion and said: "I b'lieve somebody's callin'."

As the two met the girl laughed softly and clearly, with her black hair flung back and a glimpse of white throat, and the old gentleman sat pensively a long time after they had gone.

42 Years of Service

—the story of a small roof with a great record

The photograph below shows a building in Brazil, Indiana, which was roofed in 1872 with felt and gravel along the lines of The Barrett Specification.

A few months ago, it was necessary to add another story to the building and the old roof was torn off.

During 42 years the roof never leaked, nor was it patched, painted, or repaired.

Barrett Specification Roofs

The owners wrote to the successors of Sims and Smither, who put on the original roof in 1872, saying: *"We want a roof like the old one"*—and a Barrett Specification Roof, therefore, now covers the new addition.

From the viewpoints of service and economy Barrett Specification Roofs are preëminently superior to other kinds.

Special Note: We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof, laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

A copy of The Barrett Specification, with roofing diagrams, free on request.

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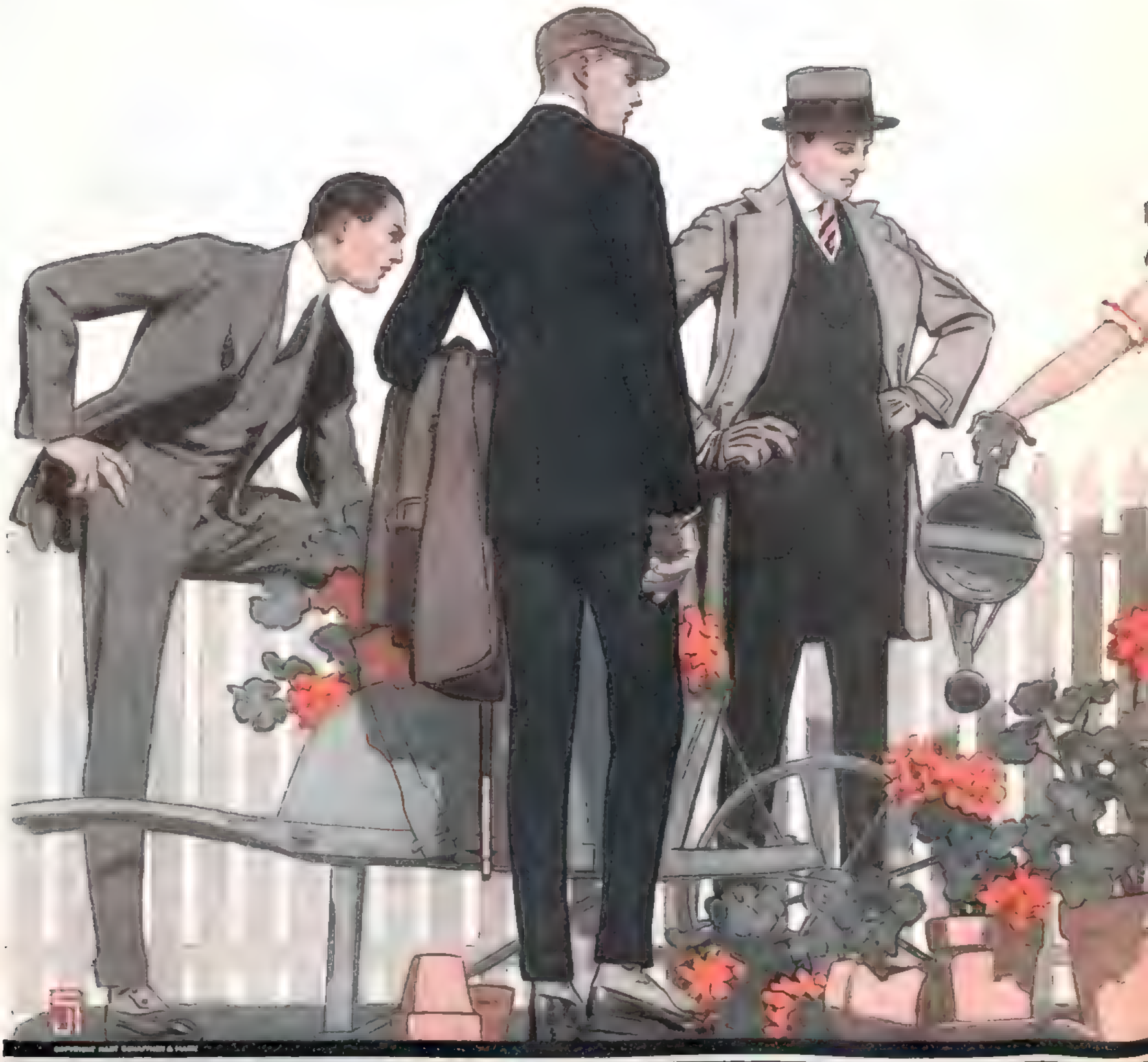

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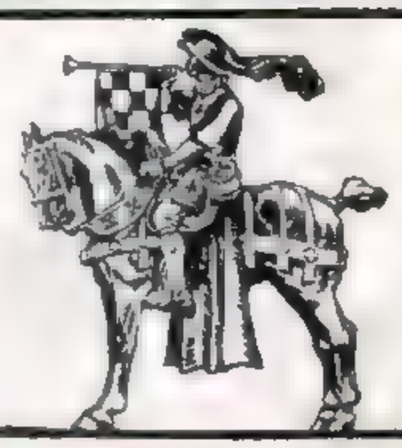
lish suit for young men

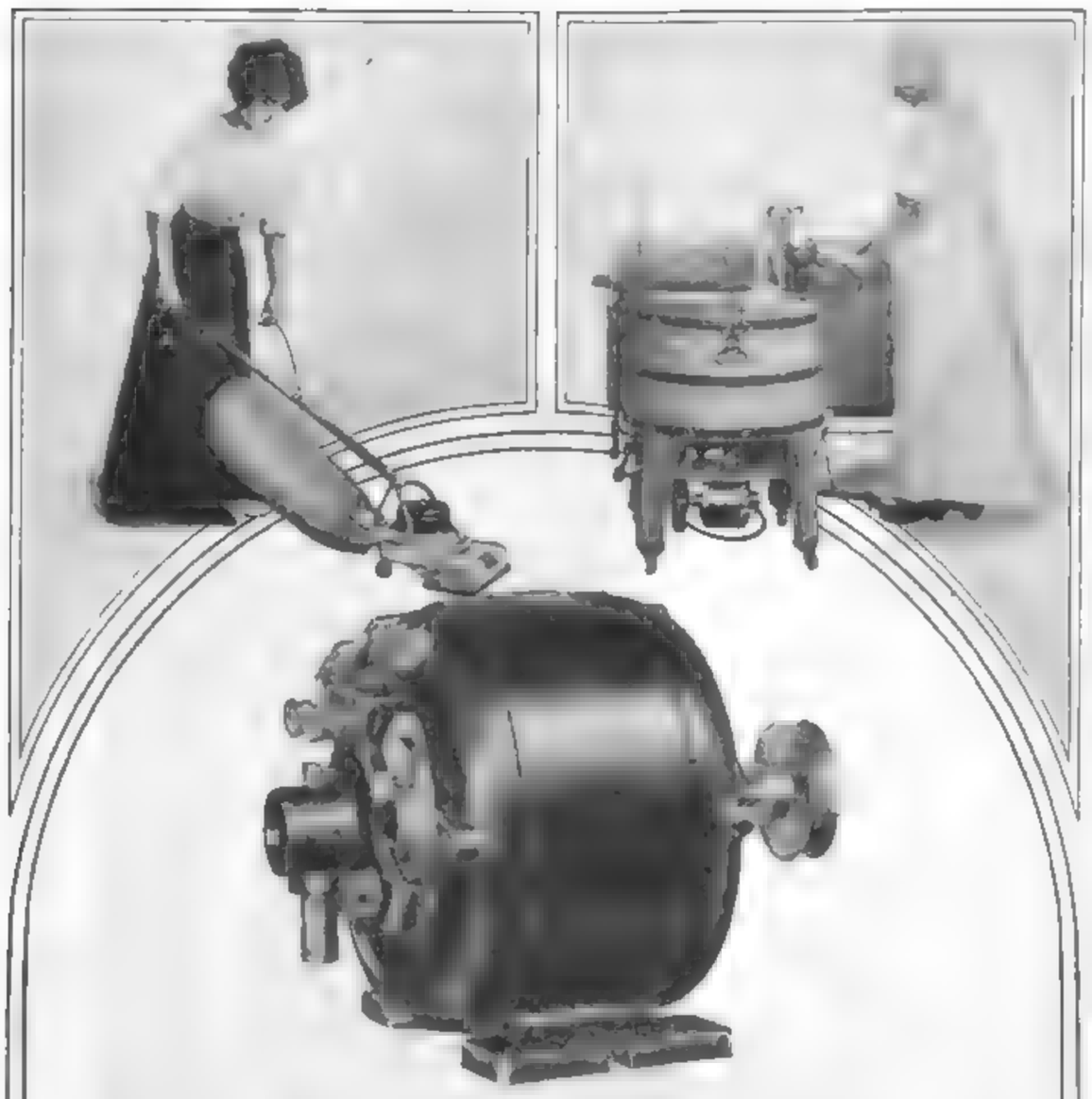
tyle. Our new Varsity Fifty-five is the result of the most —all-wool fabrics, silks, fine tailoring—keeps them looking hinking at about $25.

essed young men than any other design in the country; three t; trousers English type with turn-up and tunnel belt loops

the above picture in colors



Hart Schaffner & Marx New York



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Also makers of famous Robbins & Myers "Standard" Electric Fans

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

Continued from Page 5

seen of it I call it a beastly country, and if you don't mind I am going to sleep."

Herr Selingman sat for a moment with his mouth still open; then he gave a little grunt. There was not the slightest ill-humor in the ejaculation or in his expression; he was simply pained.

"I am sorry if I have talked too much," he said. "I forgot that you perhaps are tired. You have met with disappointments maybe. I am sorry. I will read now and not disturb you."

For an hour or so Norgate tried in vain to sleep. All this time the man opposite turned the pages of his book with the utmost cautiousness, moved on tiptoe once to reach down more papers, and held out his finger to warn the train attendant who came with some harmless question.

"The English gentleman," Norgate heard him whisper, "is tired. Let him sleep."

Soon after five o'clock Norgate gave it up. He rose to his feet, stretched himself, and was welcomed with a pleasant smile from his companion.

"You have had a refreshing nap," the latter remarked, "and now, is it not so, you go to take a cup of English tea?"

"You are quite right," Norgate admitted. "Better come with me."

Herr Selingman smiled a smile of triumph. It was the reward of geniality, this. He was forming a new friendship.

"I come with great pleasure," he decided; "only while you drink the tea I drink the coffee or some beer. I will see. I like best the beer," he explained, turning sideways to get out of the door, "but it is not the best for my figure. I have a good conscience and a good digestion and I eat and drink much. But it is good to be happy."

They made their way down to the restaurant car and seated themselves at a table together.

"You let me do the ordering," Herr Selingman insisted. "The man here, perhaps, does not speak English. So! You will drink your tea with me, sir. It is a great pleasure to me to entertain an Englishman. I make many friends traveling. I like to make friends. I remember them all and sometimes we meet again. *Kellner*, some tea for the gentleman—English tea with what you call bread and butter. So! And for me" Selingman paused for a moment and drew a deep sigh of resignation "some coffee."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," Norgate murmured.

Herr Selingman beamed.

"It is a great pleasure," he said. "Many times I wonder," he continued, "why you Englishmen, so clever, so world-conquering, do not take the trouble to make yourselves with the languages of other nations familiar. It means but a little study. Now you, perhaps, are in business?"

"Not exactly," Norgate replied grimly. "To tell you the truth, at the present moment I have no occupation."

"No occupation!"

Herr Selingman paused in the act of conveying a huge portion of rusk to his mouth and regarded his companion with wonder.

"So!" he remarked. "No occupation! Well, that is what in Germany we know nothing of. Every one must work or must take up the army as a permanent profession. You are perhaps one of those Englishmen of whom one reads, who give up all their time to sport?"

Norgate shook his head.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I have worked rather hard during the last five or six years. It is only just recently that I lost my occupation."

Herr Selingman's curiosity was almost childlike in its transparency, but Norgate found himself unable to gratify it. After his denial of any knowledge of the German language he could scarcely lay claim to even the most indirect connection with the diplomatic service.

"Ah, well," Herr Selingman declared, "opportunities will come. You have perhaps lost some post. Well, there are others. I should not, I think, be far away from the truth, sir, if I were to surmise that you have held some sort of an official position?"

"Perhaps," Norgate assented.

"That is interesting," Herr Selingman continued. "Now with the English of commerce I talk often, and I know their views of me and my country. But sometimes I have fancied that among your official classes, those who are ever so slightly employed in government service, there is I do not love the word but I must use it—a distrust of Germany and her peace-loving propensities."

"I have met many people," Norgate admitted, "who do not look upon Germany as a lover of peace."

"They should come and travel here," Herr Selingman insisted eagerly. "Look out of the windows. What do you see? Factory chimneys and furnaces everywhere. And farther on, what? Well-tilled lands; clean, prosperous villages; a happy, domestic people. I tell you that no man in the world is so fond of his wife and children, his simple life, his simple pleasures, as the German."

"Very likely," Norgate assented. "But if you look out of the windows continually you will also see that every stationmaster on the line wears a military uniform, that every few miles you see barracks. These simple peasants you speak of carry themselves with a different air from what ours do. I don't know much about it, but I should call it the effect of their military training. I know nothing about politics. Very likely yours is a nation of peace-loving men. But as a casual observer I should call you more a nation of soldiers."

"But that," Herr Selingman explained earnestly, "is for defense only."

"And your great standing army, your wonderful artillery, your Zeppelins and your navy," Norgate asked—"are they for defense only?"

"Absolutely and entirely," Herr Selingman declared with a new and ponderous gravity. "There is nothing the most warlike German desires more fervently than to keep the peace. We are strong only because we desire peace, peace under which our commerce may grow and our wealth increase."

"Well, it seems to me then," Norgate observed, "that you've gone to a great deal of expense and taken a great deal of trouble for nothing. I don't know much about these things, as I told you before, but there is no nation in the world that wants to attack Germany."

Herr Selingman folded his fat hands in his lap with a sigh.

"That may be," he said, "yet there are many who look at us with envious eyes. I am a good German, and I know what it is that we want. We want peace, and to gain peace we need strength, and to be strong we arm. That is everything. It will never be Germany who clenches her fist, who draws down the black clouds of war over Europe. It will never be Germany, I tell you. Why, a war would ruin half of us! What of my crockery? I sell it all in England. Believe me, young gentleman, war exists only in the brains of your sensational novelists. It does not come into the world of real purpose."

"Well, it's very interesting to hear you say so," Norgate admitted. "I wish I could wholly agree with you."

Herr Selingman caught him by the sleeve.

"You are just a little," he confided—"just a little suspicious, my young friend, you in your little island. Perhaps it is because you live upon an island. You do not expand. You have small thoughts. You are not great like us in Germany, not broad, not deep. But we will talk later of these things. I must tell you about our Kaiser."

Norgate opened his lips and closed them again.

"Presently," he muttered. "See you later on."

He strolled back to his coupé, tried in vain to read, walked up and down the length of the train, smoked a cigarette, and returned to his compartment, to find Herr Selingman immersed in the study of many documents.

"Records of my customers and my transactions," the latter announced blandly. "I have a great fondness for detail. I know everything. I carry with me particulars of everything. That is where we Germans are so thorough. See, I place them now all in my bag."

He did so and locked it with great care.

"We go to dinner, is it not so?" he suggested.

"I suppose we may as well," Norgate assented indifferently.

They found places in the crowded restaurant car. The manufacturer of crockery made a highly satisfactory meal. Norgate, on the other hand, ate little. Herr Selingman shook his head.

"My young English friend," he declared, "all is not well with you that you turn away from good food. Come, afterward over a cigar you shall tell me what troubles you have and I will give you sound advice. I have a very wide knowledge of life. I have a way of seeing the truth and I like to help people."

Norgate shook his head.

"I am afraid," he said, "that my case is hopeless."

"Presently we will see," Herr Selingman continued, rubbing the window with his cuff. "We are arrived, I think, at Lesel. Here will board the train one of my agents. He will travel with us to the next station. It is my way of doing business, this. It is better than alighting and wasting a day in a small town. You will not mind, perhaps," he added, "if I bring him into the carriage and talk? You do not understand German, so it will not weary you."

"Certainly not," Norgate replied. "I shall probably drop off to sleep."

"He will be in the train for less than an hour," Herr Selingman explained, "but I have many competitors and I like to talk in private. In here some one might overhear."

"How do you know that I am not an English crockery manufacturer?" Norgate remarked.

Herr Selingman laughed heartily. His stomach shook and tears rolled from his eyes.

"That is good!" he exclaimed. "An English crockery manufacturer! No, I do not think so! I cannot see you with your sleeves turned up walking among the kilns. I cannot see you even studying the designs for pots and basins."

"Well, bring your man in whenever you want to," Norgate invited as he turned away. "I can promise, at least, that I shall not understand what you are saying and that I won't sneak your designs."

There was a queer little smile on Herr Selingman's broad face. It almost seemed as though he had discovered some hidden though unsuspected meaning in the other man's words.

IV

NORGATE dozed fitfully as the train sped on through the darkness. He woke once to find Herr Selingman in close confabulation with his agent on the opposite side of the compartment. They had a notebook before them and several papers spread out upon the seat. Norgate, who was really weary, closed his eyes again, and it seemed to him that he dreamed for a few minutes. Then suddenly he found himself wide awake. Although he remained motionless the words that Selingman had spoken to his companion were throbbing in his ears:

"I do not doubt your industry, Meyer, but it is your discretion that is sometimes at fault. These plans of the forts of Liège, they might as well be published in a magazine. We had them when they were made. We have received a copy of every alteration. We know to a meter how far the guns will carry, how many men are required to man them, what stocks of ammunition are close at hand. Understand, therefore, my friend, that the sight of these carefully traced plans, which you hint you obtained at the risk of your life, excites me not at all."

The other man's reply was inaudible. In a minute or two Selingman spoke again:

"The information that I am lacking just at present in your sphere of operations is civilian in character. Take Ghent, for instance. What I should like here, what our records need at present, are a list of the principal inhabitants with their approximate incomes, and, summarizing it all, the ratable value of the city. With these bases it would be easy to fix a reasonable indemnity."

Norgate was wide awake now. He was curled up on his seat underneath his rug, and though his eyelids had quivered with a momentary excitement he was careful to remain as nearly motionless as possible. Again Selingman's agent spoke, this time more distinctly.

"The young man opposite," he whispered, "he is English, surely?"

"He is English indeed," Selingman admitted, "but he speaks no German. That I have ascertained. Give me your best attention, Meyer. Here is again an important commission for you. Within the next few days hire an automobile and visit the rising country eastward from Antwerp. At some spot between six and eight miles from the city, on a slight incline and commanding the River Schelde, we desire to purchase an acre of land for the erection of a factory. You can say that we have purchased the concession for making an American safety razor. The land is wanted urgently. See to this yourself and send plans and price to me in London. On my return I shall call and inspect the sites and close the bargain."

"And the Antwerp forts?"

The other pursed his lips.

"Pooh! Was it not a glorious firm of German gun-makers that fitted the guns there? Do you think the men who undertook that task were idle? I tell you that our plans of the Antwerp fortifications are more carefully worked out in detail than the plans held by the Belgians themselves. Here is good work for you to do, friend Meyer. That and the particulars from Brussels which you know of will keep you busy until we meet again."

Herr Selingman began to collect his papers, but was suddenly thrown back into his seat by the rocking of the train, which a moment later came to a standstill. The sound of the opening of windows from the other side of the corridor was heard all down the train. Selingman and his companion followed the general example, opening the door of the carriage and the window opposite. A draft blew through the compartment, and one of the small folded slips of paper from Selingman's pocketbook fluttered along the seat. It came within reach of Norgate. Cautiously he stretched out his fingers and gripped it. In a moment it was in his pocket. He sat up in his place. Selingman had turned round.

"Anything the matter?" Norgate asked sleepily.

"Not that one can gather," Selingman replied. "You have slept well? I am glad that our conversation has not disturbed you. This is my agent from Brussels, Mr. Meyer. He sells our crockery in that city—not so much as he should sell, perhaps, but still he does his best."

Mr. Meyer was a dark little man who wore gold-rimmed spectacles, neat clothes and a timid smile. Norgate nodded to him good-humoredly.

"You should get Herr Selingman to come oftener to help you," he remarked, yawning. "I can imagine that he would be able to sell anything he tried to."

"It is what I often tell him, sir," Mr. Meyer replied, "but he is too fond of the English trade."

"English money is no better than Belgian," Herr Selingman declared, "but there is more of it. Let us go round to the restaurant car while the beds are prepared."

"Certainly," Norgate assented, stretching himself. "By the by, you had better look after your papers there, Herr Selingman. Just as I woke up I saw a small slip fluttering along the seat. You made a most infernal draft by opening that door and I almost fancy it went out of the window."

Herr Selingman's face became suddenly grave. He went through the papers one by one and finally locked them up in his bag.

"Nothing missing, I hope?" Norgate asked.

Herr Selingman's face was troubled.

"I am not sure," he said. "It is my belief that I had with me here a list of my agents in England. I cannot find it. In a sense it is unimportant, yet if a rival firm should obtain possession of it there might be trouble."

Norgate looked out into the night and smiled.

"Considering that it is blowing half a hurricane and commencing to rain," he remarked, "the slip of paper which I saw blowing about will be of no use to anyone when it is picked up."

They called the attendant and ordered him to prepare the sleeping berths. Then they made their way down to the buffet car and Herr Selingman ordered a bottle of wine.

"We will drink," he proposed, "to our three countries. In our way we represent, I think, the industrial forces of the world—Belgium, England and Germany. We are the three countries that stand for commerce and peace. We will drink prosperity to ourselves and to each other."

With apparent effort Norgate threw off his sleepiness.

"What you have said about our three countries is very true," he remarked. "Perhaps as you, Mr. Meyer, are a Belgian, and you, Mr. Selingman, know Belgium well and have connections with it, you can tell me one thing that has lately puzzled me: Why is it that Belgium, which is, as you say, a commercial and peace-loving country, whose neutrality is absolutely guaranteed by three of the greatest powers in Europe,

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should have found it necessary to spend such large sums upon fortifications?"

"In which direction do you mean?" Selingman asked, his eyes narrowing a little as he looked across at Norgate.

"The forts of Liège and Namur," Norgate replied, "and Antwerp. I know nothing more about it than I gathered from an article which I read not long ago in a magazine.

"I had always looked upon Belgium as being outside the pale of possible warfare, yet according to this article it seemed to be bristling to the teeth with armaments."

Herr Selingman cleared his throat.

"I will tell you the reason," he said. "You have come to the right man for an answer. I am a civilian, but there are few things in connection with my country that I do not understand.

"Mr. Meyer here, who is a citizen of Brussels, will bear me out. It is the book of a clever, intelligent, but misguided German writer that has been responsible for Belgium's unrest, Bernhardi's Germany and the Next War—that and articles of a similar tenor which preceded it."

"Never read any of them," Norgate remarked.

"It was erroneously supposed," Selingman continued, "that Bernhardi represented the dominant military opinion of Germany when he wrote that if Germany ever again invaded France it would be, notwithstanding her guaranties of neutrality, through Belgium. Bernhardi was a clever writer, but he was a soldier, and soldiers do not understand the world policy of a great nation such as Germany. Germany will make no war upon anyone save commercially. She will never again invade France except under the bitterest provocation, and if ever she should be driven to defend herself it will assuredly not be at the expense of broken pledges. The forts of Belgium might just as well be converted into apple orchards. They stand there to-day as the proof of a certain lack of faith in Germany on the part of Belgium, ministered to by that king of the Jingoes, as you would say in English—Bernhardi. How often it is that a nation suffers most from her own patriots!"

"Herr Selingman has expressed the situation admirably," Mr. Meyer declared approvingly.

"Very interesting, I'm sure," Norgate murmured. "There is one thing about you foreigners," he added with an envious sigh: "the way you all speak the languages of other countries is wonderful. Are you a Belgian, Mr. Meyer?"

"Half Belgian and half French."

"But you speak English almost without accent," Norgate remarked.

"In commerce," Herr Selingman insisted, "that is necessary. All my agents speak four languages."

"You deserve to capture our trade," Norgate sighed.

"To a certain extent, my young friend," Selingman declared, "we mean to do it. We are doing it. And yet there is enough for us both. There is trade enough for your millions and for mine. So long as Germany and England remain friends they can divide the commerce of the world between them. It is our greatest happiness, we who have a business relying upon the good will of the two nations, to think that year by year the clouds of discord are rolling away from between us. Young sir, as a German citizen I will drink a toast with you, an English one. I drink to everlasting peace between my country and yours!"

Norgate drained his glass. Selingman threw back his head as he followed suit and smacked his lips appreciatively.

"And now," the former remarked, rising to his feet, "I think I'll go and turn in. I dare say you two still have some business to talk about, especially if Mr. Meyer is leaving us shortly."

Norgate made his way back to his compartment, undressed leisurely and climbed into the upper bunk. For an hour or two he indulged in the fitful slumber usually engendered by night traveling. At the frontier he sat up and answered the stereotyped questions. Herr Selingman, in sky-blue pyjamas and with face looking more beaming and florid than ever, poked his head cheerfully out of the lower bunk.

"Awake?" he inquired.

"Very much so," Norgate yawned.

"I have a surprise," Herr Selingman announced. "Wait."

Almost as he spoke an attendant arrived from the buffet car with some soda water. Herr Selingman's head vanished for a moment or two. When he reappeared he held two glasses in his hand.

"A whisky soda made in real English fashion," he proclaimed triumphantly. "A good nightcap, is it not? Now we are off again."

He drained his glass and set it down. Norgate followed suit. Selingman's hand came up for the tumbler, and Norgate was conscious of a curious mixture of sensations which he had once experienced in the dentist's chair. He could see Selingman distinctly, and he fancied that the German was watching him closely, but the rest of the carriage had become chaos. The sound of the locomotive was beating hard upon the drums of his ears. His head fell back.

It was broad daylight when he awoke. Selingman, fully dressed and looking more beaming than ever, was seated upon a ridiculously inadequate camp-stool upon the floor, smoking a cigarette. Norgate stared at him stupidly.

"My young friend," Herr Selingman declared impressively, "if there is one thing in the world I envy you it is that capacity for sleep. You all have it, you English. Your heads touch the pillow and off you go. Do you know that the man is waiting for you to take your coffee?"

Norgate lay quite still for several moments. Beyond a slight headache he was feeling as usual. He leaned over the side of the bunk.

"How many whiskies and soda did I have last night?" he asked.

Herr Selingman smiled.

"But one only," he announced. "There was only one to be had. I found a little whisky in my flask. I remembered that I had an English traveling companion and I sent for some soda water. You drank yours and you did sleep. I go now and sit in the corridor while you dress."

Norgate swung round in his bunk and slipped to the floor.

"Jolly good of you," he muttered sleepily, "but it was very strong whisky!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW TO APPRECIATE HENRY

(Continued from Page 8)

was fulfilled by Francia. Indeed, the phrase "a good time" becomes ludicrously inadequate as a description of what Henry had for the next three or four days.

She began a little cautiously. Heaven knew she had reason to be cautious. She knew men down to the ground. A man might seem as innocuous as sawdust—but sawdust is one of the chief ingredients of dynamite—and still be capable, if handled carelessly, of exploding; making a horrible mess of himself and of all the surrounding scenery.

But toward Henry the caution, even at first, was largely a matter of habit. One really couldn't be mistaken about him; he was simply good all the way through, and nothing revealed this fact more transparently than the boyish sense of delightful guilt which he carried to the adventure.

Being permitted to come back through the stage door after the play and wait outside her dressing room until she was ready, and then take her to supper somewhere and sit up till one o'clock, when they closed the restaurant, thrilled him just as much as scuttling his first ship may have thrilled Sir Henry Morgan. She wouldn't for the world have let him suspect that supper at midnight was a regular meal for her, rather than a convivial extravagance, and that to eat it in company with one of her friends was no more romantic than one of his own dinner parties.

She would as soon have thought of telling a two-year-old child who dropped on hands and knees and said "Boo!" to her that he couldn't possibly be mistaken for a lion and that it was foolish of him to try to frighten her.

Really it struck Francia as downright pathetic—was there a play in it? she wondered. It would bear thinking out—the notion of a really big man like Henry, with a first-class mind and a real imagination, beaming with inexpressible gratitude like a meager, big-eyed child who has just been

(Continued on Page 45)

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JAP-A-LAC is one of those *magic* names—like kodak, phonograph, etc. It has become so much a part of your daily life that it is a *common noun* in your language.

Just as you think of any camera as a kodak, any talking machine as a phonograph, you think of all interior finishes as Jap-a-lac.

The *name* Jap-a-lac, alone, could never have implanted that thought in your mind. Only the inherent merit in the goods *behind* the name Jap-a-lac could have made that name famous in every corner of the earth.

Quality is one of the easiest things in the world to *talk* about—but one of the hardest things in the world to prove.

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Many years before there was such a thing as Jap-a-lac, the men who make Jap-a-lac had been [and today still are] manufacturers of the very highest grade varnish products and paint specialties used in almost every important industry.

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You step into a trolley car, motor car, or railway coach—and Glidden products ride with you on the doors, window-trim, paneling and metal trim.

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Go into a restaurant, hotel, department store, church, school or public building—you come in contact with Glidden products—everywhere!

We seldom talk about the quality in Jap-a-lac because Jap-a-lac has told its own quality story so well for so many years.

But this advertisement is for your protection as well as ours.

Think what it means to you—when you pry the cover off the green label can of Jap-a-lac to refinish the mahogany of a worn chair, to white-enamel a bedroom, or do any of the thousand-and-one things that Jap-a-lac helps you do in making and keeping your home beautiful—think what it means to know that the same quality standard that has put Glidden products on almost *everything imaginable*, everywhere in the world, is *also* in every can that bears the green label and the name Jap-a-lac.

You naturally think of Jap-a-lac whenever you think of interior finishing, or renewing—and that very fact may make you think that *any* interior finish is Jap-a-lac.

Never let the thought enter your mind that Jap-a-lac includes them *all*. The very misapprehension on your part doubtless has made you accept something else, when you were asking for and thinking of Jap-a-lac.

So *always* look for the name Glidden on the green label can—and *always* remember that the finished result can never be a result of *Jap-a-lac quality* unless the product used is Jap-a-lac.

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JAP-A-LAC

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

(Continued from Page 42)

handed a red stocking containing a handful of pop corn and an apple, and three hard candies, from a Settlement Christmas tree, a man like Henry beaming like that over a little tolerant friendly affection—over not being called a fool!

She had asked him, you will remember, who it was who told him he was a fool, and Henry hadn't answered. But she wasn't long in finding out. His loyalty to Irene was impenetrable, but like the rest of him it was as transparent as glass.

Really, you know, it might make a play. All it needed was some means or other of bringing that silly-superior wife to her senses. Because, of course, it would have to end that way. Francia's counterpart could not—any more than Francia herself—take permanently the job of providing sunshine for Henry to bloom under—not, that is, unless the play was to be downright immoral like some of those Continental things. No, that wouldn't do at all. The plot had got to provide some device for bringing Irene to reason.

She'd have liked to talk the notion over with Henry himself, but forbore. He hadn't asked any sympathy about Irene. That was one of the nice things about him. But there must be some way. . . .

If she could have consulted the omniscient stranger he'd have reassured her.

"It's all right," he'd have said. "Just wait till Henry takes you to lunch at the University Club, Monday."

Henry had asked her to lunch on Monday, but wasn't sure it would be at the University Club. He'd know before noon on that day.

In the circumstances, nobody in the world but Henry would have taken her to lunch at the University Club on Monday. The circumstances were, or rather the circumstance was, that one of Irene's boards—she was attached to as many boards as the side of a house—always met there that day. This one happened to be the Women's Auxiliary to the Executive Committee of one of the Settlements. But the fact is unimportant, because the personnel of all of them was substantially the same. On Wednesday mornings they were directors of the Music Extension League, and on Thursday afternoons a circle that sat round and heard papers read on plays.

Well, then, you will understand that although their interest in the drama was technically in abeyance till next Thursday afternoon, it was perfectly natural that, when one of the women across the table from Irene leaned forward suddenly and said: "Look over there, three tables up and by the window—the woman with that tailless ermine thing and the Georgette hat! Do you know who she is? She's Francia Forrester." It is natural, I repeat, that on hearing these words they should all have looked in the direction indicated.

Irene was a little slower about it than the others because she had to turn round, and as she did so everybody else at the table gasped. Because just then the man Francia Forrester was lunching with turned to say something to the waiter.

And it was Henry!

An awkward situation? I hope you have understood Irene better than that. Of course you know she wouldn't make a scene of the regular third-act variety—march over between the tables and denounce Miss Forrester for the edification of all the denizens of the dining room as a seducer, a home-wrecker, and an abandoned person! Such a thing would be inconceivable. But if you picture her now as even a little pale, making a ghastly attempt to ignore the *contretemps* altogether, trying bravely to concentrate her attention upon the necessary procedure of the Women's Auxiliary to the Executive Committee of the Settlement, but becoming in spite of herself *distraite*, finally pleading a headache and retiring in well-suppressed tears; if your imagination has framed up any such picture as that, it will be because I have unskillfully painted Irene in false colors. This is what she did:

She indulged in a brief but comprehensive look at Henry and his exquisitely gowned companion, then turned back to the expectant table with precisely the same resigned, hopeless smile she usually wore when he was the topic of conversation.

"Isn't that exactly like Henry?" she said. "I knew he was lunching with her, but he never said a word about bringing her here. And I supposed, of course, it was to be at her hotel. If only I had known, we could have arranged it. . . . Shall I bring her over anyway? Would you like to meet her? She's really rather interesting."

And I am sure I need not tell you that no one at that table spoke up and said:

"Yes, but then why didn't you say, without turning round to look, 'If Francia Forrester is here, Henry must be lunching with her because I know he was going to'?"

None of them said anything like that, nor even looked as if she thought it. They all chorused excited and perfectly sincere approval of Irene's suggestion. A near view of that hat alone would be worth the price of admission.

"All right," said Irene. "Let's get our business done first. One of you keep an eye on her so that she doesn't get away."

But it wasn't more than five minutes before the young woman across the table broke into the random doings about the Settlement with the admission:

"I haven't an idea what we're talking about. Do, Irene; there's a dear, run over and cinch her now. Because if she starts away it will be too late."

With an assenting nod Irene pushed back from the table and started across the room.

She hadn't an idea what she'd do when she got there. But it went deeper than that. She could have cried out like the little old woman who had her petticoat cut off round her knees, "This surely can't be I!"

She had always supposed she knew what she was—a superior, unemotional, hard-finished, up-to-the-minute wife of a man she deserved a certain amount of credit for tolerating. She loved him, of course, only she wanted a hero medal for doing it.

But over there at that table she was approaching sat a radiant lady—just about the most wonderful-looking creature she had ever seen in her life—who wasn't tolerating Henry at all; who was to all appearances glowingly enjoying him and not asking any credit from anybody.

She made a frantic effort to feel amused, but the attempt collapsed. She wasn't amused. She was terrified. The terror rose to panic just before she reached the point where they'd be sure to see that she was coming, and she actually stood still. But for the Auxiliary she knew was watching her progress from across the room she'd have turned and fled.

It was this hesitation that caught Francia's eye.

"Don't jump," she said quietly to Henry, "but isn't that Irene?"

And on the instant that he looked round and she saw his face, Francia rose and with a bright smile of welcoming recognition held out her hand and met Irene half way.

Irene could have fallen on her neck and blessed her for that. From across the room the effect of that greeting would be exactly right.

"Mrs. Hutton?" said Francia. "I have been hoping for this chance."

She had deflected her line of approach to Irene a little—just enough to cover Henry, not feeling at all sure how he'd look and what he'd say.

He didn't say much—which was perhaps the best thing he could have done, only "Hello, Irene!" But he brought it out cheerfully enough, and he got up and fetched a chair for her.

"Oh, I can't stop," Irene said. "I just came over to see if you wouldn't come and meet some friends of mine over there."

"Of course," said Francia cheerfully. "Only do sit down here for a minute first. Henry admits he's got an engagement for a quarter to two, so really he's got to run."

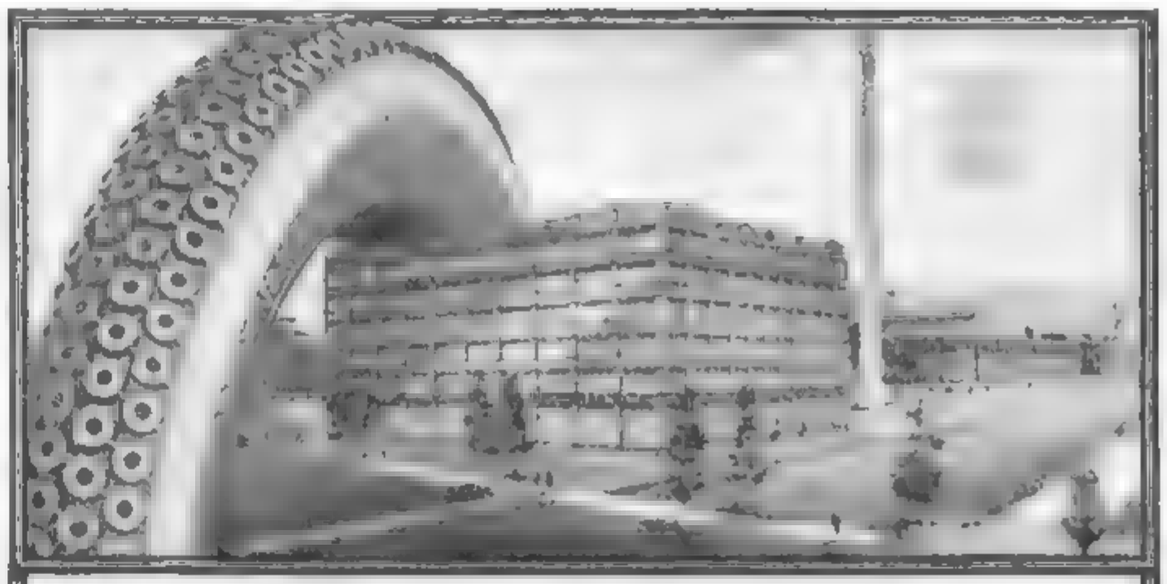
It was quite evident by the way his eyes widened and his breath drew in in protest that this was news to Henry. But Francia smiled at him good-humoredly and laid a restraining hand on his sleeve.

"Well, then," she amended, "you haven't any engagement, but I want you to run along so that I can have a little visit with—I simply can't call people by their last names—with Irene." Francia pronounced it English fashion. "But," here Francia turned to her, "I wonder if you'll loan him to me once more. For dinner to-night? He's the best play critic I know—the only one who's ever told me straight out that The Mark was bunk, which it is, and I've got a new one which I want to see if he likes better."

Irene managed something that sounded all right, and Francia turned back to Henry.

"Quarter to six, then?" she asked. "Splendid! Now do run along and let us two get acquainted."

Henry set off dutifully, but stopped, apparently having thought of something else



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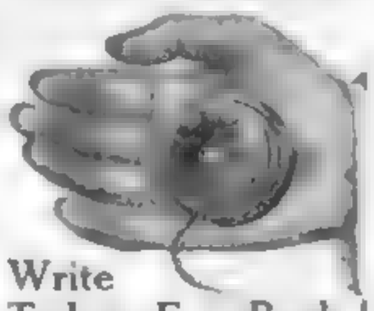

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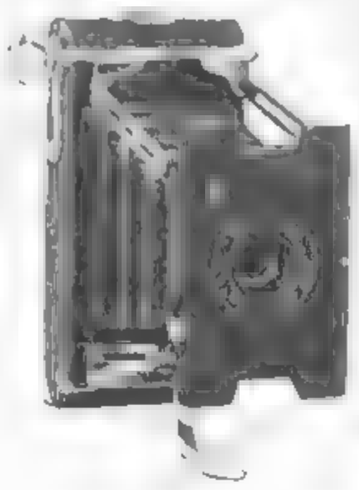

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ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON NEW YORK

he wanted to say, turned short and collided rather disastrously with a waiter. It was just the sort of thing that Henry would do, you know, and he immediately proceeded to make matters worse by seizing a napkin and attempting—he was prevented, of course, by a decorous attendant—to assist in clearing up the damage.

Irene gave a little groan of despair, but it died on her lips as she looked at Francia. Because Francia was looking at Henry with an amused, reassuring—oh, a downright affectionate—little smile. And the smile persisted as, with her eyes, she followed him out of the dining room. Then she turned a rather straight look on Irene.

"Don't you love him for that?" she asked. And without waiting for a reply she went on. "Oh, not only for that; for not backing me up when I said he had an engagement. You see, I know all sorts of men pretty well—I know lots of women well, too, only not many sorts. But I have known some of the littlest men and some of the biggest men, and men all the way in between.

"I suppose the fact is that they don't begin getting finished until they've stopped growing up. The ones that stop growing inside, I mean—when they're still small don't have any trouble learning tricks—our tricks. They play our game as well as we do. Better sometimes.

"But if a man never stops growing up, just goes on getting bigger and bigger all the time, why, he never gets over being a boy—clumsy, you know, and—sensitive.

"It's the other type, of course, that's supposed to be attractive to women," she went on thoughtfully, "and of course they're easier to flirt with and lots safer. But it's men like Henry we really go crazy about."

"I can't say," observed Irene, "that I've noticed any women going crazy about Henry."

"No," said Francia, "I suppose not. And very likely they haven't." Please observe that these were two entirely distinct statements—Irene did. "But if that's so," Francia went on, "the simple reason is that Henry really doesn't care a cotton hat about any of us—except you, of course. But if ever he did. . . ."

If Francia had rehearsed the waiter who came up just then with the coffee she couldn't have timed his entrance more nicely.

"Oh, I'm going to have my coffee at the other table with Mrs. Hutton," she said.

When Irene got home a little before six that night she called up her mother, who lived only a house or two away, and asked her to come over for dinner. Nothing was the matter, she said rather impatiently. What should be? Only Henry was dining in town to-night, and she wanted company.

"You'd better take some asperin," that lady remarked after she'd had her first good look at her daughter. "Judging from the looks of your eyes and nose, you're catching one of your regular running colds."

"I suppose I am," said Irene. "It's that beastly ladies' dining room at the University Club. There's always a draft there."

To this her mother replied: "Oh, then you did go to the University Club after all!" A remark which Irene wanted explained.

"Oh," said her mother, "Henry called up about twelve o'clock, and wanted to know if you were lunching there. I said I supposed so, it was Monday; and he said yes, he knew it. But he wanted to be sure. Didn't he find you?"

"Yes," said Irene at the end of a blank thirty seconds, "he found me all right."

Her mother went home again about half past eight, observing rather acidulously that she might as well since Irene hadn't, it appeared, a word to throw at a dog. And Irene herself might better go to bed than just sit there blinking at the fire like that.

As things turned out it was just as well her mother did go home. Because it was only a few minutes later—hardly nine, in fact—when Henry let himself in.

There was no light in the drawing room but the fire, so he kept very still. He jumped when Irene said from round the portière and with a funny catch in her voice too:

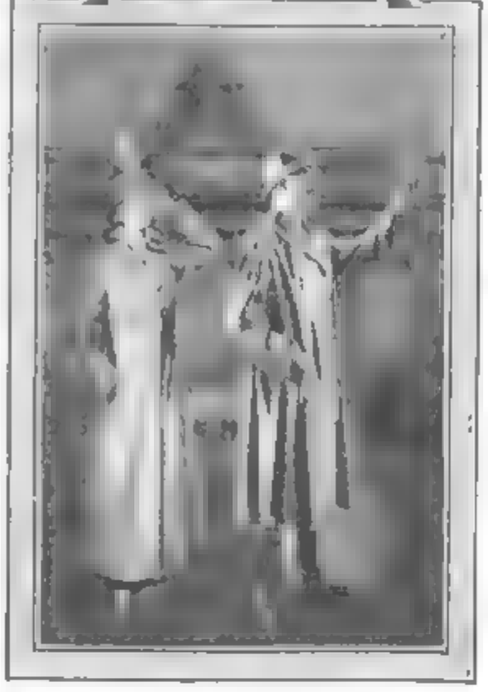
"Oh, Henry! What a fright you gave me!"

"Think I was a burglar?" asked Henry.

"Yes," said Irene. "My, but I'm glad you're not!"

And to his utter astonishment, because he hadn't expected it to work as well as that, she came out into the hall and kissed him.

Kenyon Weatherproofs



Distinct and Stylish in Appearance

Serviceable and Dependable

A weatherproof is now considered a necessary part of every wardrobe. It is good judgment to keep one at the office as well as one at home.

The Kenyon Kenreign Weatherproofs No. 6423, shown above, are of a dark tan Cassimere, double-textured to a fine silk, either in the box or raglan model, for men or women, at $15.00.

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[redacted]

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Nineteen Fifteen.

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CANTON, Ohio.

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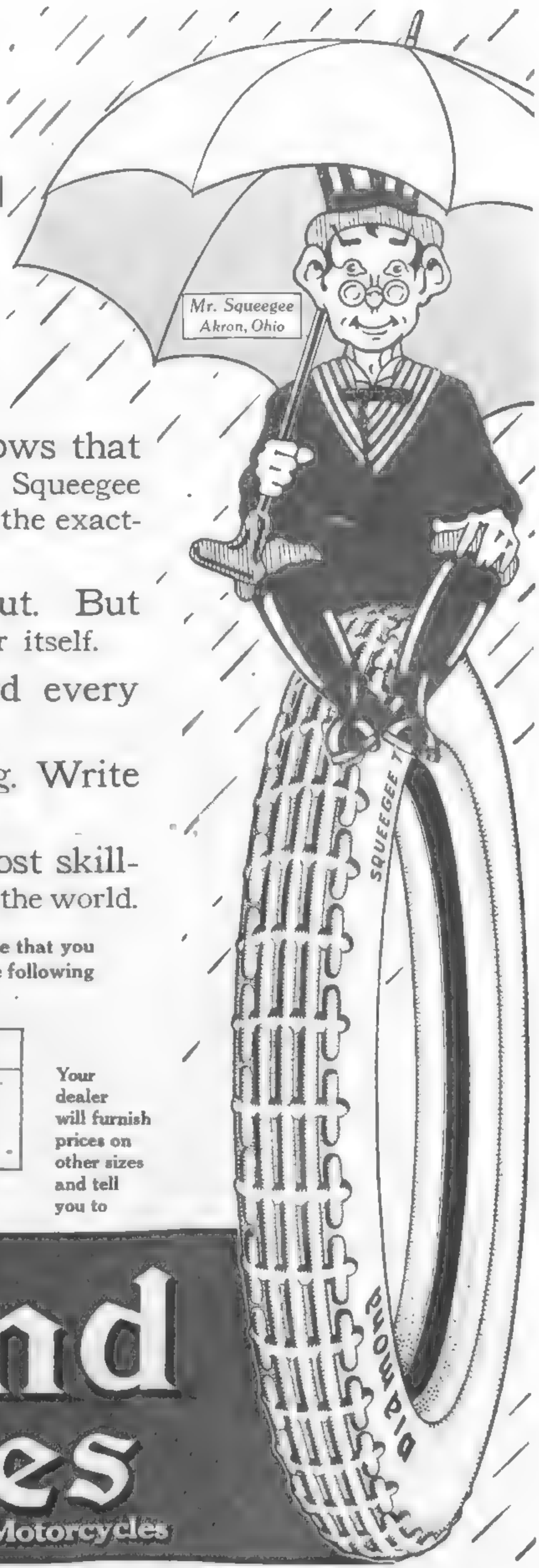

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Your dealer will furnish prices on other sizes and tell you to

PAY NO MORE

PUT ON Diamond Squeegee Tread Tires

For Automobiles, Bicycles, Cyclecars, Motorcycles

THE STRANGE BOARDER

Continued from Page 23

"No, Sam," she replied with a little hurt in her voice. "I can't trust you. If he resisted at all you'd give it up and come back with some excuse."

They had reached Clark Street and she stepped out on the pavement to take the first car that came. He followed her and ran his fingers through his hair again.

"It's too bad, Jane!" he said very gravely, looking her in the face. "It's terribly bad luck for you that you've got involved with a fellow like me, who can only be a dead weight on your hands and make you trouble. It shouldn't have happened to you. I'm doing very wrong by you. I hope you'll forgive me."

She did not answer, but looked away. A car approached and she signaled it. They scarcely spoke in the car, and when they left it downtown she silently gave herself over to his guidance. It was after eight now and the city had taken on its usual early-night aspect. They crossed State Street and he surprised her by turning into the Palmer House, without explanation. He was already halfway to the elevators when she stopped him by touching his arm. They could not talk much there, for a number of idling, curious eyes were on them.

"Why here?" she asked under her breath.

"You see, I'll leave you upstairs in the parlor," he explained plausibly. "Then I'll go find Arthur and bring him to talk with you."

She knew he had thought that up on the way down and asked doubtfully:

"How far is it to the place where he lodges?"

"It must be five or six blocks south of here," he replied; "but, you see, I don't know any fit place to take you down there."

Jane considered it a moment and shook her head.

"No, Sam; that's too far. You must take me down there," she said.

She realized it was rather rough on him, but Arthur might very well decline to travel five or six blocks for the doubtful privilege of conversing with a strange woman, and she was determined to keep the situation under her thumb. Troubled but obedient, he left the hotel with her and they started south again.

Gardner had been quite justified in describing Arthur's neighborhood as not nice. She looked across a grimy street at a row of lighted second-story windows in a shabby building. Behind the windows were some stout wooden chairs, in several of which seedy-looking men lounged. A battered, gaslit transparency over the street door to the stairway said: Lodgings for Men. The ground floor was occupied by a saloon. Indeed, saloons and pawnshops seemed to be the principal industries in Arthur's neighborhood.

"There it is," said Gardner. "You can see for yourself there's no place for you there. Of course you can't stand on the street here without being spoken to. You see, it may take me an hour or two to find Arthur. Come back to the first good hotel. It's the only way."

Surveying the neighborhood, Jane had a suspicion he was right about that, which would involve that she had been wrong. Yet, would Arthur come to the first good hotel? She looked across again at the lighted windows, behind one of which Arthur might be even at that moment.

"It's early yet," she commented. "It can't be more than a few minutes past eight." The comparative earliness of the hour was a sort of protection. "You go over and see if Arthur is there. I'll wait here."

Two men passed and craned their necks to stare into her face.

"I can't leave you standing on the street here," said Gardner.

Jane would not have had him know for a good deal just how she herself felt over that prospect, with the faces of the two staring men still in her mind's eye. She looked up and down the street and pointed.

"There's a hotel. It must have a parlor. I'll wait there. You can bring Arthur there."

"I'm afraid it's a shabby sort of place," he objected. "Some of these hotels down here, you know ——"

"Pshaw! It's only a little after eight. The parlor can't hurt me any," she cut in decisively.

He insisted on accompanying her to the hotel, however. They climbed the stairs together and found there was, indeed, a parlor off the office, with faded plush curtains between. It was small and empty, but quite light. The office itself was empty save for a clerk with curled hair, but it was brightly lighted. The street was just below. One could, so to speak, put out a hand and touch the city. To fear anything in such a place at such an hour seemed absurd.

"I'll get Arthur as soon as I can," Gardner assured her, and hurried out.

Two burly persons across the street saw him leave the hotel and checked their laughter, looking at each other in surprise. They had seen him go in with his companion and had been laughing ever since, occasionally pounding each other on the shoulder in an excess of fraternal merriment; but Gardner's reappearance evidently disconcerted them. After a moment one of them followed him on the opposite side of the street, while the other waited across from the hotel.

More than an hour passed and Jane, having no timepiece, thought it must be many hours. Now her thoughts flew after Gardner. Was he finding Arthur? Would he bring him? Suppose Arthur were missing? If he came what could she get out of him?

Now that there was nothing to do but wait, the buoyant flow of energy with which she had carried Gardner downtown ran low and dull. Everything trembled in an uncertain balance. In inconsequential snatches she thought of many irrelevant things—even studied the faded wall paper, as though there were some important meaning in it. Between the windows the paper did not match. She regarded that very seriously . . . . But was he finding Arthur? What would Arthur say?

Presently she was aware of sounds in the office behind her. Evidently some one had come in. She heard footsteps and voices, remotely at first, as something having no relation to herself; then abruptly and acutely she was aware of a step just beyond the faded plush curtains and looked round. A hand pushed one curtain aside and a woman looked in, shedding strong perfumery. She was chewing gum and wore imitation pearls in her ears. She looked down at Jane an instant with calm insolence; then dropped the curtain and turned away.

For a moment Jane wondered rather wildly how late it was, and whether something could have happened to Gardner. She thought of going down to the street door and waiting there—but no doubt the parlor would be preferable to that. She settled herself back to wait again, but she had never before been quite so nervous.

Gardner, over at the lodging house, was in much the same state—only he had a clock to look at. Arthur was not about when he went in. There was no telling when he would appear. Gardner would have returned to the hotel at once, but he knew very well Jane would send him back again; so he took one of the solid wooden chairs that commanded a view of the entrance and composed himself.

The problem in his mind was how soon he would dare go back to the hotel without having found Arthur. At first he decided to wait until nine o'clock; but the nearer the hands stole to that hour the more nervously doubtful he became. Jane came up in his mind, with her firm chin and steady eyes, and he could fairly hear her sending him back to wait longer.

He let the minute hand glide by nine o'clock and dip slowly down the dial, every minute wishing to return to her, yet fearing she would not give up. . . . Well, a quarter past, then. It came thirteen minutes past and he gripped the arms of his chair—when Arthur entered. Gardner could have laughed as he hurried over to him.

It needed only a little explanation and pleading—a lady, a friend, wished very much to speak to him. She was near by and it would take only a few minutes. They went down the stairs together, up the street and in at the hotel doorway.

The burly man followed them until he joined his companion on the opposite side of the street. The two consulted earnestly a couple of minutes, then crossed the street.

Jane recognized Gardner's step on the office floor and her heart leaped as she turned to the plush curtains. Gardner entered,

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Be sure the MAZDA Lamps you buy bear the name EDISON

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OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
Harrison, N. J.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

followed by a small, elderly post of a man, in clean, threadbare clothes, with a worn face and studious-looking eyes behind spectacles.

He bared his bald head and she apprehended a feeble, defeated creature.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting so long," Gardner apologized. "This is Mr. Arthur. This young lady would like to talk with you, Arthur."

Knowing Gardner, Arthur had somehow expected to see a frail, pale, dejected female in an ill-fitting dress and in deep trepidation. So he made Jane an astonished little bow, and sat down very primly before her on the edge of a chair, his faded straw hat on his knees; and he apologetically smoothed down the fringe of hair round his bald head.

"You were in the poker room the night Bloom was killed, Mr. Arthur," Jane began, leaning a little toward him, keeping her dark eyes steadily and appealingly on his face and speaking low. "I'm terribly concerned in that. Now think it over very carefully, please—very carefully. I want you to tell me just what happened in the poker room."

She had expected a person with whom a different tone could be taken; but, confronting the worn, defeated man, she felt that he could be led by the hand.

To please her, Arthur thought it over very carefully—very carefully indeed—his dim eyes bent hard on the crown of his hat; and his brows contracted with mental exertion. But he was certain that Kittie Hinch had been right there at the table with him all the time.

"Not all the time, Mr. Arthur!" Jane pleaded earnestly. "He must have gone out a little while—only ten or fifteen minutes. He must have left the room a little while. Please think it over again very carefully."

Her own brow contracted with painful anxiety as she leaned toward him; and Arthur obediently thought it over again, pinching the point of his small chin between thumb and forefinger.

"Didn't he just step out for only ten minutes now?" Jane urged.

"Why"—Arthur's dim eyes glanced up at her and for just a second he seemed in some doubt—"why, no," he replied, and shook his head sadly. "I'm sure he wasn't out of the room."

Jane dropped back in her chair and took a mite of her lip between her teeth, because the lip trembled a little. She was gathering herself painfully for a fresh onslaught when the plush curtains undulated, moved aside, and a man entered—a hippopotamus of a man, with straight black hair and a huge face having an odd swarthy tinge, as though it had been lightly washed with stove polish. A second burly man stood just behind him.

"Sorry to interrupt the party," said Sergeant Worril; "but we want your company ourselves."

"I suppose you don't want anybody but me," Gardner suggested mildly.

"We'd like the whole bunch," Worril replied—"this young lady too."

He stood over Jane, his ponderous body seeming to wall her in, and looked down into her flushed, upturned face out of beady eyes. She felt herself at the mercy of something inhuman and implacable—some great, browsing animal that would trample her down without hesitation or remorse, much as a feeding bull might step on a mouse and hardly know the creature was there. Her cheeks burned red and she strove to summon some proper self-respect.

"Where do you propose taking me?" she asked.

"Police station," said Sergeant Worril, and turned away, as though answering her at all were merely an indulgence to a piece of impertinence. Jane and Arthur rose—Gardner being already on his feet—and the three filed out; the second burly man ahead, Worril in the rear.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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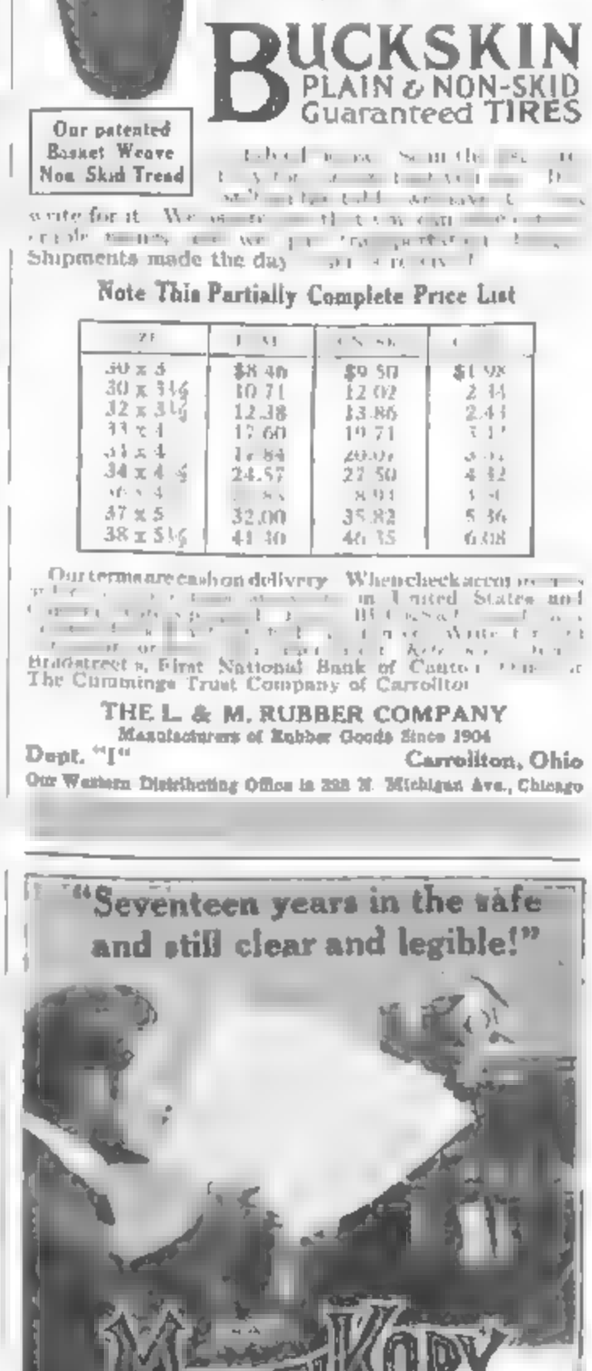

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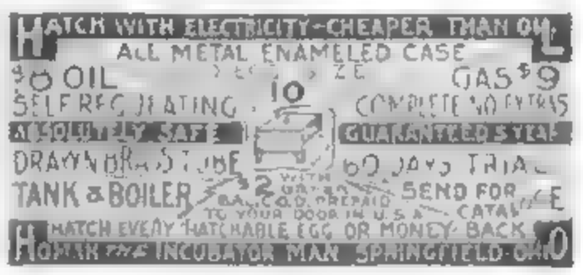

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LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT CO.

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LEHIGH CEMENT

THE HOUSE THAT JUNK BUILT

(Continued from Page 18)

out cold air and conserve heat. I prided myself on the science and dispatch with which I put on the weather strips; a few months before I would have made a woeful bungle of it. This was due not only to the experience I had gained, but also to the fact that I now possessed a full equipment of tools.

The biggest job that confronted me was the making of a concrete floor for a basement area much larger than the average cellar. I did this work by easy stages, and mild weather permitted carrying it on into December. There was a heap of gravelly sand just outside the basement, and cement and water inside. It took about one hundred and forty wheelbarrow loads of concrete to make a three-inch floor. I devised little concrete-covered ramps at the cold-storage and the main entrances to obviate steps and allow a wheelbarrow to be used in and out of the basement.

A concrete wall was built round the cistern by using the staves of lard tubs as a form. This was to safeguard the cistern against any surface water that might enter the basement.

Where $3000 Went

To register the height of water in the cistern I rigged a float gauge with a bottle, an umbrella ferrule, two pulleys, a cord and a bit of lead pipe as counterweight. The basement wall was marked in feet; the corresponding position of the lead weight showed where the cistern water stood. A device in the rain-water leader outside permitted turning the cistern supply off or on. I made this device workable from inside the basement. After sealing the top of the well tile with cement I decided that the lack of air would prevent the well pump from working, so I made a vent through a small length of galvanized iron pipe, protected at the top with an inverted tin can that once held toothpowder. I postponed the rather intricate task of making a reënforced concrete cover for the cistern, and fastened linoleum firmly over spruce planks with leaded joints.

Our plumbing operations cost as follows:

PLUMBING

70 feet 5-inch tile to cesspool at $0.15	$10.50
50 feet broken 4-inch tile for overflow drain at $0.04	2.00
46 feet 6-inch tile for roof drainage, and so forth, at $0.14	6.44
2 tile Ys, 6-inch	1.20
140 concrete blocks for lining cesspool at $0.14	19.60
25 feet 4-inch iron soil pipe at $0.17	4.25
10 feet 2-inch iron soil pipe for vent at $0.12	1.20
Fittings for above, trap, and so forth	2.50
Kitchen sink, 20 x 30-inch, enamel	8.50
Pitcher pump for cistern, $2; 2 brass faucets at $0.90	3.80
Fittings, lead trap, elbows, couplings	2.50
Cement and sand	3.00
For basement floor, 6¼ cubic yards sand, $5.00; 20 bags cement, $7.50	12.50

LABOR

Digging cesspool, $8; laying up blocks, $9.75	17.75
Other work, mostly at $3 per day	16.00
Total	$111.74

NOTE—This table omits item of $45.04 for later equipment of bathroom

Here is a summary of all costs:

Land	$687.40
Architecture	4.75
Tools	72.15
Garden, and so forth	57.94
Foundations	85.33
Road	120.51
Walls, and items not otherwise listed	691.29
Well	90.57
Cistern	28.00
Chimney and open fireplace	113.33
Concrete stairs, $55.74; basement stairs, $16.25	71.99
Floor	133.99
Partitions, ceiling and interior	199.73
Doors and windows	257.05
Roof	269.23
Plumbing	111.74
Total	$3000.00

A great deal of time and labor was spent in installing little conveniences which we had always wanted but had never felt justified in having in our pilgrimage from one rented house to another. Now at last we could afford to have things and to put them in substantially, and no landlord could say us nay. Every improvement counted toward permanent welfare. The carpenter's bench set up in the basement was there to stay, and so was the shelf to hold a spigoted oil can and make lamp filling easy. We may have electricity some day, but we are not so sure that we shall want it. We used to waste it when we had it. Perhaps it would be all right if we put up a sign like the one I saw in Thomas A. Edison's laboratory: "Save the juice! Save the juice! Switch off this light when not in use."

To have your own water and light, as well as vegetables and eggs, seems to be in line with freedom and independence.

Deducting land, garden and road, the net cost of the house was $2135.15, of which labor came to $761.77 and materials to $1373.38. This does not, of course, include the labor of the owner for a period of six months, but there are several ways of estimating the latter item. From my own standpoint my labor was worth a mere living wage; perhaps less, in view of the fact that I needed a vacation anyhow and would have spent money to obtain it if I had not turned to house building. The same could be said of my wife's able contributions in the way of labor. From the commercial standpoint, however, I must rate our labor rather high, while making all due allowances for amateur performance. The commercial estimate depends on the answer to the question: How much would a contractor charge to duplicate our house? Figuring profits as well as labor I believe the average bid, on specifications, would exceed our actual cost by more than fifty per cent. If an imaginary contractor could be found to undertake the job without charging a cent for profit, his bill would include the services of a combined foreman and laborer at five or six dollars a day for at least one hundred days. And there are not many foremen who will officiate at the same time as laborers.

Every new house, and especially one built by an amateur, needs to be tried out before final judgment can be passed on it. Our dwelling has now been tested through several months of fall and winter weather, and has not disappointed us in any material way. The architectural layout is entirely satisfactory; space is ample and conveniently apportioned, and there is plenty of light. The sun enters every room at some time of day. The house stands far back from the highway and is screened by woods with the hills in the background, and the location is of constant pleasure to us. The world walks and motors by our snug retreat unseen, but we are content to get faint rumors of travel without knowing whence the travelers come or whither they go.

Keeping Warm in Winter

The feature of my house plan that gave me most concern was the basement, which was above ground. I feared that it would freeze in winter or require much heat. As a matter of fact, except during two days of below-zero weather there has been no artificial heat at all required in the basement. The temperature in the cold-storage room has stayed round forty degrees Fahrenheit, while the main basement has remained considerably warmer. During the very cold spell a lamp in the storage room and a pocket-edition laundry stove in the main basement kept the temperature well above the freezing point. I attribute this condition to the protection of the sleeping-porch wall, to the fact that there are only two small windows on the cold north side, and to the heat sent down by the concrete hearth of the open fireplace. Owing to the banking up of earth on the outside of the foundation wall and the first course of blocks the basement floor is mostly about a foot and a half below the outside ground level.

On the living floor we have had plenty of heat from the open fire and a small coal heater in the kitchen. In the first three months of winter we have burned less than two tons of coal. In our last rented house we used about three times that amount. In sharp weather the open fire devours daily a log of oak or hickory three feet long and about eight inches thick. There is a knack in burning these large logs, which are often not very well seasoned. Get the first log burned through at the middle, put the pieces together, lay a fresh log across the top,

Whitman's -at your elbow

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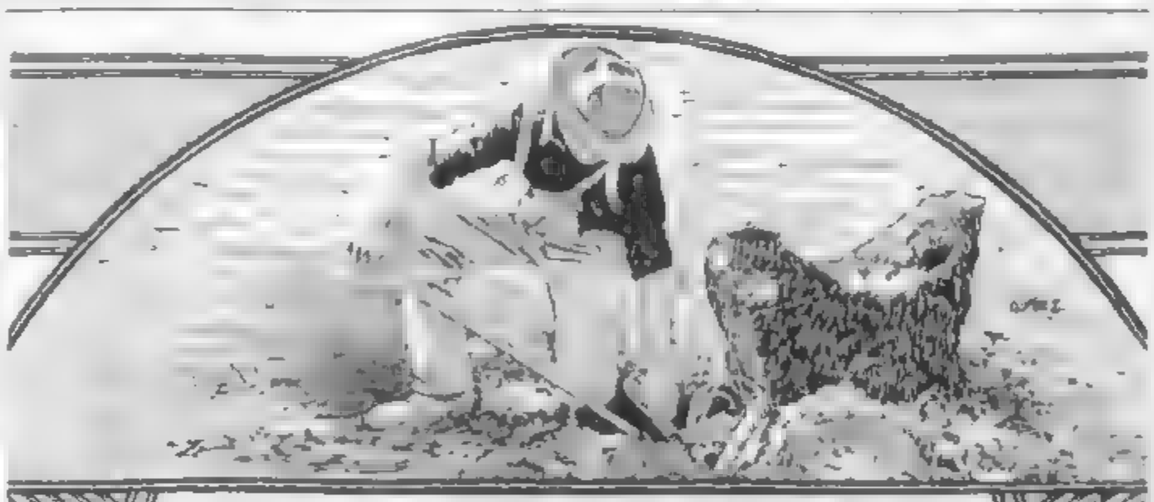

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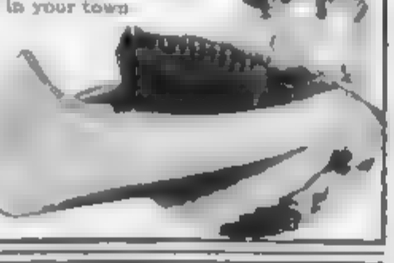

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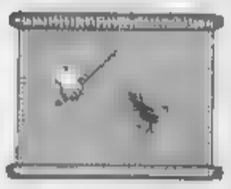

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and repeat the process *ad infinitum*. The new log must be kept close to the dry, burning pieces; if necessary let one end down from the andiron.

There are no drafts worth mentioning in our house. If any cold air enters during a gale it does so by cheating its way round window sash or door, and such defects can easily be remedied. No air enters through structural defects impossible to overcome. The concrete block walls of the house have given no trouble through dampness. It takes a driving rain to reach them beyond the projecting eaves of the roof, and then usually only the lower part of one side of the building is affected by temporary moisture.

The sleeping porch ships a little water in bad weather and requires a canvas shield at each end. Our combined well and cistern shows no symptoms of trouble. The well always yields splendid water; the cistern is always at least half full, and with a few hours' rain it fills to its capacity of eight hundred gallons.

When the howling gales from the north sweep round our dwelling we rejoice that we spent so much extra time and money on making the construction strong as it is, and we feel safe against anything less than a cyclone. The roof is anchored fast to the walls, and the walls are braced against one another and tied with steel and cement. I have lived in houses that rocked in a gale like a ship at sea. In a big wind the average wooden house vibrates perceptibly. Our house gives no sign of the elements raging outside. There is no vibration and no creak or groan of uneasy timbers.

If we are not fireproof we are at any rate fairly fire secure. The asbestos roof is safe against chimney sparks and woods fires and it would retard an interior conflagration. The walls cannot burn, and their interior covering will resist flame. Burning grass or rubbish on the outside cannot harm us. Also it would take an uncommon blaze in the basement to reach the wooden floor above.

As to my intention of building a house that should be proof against burglars and relatives, this feature of my plans needs a further try-out. I have a suspicion that no skill in architecture will suffice absolutely to bar out relatives. They have been known to enter city flats of microscopic size and to camp happily in the fourth dimension of space. After all, the world is made up of relatives, and some of them are not bad to have round—sometimes.

Future Improvements

As yet we have not been visited by burglars. I do not doubt that a decent craftsman could get into our home, but an ordinary yegg would find it bothersome. A neighbor's dog has volunteered to act as our night watchman, and he guards our place as well as his owner's. Our livestock is at present limited to a pair of kittens, though we are planning for chickens, a pig and maybe a hive of bees. My wife thought a cow would be nice, but I told her bees are neater, take less room and are more self-supporting.

We have some good friends who have been building a country house for the last four years and expect to keep on building it for a good while yet. Our house is built and finished. We hope to improve it in detail, but not to alter it radically. We have what we want and do not wish for something else. If I were to build again with twice the means available for this house, I would build pretty nearly a duplicate of it, spending the extra money for better material rather than for more room or more show. We have now what most country dwellings lack—a substantial nucleus for indefinite improvement. Much may be added, but there is little or nothing to be subtracted, for our essentials are right and do not require change.

I can see the sleeping porch glassed for the winter and screened for the summer, and the basement turned into a summer ramblers against the sleeping-porch wall, some flowering shrubs on the front lawn, an evergreen hedge along the private road and some rhododendrons at the edge of the woods. There will be a flower garden at the east side of the house and beyond that our orchard and vegetable patch. I thought of improving the orchard with more fruit trees this year, but it occurred to me that we had plenty of fruit trees planted and that here was one of those improvements that do not improve. The passion for improvement is hard to resist. In my foolish later years I may be incited to smash up the picturesque bowlders lying round and convert them into perfectly respectable rockeries, but I hope not.

I have no illusion that my housebuilding is a flawless model of applied intelligence, or that other amateurs could not have done as well or better. I could do better myself the next time. Any amateur who thinks to follow my example should not feel bound to use my materials or methods. A house should be built according to climate and site, the needs of its occupants, availability of material and the size of its owner's purse. Hollow tile, brick or stone may be more available than concrete blocks. Asbestos shingles or slate may be preferred to other kinds of roofing. You may not have the luck to find junk steel or bridge beams, but there are always chances for the alert seeker to pick up bargains in the building line. A really economical amateur would scout round the country for a radius of ten miles from his building site, find what bargain material he could get, and then would build according to his material. There are many interesting possibilities of combining parts of ancient churches, factories, bridges, railroad cars and ships into a cozy little home.

Among Friendly Neighbors

My wife, my little daughter and I have been immensely profited by getting back to Nature. Spring, summer and fall were a pure delight, and the only winter hardship so far has been the lack of sufficient ice at the swimming place for skating every day. Where my family learned to swim in the summer they have now learned to skate, and my little girl skates well when there are not too many little boys round to distract her attention. Besides the physical benefits of my outdoor life I have felt a profit in turning my back on a lot of city froth and in getting next to wholesome realities and the simple, sincere folks who belong to the country. In our village everybody knows everybody else and nobody worries much about anything. The neighborly instinct, the desire to be close and friendly with your fellow men, is in all of us; and this instinct is repressed by the conditions of city life. You cannot feel very neighborly toward thousands of persons whom you do not know. Nor is it necessary, for the satisfaction of the neighborly instinct, to become exceedingly intimate with folks. A cheerful how-d'ye-do on a dark night, a real smile in the daytime, will often do the trick. When I am worried or disheartened I find it is a sure cure to walk to the village and loaf and talk with my friendly neighbors.

A few years ago I met an assistant attorney general of the United States. He was the chief legal expert in his line. He told me that his real ambition was to go into a mountainous wilderness out West and with his own hands build a home and harness a waterfall. He had full sets of tools for carpentry, plumbing and tinsmithing; and he was qualified to join the union in any of these trades. He had simply taken up tools as a recreation and, using the same intelligence that had made him a first-class lawyer, had mastered them.

There is no question but that I derived, more or less directly, some impetus from this man toward my housebuilding enterprise. The recollection encourages me to amend the time-worn slogan, "Get back to the land!" with a further challenge, "Get back to the tools!"

Man is properly a tool-using animal. Also I have authority for the statement that the ideal life is divided between work with tools, outdoor activity and brain work.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last article in this series.

Danger Pennies

How false economy in lubrication often proves a boomerang

LET us look at some plain arithmetic. Suppose your car cost $1200.

At the end of the year, you reckon expenses and, roughly, you find:

Depreciation in selling value, say	**$400.**
Tires, approximately	**100.**
Repairs	**?**
Gasoline, 5000 miles at 1c a mile	**50.**
Insurance, say	**65.**
Lubrication, perhaps as much as	**10.**
	$625.plus

Lubrication comes last—at a trivial $10. a year.

It is a human failing to treat such small outlays lightly.

Some motorists do not yet realize that oils which can be sold at pared-down prices cause pared-down efficiency, and send total yearly expenses up—not by mere penny steps but by real dollar leaps.

Consider *depreciation:* Why does it loom up so large?

Not enough attention to that $10. a year. When all cars are given efficient oil for their motors, automobiles will command higher re-sale prices.

Trace back most *repair bills* and again you find—*not enough attention to that $10. a year.*

Gasoline consumption mounts up. The experienced motorist knows that efficient lubrication insures a higher mileage from gasoline.

This is certain: Cheap, poor-wearing oils make noisy, quick-wearing motors.

And worn motors soon wear out.

If you use the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car in the Chart below, you may spend an added few cents a gallon. But the gallon "wears" longer.

Gasoline mileage is increased and avoidable repair bills and depreciation are eliminated, adding years to the life of your car.

If you decide in favor of *true* economy in lubrication, you will find your scientific guide in our Chart of Automobile Recommendations which represents our professional advice.

If your car is not listed, a complete Chart will be sent you on request.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

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A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for motor and enclosed chains. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C." The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

MODEL OF	1911		1912		1913		1914		1915	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Alco.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	Arc						
Avery	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" Model C (4 Cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" Model [illegible]									Arc	Arc
Carter car	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Case	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Chandler							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chesterfield six									A	Arc
Chevrolet					A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cole	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Delaware Bodewell	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A		
Detroiter			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
" Stoyell									Arc	A
Dodge									E	E
E M F	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A
Fest	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Flanders	E	E	Arc	Arc						
" 6 cyl.					Arc	Arc				
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E		E
Franklin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Garford	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
" Com'l	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A		
Grant							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Havers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A		
" Model C 6 cyl.							Arc	Arc		
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hewson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Model 20)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
I H C. (air)					B	A	B	A	B	A
" (water)					A	A	A	A	A	A
International	B	B	B	A						
Interstate	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A				
Jackson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Jeffery							A	A	A	Arc
" (4 cyl.)			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly-Springfield	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
King	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc
" Stoyell									Arc	Arc
" Com'l							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" " Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" " (Model 48)							A	A	A	A
Kline Kar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Krit	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	
Lippard Stewart			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	E	E	E	E
Lozier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc		
Lyons Knight							A	A	B	A
Marion	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	A	E
" Model 8					A	A	A	A	A	A
Marion	A	E	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (22 70 Series)									Arc	Arc
Metz	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" Knight							A	A	A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" 6 cyl.									Arc	Arc
Pathfinder					A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc		
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Rambler	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Regal	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reinhardt	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Selden	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sampert	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Saxon							E	E	E	E
Seider	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Simplex	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Speedwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mead					A	Arc	B	A	B	A
Stearns	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" Knight			A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
" " (Light 4									A	Arc
Stevens Duryea	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard-Dayton	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" Knight			A	A	A	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stuta			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 6 cyl.							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Wilter	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys Knight							A	A	B	A
" (4 cyl.)							A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

People Who Know the Hup Best Are the Best Hupmobile Salesmen

Almost Every Hup Owner Will Tell You—

I bought a Hupmobile because of its reputation for economical satisfactory service. It is the most economical motor car I ever owned. I get more than 18 miles to a gallon of gasoline. I have less tire trouble than those who drive other cars. I have had no repair bills or expensive adjustments in thousands of miles of Hupmobile driving. I could not get equal satisfaction from any other car on the market.

The Woman Who Drives a Hup Says—

"A Hupmobile ride is a positive luxury. I have never been in so comfortable a car. For the woman driver the Hupmobile is ideal. Simply move the switch—the motor starts instantly and silently. My car is delightfully easy to handle. The non-stallable motor gives me a feeling of safety in all kinds of traffic. The Hup is the only car in which my husband has implicit confidence—which he is willing to have me drive alone."

Ask Any Garageman About the Hup—

"I see lots of Hupmobiles, for lots of people drive them. Very few come to me for repairs. The Hup is built right—and stays right. The motor is a wonder for power and silence. I have talked to a lot of Hupmobile owners when they came for oil and gasoline—they all say the Hup is a corking good car. If there is anything wrong with a car I soon hear of it, and, believe me, Hupmobiles are Hup boosters."

Get an Engineer's Opinion on the Hup—

From radiator to rear axle the Hupmobile is best engineering practice. The long-stroke motor is a great puller. The spiral bevel-gear axle is mighty unusual in a car at $1200. The starter is a wonder for silence and simplicity. The car is built of fine materials, and in a factory that has the reputation of building its stuff right. The design is simple, the parts are accessible, and it is sturdy all the way through. I don't know of a better motor car value than the Hupmobile at $1200.

The Hupmobile Farmer Will Say—

"Any car I own has to stand hard knocks. I don't drive on city streets or have an expert garageman just around the corner. That is why I own a Hupp. The Hupmobile likes work. It is the sturdiest car I know. It is an easy rider on rough roads, and it never gets out of kilter. The price is right, too. The Hupmobile is more for the money than any car I know. Any farmer hereabouts will tell you I drive my car harder than most—and have less trouble."

Any Hupmobile Dealer Will Tell You—

"Of course I am prejudiced in favor of the Hup. But I want to give you one thought. I am in this business to make money. Any car I handle must have the value to make it sell easily; it must give the owner the kind of service that makes it stay sold. You cannot afford to take chances on one car. It's certain that I cannot afford to take chances on **scores** of cars. That is why I sell the Hup. I know none of my competitors has a $1200 car that even approaches the Hup in value. I know every Hup I sell will make me a permanent customer, and will sell more Hups. It may surprise you to know that fully half the Hupmobile owners in my territory are repeaters. They buy Hupmobiles year after year."

Why They Believe the Hupmobile Is the Best Car of Its Class In the World

Generally speaking, nearly all automobile owners are more or less pleased with their purchase.

It is the degree in which they are satisfied—the extent of their enthusiasm—that establishes the standing of cars.

In that respect the Hupmobile presents a unit of loyalty from Coast to Coast.

Because Hupmobiles have always been good cars.

And because the **principle** upon which the Hupmobile is built has never changed.

That principle is to build for those who want not just an average car, but a car above the average—yet at a reasonable first cost, and with that real economy which makes it easy to own.

The Hupmobile has steadily, consistently, unfalteringly catered to that class from the first day of its existence.

It has won and held that field. And holds it today with a certainty enjoyed by no other car in America.

And that approval is deepened and intensified by the distinguished good looks of the 1915 Hupmobile;

By its roomy, luxurious comfort for five passengers—seven if you prefer.

Its sturdiness and economy;

Its powerful motor;

Its silent, smooth-running, spiral bevel-geared axle; and

The completeness of its equipment

We feel free to refer you to any Hupmobile owner—or any man or woman who knows motor cars.

Ask them about the Hupmobile.

Then let the car itself convince you beyond all doubt.

Five-Passenger Touring Car	$1200
Seven-Passenger Touring Car	1225
Five-Passenger Sedan	1365
Coupé	1325

Fully equipped; f. o. b. Detroit

Hupp Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

1915 Year Book on Request

THE BUSHER ABROAD

(Continued from Page 21)

But that was the only time I cut lose on acct of I did not want to throw my arm out because whats the use and after a wile I went back in my birth room and got drest for dinner or lunch they call it on the Ship bord and I went in and had my dinner and then I come out doors again and Steve Evans was standing there yet and I says why dont you go in and have your dinner and he says I was waiting to find out what have they got on the bill a fair and see if theys any thing I like and I says how can you tell if you dont go in and he says I was waiting for you to come out so as I could look at your vest. Hes a funny fellow Al and springing stuff like that all the wile.

Well Al I will write you 1 more letter on the Ship tommorow and then we will be in Yokohama the next day and if I find out Im going to stay on the trip I will male you all the letters Ive wrote at onct.

Your Old Pal. JACK.

on the Ship bord. Dec. 5.

FRIEND AL: Well Al just a note because wear all busy geting ready to land tommorow and packing up our stuff and its all exitemunt and evry bodys tickeled to deth a bout us being pretty near threw this part of the trip and may be they wont be no more trip for me accept the trip home on the R. R. because Im postive Florrie and little Als sick the both of them or I would of had a telegram or sevrel telegrams like the rest of the boys been geting from there famly.

Steve Evans come in to my rm. wile I was packing up and ast me if I had fixed up the employs of the Ship and I says what do you mean and he says you got to give evry body on the Ship bord a tip before you get off. What do you think of that for a robbers game Al. I says I will give a tip to the waiter that waited on the table where I ett at but he aint got a hole lot comeing to him because look how many times I did not eat nothing on acct of geting posoned at Seattle. But Evans says That dont make no diffrunts you got to give him a big tip and evry body else a tip and you got to give a tip to Stewart and the capt and the H. waiter and the valley that prest your dress sute so good evry day and I says I dont half to give the valley a nichol because he did not never come a round to press my sute and Evans says how did you keep it looking so nice then and I says it was on acct of it being a bran new sute and Evans says I thot it was ether that or else you slept in it, but any way you got to give the valley and all them other men a tip and I seen he ment it so I ast him how much and he says a bout a ¼ a peace for the valley and the H. waiter and my reglar waiter and Stewart thats the name of 1 of the head oficers and a dime for the capt. So its going to cost me a $1.10 for tips a lone and no wonder the crews on these here Ships wares such swell uneforms when they got a graft like that and you can see how it will amt. up if all the rest of our party comes acrost with $1.10 only of coarse theys some cheap stiffs in the party that will probily give them all a dime a peace and a nichol or may be 0 for the capt. Well if I got to do it I got to do it and I bet I do my traveling on trains after this where you dont half to give tips to the conductor and the brake man and the men that feels of the wheels to see is they a hot box.

But Steve Evans knows whats the right dope and I just found out hes been on a hole lot of trips in the Ocean and all over and one winter he saled clear up to the N. pole on a yat with a Dr. name Cook and thats where he lerned a bout scarring Sharks. And today he was teling me how to talk japan so as I could talk with the japans when we get there only of coarse he only told me a few words just so as I can talk to them because they will probily want to know how my arm feels and how I made the cubs look like a sucker. Heres some of the words he lerned me Al and you can practice them up and spring them on Bertha and you will have her wondring where did you lern to talk japan. I cant spell them very good but you can figure them out O. K. When you want to say you feel fine you say seem lick and when you want to say fast ball you say Zipp and when you want to say curve ball you say Hookem and when you want to pay them a complimunt and say how are all the japans you say Meeno likee Jap in kness. And thats all I can remmember Al and I will just stall a long with them but steve Evans can talk it just as good is I and you can talk plane englich.

And now I got to finnish up packing and try and get some sleep because we get to the Doc at Yokohama the 1st thing in the morning. Your old pal. JACK.

YOKOHAMA, Dec. 6.

FRIEND AL: Well old Pal Im not comeing strate home from here like I thot I was and I will write you this letter and then rap all the letters up that Ive wrote and send them to you in 1 packige and it will probily cost me a peace of money for the stamps but you can have a hole lot of fun reading them to the boys and Bertha and it will be like as if they was all a long on the trip to hear me tell a bout it. I all ready spent a good eel of money today on acct of giveing all the crews on the Ship a tip but it was worth the money to see them smile when I give it to them and they was all tickeled to deth and the capt was so tickeled when I give him the dime that he says he would all ways hold on to it to remmember me by so I thot I might as well make it a good 1 and I give him an extra dime 1 to spend and 1 to hold on to to remmember me by. Well Al I didn't get no word from Florrie and little Al but I know theys nothing the matter with them because Callahan found out a bout it for me and thats why Im going to make the rest of the trip and besides Mcgraw says he will leave me go in against them White Sox again in a day or 2 and I will give them the showing up of there life the lucky stiffs and if it had of been the reglar White Sox club I worked against and not no ringers from the other clubs I would of shut them out probily with out a hit. And an other thing that I spent some money on was post cards for Florrie and I sent her a ½ dollars worth of them only they dont call it no ½ dollar over here but a yen and I get all my money changed in to japan money and now I got 5 yens and a 100 sens in my pockit.

Well Al we come in to the harber at 7 a clock this A. M. and we seen what Evans says was the secret Mt. of japan and the name of it is pajamas and we stalled a round a wile in the harber and then some japan Drs. clumb up on the Ship bord and says we all had to be exammoned and Evans says it was because they wouldent leave us play against none of the japan clubs unlest we was all in grand shape so when the Dr. come up to me I says Well Dr. I guess you can see Im in grand shape just looking at me and I seen he dident under stand what I was talking a bout so I says seem lick to him in japan and he smiled and says some thing back in japan and Evans told me what was it he says and it was Your a fine looking goof and goof means athalete. Well all the boys past by the examon nation and I started to take my bagige off of the Ship and Callahan seen me with it and says Dont take your bagige because wear going to live on this Ship an other week yet and all as you want is your uneform role and then I had to tell him a bout may be I was going home on the train and he says What train and I says the train that runs on the over the land rout and he says who was giveing you that dope and I told him Schaefer was teling me a bout it and he says Well Schaefer dont know nothing because they quit runing them trains a mo. a go on acct of the atlanta Ocean geting flood it. He says If you want to go home you will half to go back the same way you come and your libel to run in to worst storms then you seen comeing this way. Well I says If I cant go on the train I aint crazy a bout going but train or no train I got to get home on acct of my wife and baby is sick and he says Who says they was and I says I have not herd nothing from them since I left and he says How could you hear from them and I says a telegram and Callahan says it would not of been possable for me to get no telegram on the Ship bord because they was no wires running out in the Ocean so then I says Well if theys no male here for me I will know there sick and he says How could they be male for you when your wife dident know you was going til you come and if she had of maled a letter that same night it couldent of got here til a wk. after we got here so I says well Im sure there both sick and if I cant find out nothing a bout it Im going home and find out a bout it and then Callahan says he was going to call up Chicago and he would find

Jiffy CURTAINS

The following named cars are regularly equipped with Jiffy Curtains:

Abbott-Detroit
Austin
Columbia-Knight
Chandler Six
Dodge Brothers
FIAT
Grant Six
Hupmobile
Howard Six
Hudson
Inter-State
Keeton
KisselKar
Knox
Krit
Lewis
Lexington
Locomobile
Lozier
Luverne
Lyons-Knight
Marmon
Mitchell
Monarch
National
Oldsmobile
Paige
Peerless
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Pope-Hartford
Regal
R C-H
Stevens-Duryea
Studebaker
Willys-Knight
Winton

Made in Canada
Fisher
Ford
Hupmobile
Studebaker

This tag on the right rear curtain identifies the genuine Jiffy

Cost Car Makers More; Worth More to Car Users

Jiffy Curtains are in complete accord with the present motor car tendency toward greater simplicity, convenience and efficiency. As compared with any other style of side-curtains, they operate with the greatest ease; they are always ready to drop into place or store away, they afford real protection, and they are a sightly addition to the car.

These pronounced and exclusive Jiffy advantages are recognized each year by more manufacturers and more car users.

See how Jiffy-quipt cars predominate on the streets any stormy or rainy day.

And in spite of their greater cost, Jiffy Curtains will be carried as regular equipment—at no extra expense to car buyers—on more than 180,000 of the 1915 cars produced by leading factories (names opposite).

Simply because manufacturers have found the added sales-impetus and owner-satisfaction more valuable than the increased equipment cost.

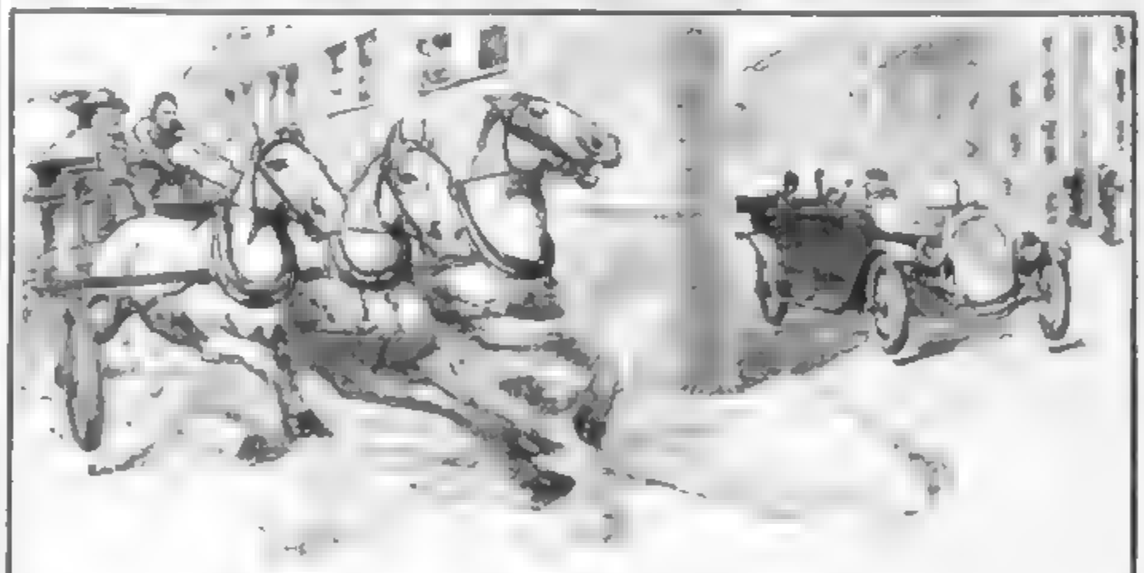
Jiffy Curtains are well worth your insistence, if the car you buy is not already Jiffy-quipt and if insistence is necessary to get them.

We shall be glad to send you complete information about Jiffy Curtains, and the name of a reliable top maker who can fit a set to your present car.

Very Distinguishing Features

Smart appearance—Simplicity of operation, and from within the car. Effective as a limousine in excluding the elements. Their *pleated* or *panelled* formation precludes breaking of lights—Arrangement of lights affords wide range of vision. Strung upon cable supports, they slide to and fro over the doors of the car with the greatest facility—When not in use they collapse and neatly stow away in deck of top, in no way interfering with its raising or lowering.

JIFFY AUTO CURTAIN COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan



No Danger—if the Brakes Hold

How long since you've really put your brakes to an emergency test? Just slowing down easily is not a *real test*.

It's when you jam down the foot brake, jerk back the emergency brake and your heart jumps up into your throat that your brakes are really proven.

Brake power depends entirely on the gripping friction of the brake lining. If the lining is shy of friction or gripping power your brakes will fail in the crisis *and you are wholly to blame!*

Thermoid is honest brake lining all through.

Thermoid HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED Brake Lining-100%

There's the same gripping friction at the core as on the outside. It is forced by hydraulic compression into a substance of uniform density and, though worn paper thin, it still grips and holds instead of being loose and stringy inside with *just a thin friction surface*, like the ordinary, loosely woven brake lining.

Cannot be burned out nor affected by oil, heat, water, gasoline or dirt.

Watch your brake lining—guard your safety with 100% Thermoid.

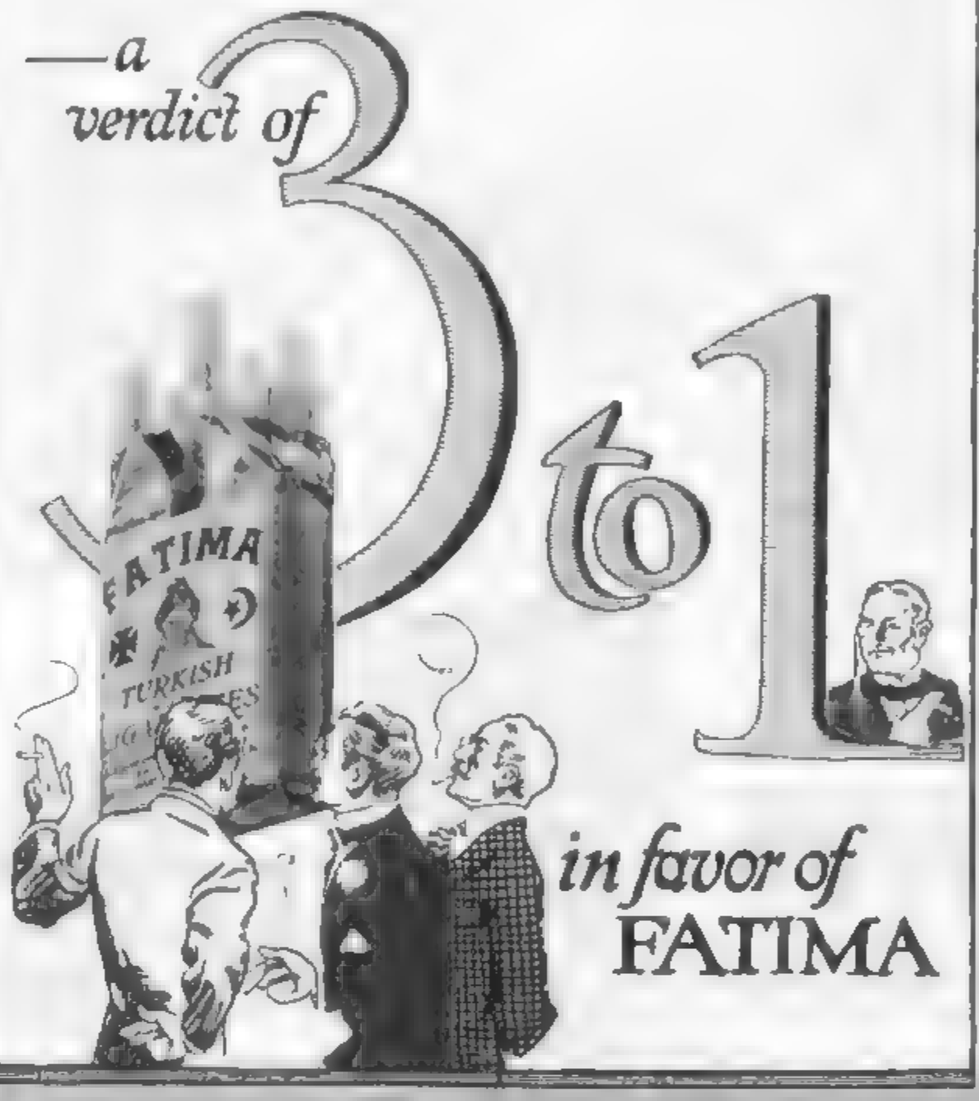
THERMOID RUBBER CO., Trenton, N. J.

Our Guarantee—Thermoid will make good or we will

Picture the cigarette that would just hit the spot with you! Imagine its appetizing taste, with body enough to satisfy, yet MILD, so you could smoke all of them you wanted. Why, you've described FATIMAS exactly. No wonder three out of four men prefer FATIMAS to any other 15¢ cigarette

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

—a verdict of 3 to 1 in favor of FATIMA



FATIMA

THE TURKISH BLEND

Distinctively Individual Cigarette

20 FOR 15¢

"After I Married

"I fretted because of my inability to contribute to the family income. I had been a business woman and saw no reason why marriage should put an end to my making money.

"I found the answer to my problem in Curtis work, securing an appointment to look after local subscription work for *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. For several years my commission and salary were used to improve and refurnish my home. That task completed, I have for several years spent my earnings on vacation trips. The Curtis profits have paid my way to many beautiful places I never hoped to see."

ELIZABETH FRALY, ILLINOIS

IF YOU have a home to furnish, a dress to buy, or if you would like to take a vacation trip this summer to the mountains, the seashore or the Panama Exposition, you can do it. We will show you, as we have shown thousands of others, the way to make the money that you need for "extras."

BOX 782, AGENCY DIVISION

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

out for me so what could I do Al but leave my bagige on the Ship bord and then we got off on the Doc and road up to the grand Hotel and then I went out and got the post cards to send to Florrie and then we all went up to the Councils place and hes a american and evry body shook hands with him and then we ett our dinner and went out to the Tokio collige ball park and they was a big crowd of japans to see us play and I wisht you could of herd them cheer when I went in to pitch. But if the game had of counted I wouldent never of went in there because I could tell the minut I beggin warming up that they was some thing the matter with the old super and you see I hadent warmed up or done nothing with it on the ship all them days and I wasent in no shape to work. At that if it had of been the reglar White Sox I was pitching against them I would of made them look like a sucker but Speaker and Crawford and Evans and them ringers was on the club and I could not fool them with my arm in the shape like it was and besides I hadent never worked with the N. Y. giants before and they wasent use to the sines I give when Im in there pitching so they dident move a round and cover the ground where I wanted them to and sevrel balls went for base hits that would of been ett up if the boys had played right for them. The White Sox beat us 9 to 4 or some thing and the score should ought to of been a bout 3 to 1 or 4 to 1 in our favor if they hadent of had all the luck in the world.

Well Al some of the boys wanted me to stick a round in Tokio with them after the game but my arm was so sore I couldent hardily stand it so I come back to the Hotel here and now Im writeing this letter and when I get threw with it I guess I better call a Dr. in to look at my arm.

I come back from the ball grounds with Mcgraw and Callahan and Callahan says to Mcgraw Well may be youll have better luck with your own pitchers and Mcgraw says O no the boy here was all right today only we dident do nothing to help him so you see Al hes a real mgr and not no joke so no wonder he wins all them penants and if he had a man like I to deppend on he could do some thing in the world serious to. Well Callahan says You pretty near lost Jack this A. M. and Mcgraw ast how that was and Callahan told him a bout me worring a bout my famly and how I would of tooken the R. R. home if they hadent of stoped runing the trains and Mcgraw says Well Im glad we dident loose him because he will make you fellows look like a rummy when he gos in there feeling right. So Callahan says Thats what Im afrade of and I got a nosion to not find out a bout his famly when I call up Chicago because he says he wont stay on the trip unlest he finds out his famly is O. K. So Mcgraw says Well if you dont find out I will. So Callahan promused again that he would find out and hes going to call up Chicago right after supper and then I will find out and I would talk to Florrie my self only Callahan aint going to call up my house but is going to call up the girl at Centrel and get her to call up a bout evry bodys famly that aint a long on the trip and then tell him whats the news.

And theys going to be a banquit here tonight and Schaefer says I got to get up an other of them pones of mine and speak it so you see Al I better get busy and fix up some thing and tomorrow we go on the Umpires of japan to Kobe and may be Mcgraw will leave me in there again tommorow because my arm feels O. K. now. Well Al I got to get busy and fix up that pone and I guess this is some letter Im sending you and when you open it and see it I bet youll think I sent you the Bibble for xmas or some thing.

best to your self and Bertha and all my old pals. Your old Pal.

JACK.

P S Some body must of been kiding dutch Schaefer a bout them telegrams because how could he or any body else get a telegram in the middle of the Ocean where they aint no wires and where would they get poles long enough to reach from the top of the Ocean to the bottom and I supose probily theyd half to hire a fish to dig the holes for the poles hey Al.

P S Callahan just got threw telephoning and come up to tell me a bout it. The girl at Centrel called up the flat where Allen and Marie and Florrie and little Al is stoping at and Florries feeling fine and little Als O. K. and Florrie says dont hurry home and wile Florrie was talking with the girl at Centrel she told little Al it was a messige from daddy and little Al says Daddy right out. Hows that Al and only 6 mos. old.

Roll 'em Up And Put 'em In Your Pocket

DON'T leave your gloves in your car. Wear Hansen's Flexible Pocket Gauntlets and put them in your pocket for safe-keeping.

This exclusive safety feature is one reason why motorists, cyclists and drivers enthuse over

Hansen's Gloves

The cuff is proof against sagging, but so *flexible* that it allows free motion without "catching" at chance projections.

Write us for Free Book describing many of "Hansen's 500"

The *special* building of this glove shows what you may expect for your *exact* needs in all these other styles.

If not at your dealer's let us tell you where to buy them. Be sure and send for free book

O. C. HANSEN MFG. CO.
100-D Detroit St. Milwaukee, Wis.

BEAUTIFUL LYON & HEALY PIANO STYLE "K" $350

This exquisite upright exhibits the finest architectural lines and will delight the connoisseur. The interior work includes the finest action and piano materials which it is possible to produce.

We have priced this new Lyon & Healy Piano at only $350 in order to show what can be done in the finest piano factory in America. Do not fail to see and hear this instrument. It is on sale by 373 local dealers. We shall be glad to give you the name of the nearest local dealer upon request, also to mail you a beautiful catalog.

We will also arrange very favorable easy terms for those who do not wish to pay all cash.

Lyon & Healy

31–49 East Adams Street Chicago

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search
BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

In-built Quality Explains the Leadership of this Great Car

Bare specifications fall short by a wide margin in truly determining comparative automobile values.

It takes a search into the vitals of the machine and the methods of manufacture to bring out the telling points of difference between cars of seeming equality *on paper*.

It is by such comparisons—*deep down under the skin comparisons*—that the KisselKar has established itself as an automobile of exceptional worth. *In-built quality explains its leadership!*

KISSELKAR

The KisselKar is a manufactured car, which accounts for its possession of certain features the buyer must seek in searching for a car of enduring value.

It is a car of splendid proportions.

It is a car of striking appearance and admirable lines, beautifully finished, roomy and comfortable.

It is built with a keen regard for low upkeep cost and long life.

It is a car of exceptional riding qualities, due to the harmonious and perfect distribution of parts and weight.

It embodies the most rigidly tested steels, aluminums and drop forgings—heat-treated and cast in the Kissel foundries.

Its leading mechanical features are exclusive. It has a powerful Kissel-built motor of wonderful flexibility, whose carburation and smooth action are unexcelled in any car regardless of price.

It has strong, specially designed Kissel-built axles, staunch frame, big springs, sturdy brakes. It weighs what it should—heavy enough to be safe, light enough to be economical.

In these and many other particulars the KisselKar is a superior automobile. It has not only kept pace with development, but has been the FIRST in the introduction of many important and practical improvements.

Two Big Ideas Original With Kissel

Automobile history must give credit to the Kissel Motor Car Company for the two big and signal creations of the past year in body design—the One-Compartment touring car with two entrance doors and individual forward seats, and the Detachable Sedan Top.

1. The One-Compartment touring car sets a new limit of comfort, charm and exclusiveness.

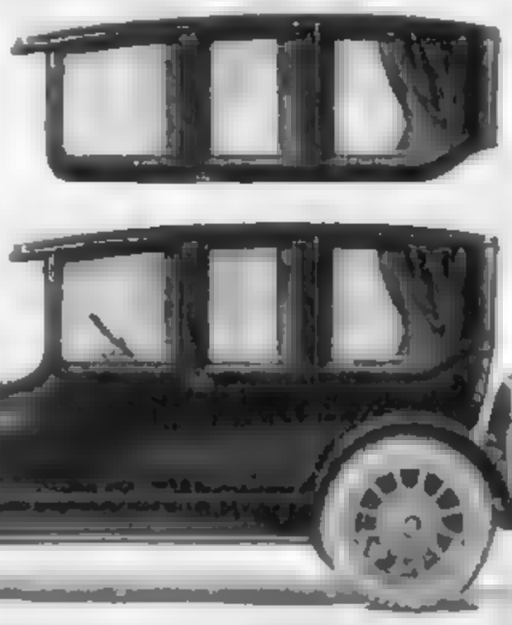
2. The Detachable Sedan Top reduces the expense of all-year driving without lessening its luxury and convenience. In thirty minutes a touring car can be transformed into a handsome closed Sedan or vice-versa—no extra help required.

Find out more about the KisselKar—The new Kissel catalog just off the press contains full information regarding all KisselKar models, with illustrations and complete details. It will be sent free on request.

The All-Year Car

Combining the One-Compartment Touring Body and the Kissel Detachable Sedan Top

The ALL-YEAR Car, combining the beautiful One-Compartment touring car and the KisselKar Detachable Sedan Top, sells on the 42-Six chassis for $2000, on the 36-Four chassis for $1800. As an open car, it is one of the most stylish and up-to-the-minute automobiles on the market. As a closed coach it answers every practical purpose—and in addition possesses all the earmarks of a high grade Sedan. Particular buyers have purchased the Kissel All-Year Car because its appearance when compared with high priced closed cars satisfied them, aside from its great advantages in initial and maintenance costs.

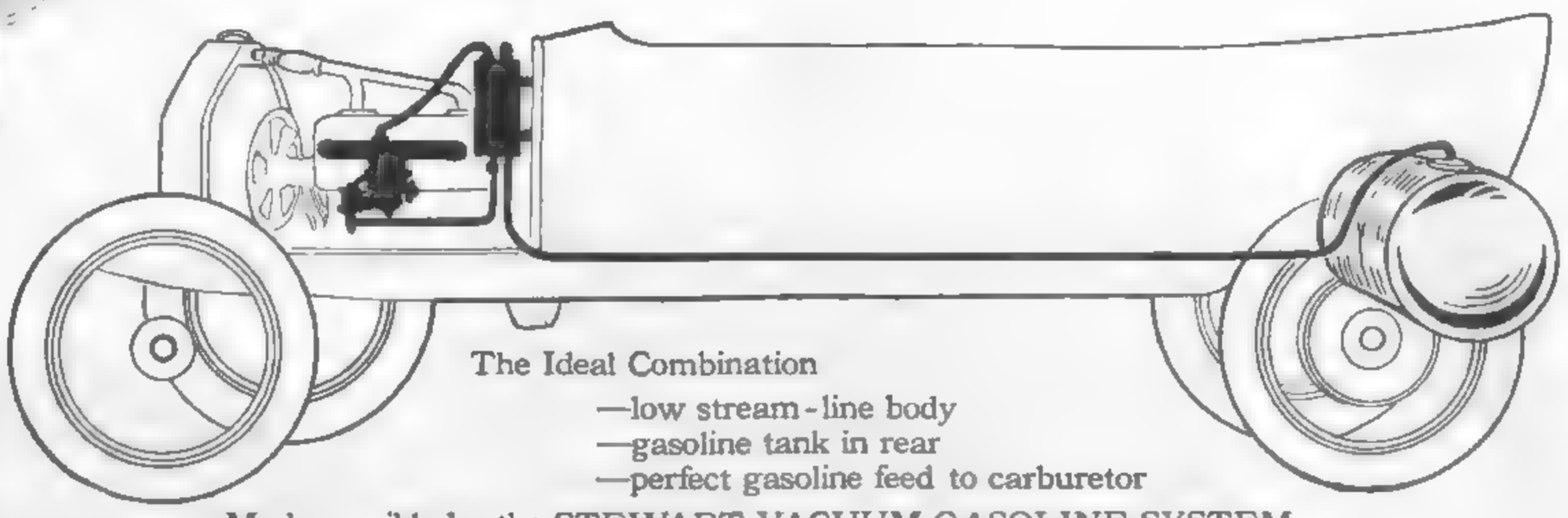


The KisselKar line contains four distinct models: the 36-Four at $1450, 42-Six at $1650, 48-Six at $2350, 60-Six at $3150. Sedans, Coupes, Coupelets, Roadsters, Touring Cars, single compartment two-door or conventional four-door types.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 400 Kissel Avenue, Hartford, Wisconsin

New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, St Louis Milwaukee Minneapolis St Paul, Dallas, San Francisco Los Angeles Oakland Omaha Cleveland Detroit Toledo, Columbus Buffalo Rochester, Baltimore Pittsburgh Worcester, Duluth, Seattle, New Orleans Nashville, Hartford Conn.; New Haven, Troy, Norfolk, Providence, Marshalltown, Ia.; Madison, Montreal, Toronto, Calgary, Victoria and 300 other principal points in the United States and Canada

Stewart PRODUCTS



The Ideal Combination
—low stream-line body
—gasoline tank in rear
—perfect gasoline feed to carburetor

Made possible by the STEWART VACUUM GASOLINE SYSTEM

It has completely Revolutionized the Automobile!

Most of the beautiful stream-line bodies so universally adopted for 1915 cars would not have been possible without the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System.

It has enabled car makers to almost uniformly follow the above ideal combination. It was just what they had to have.

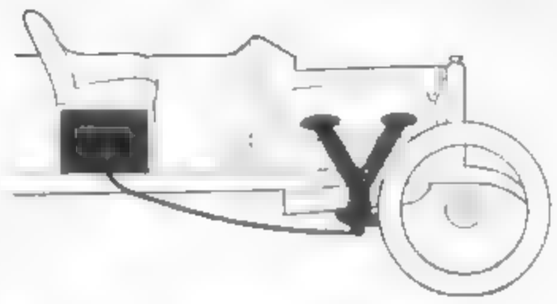
They knew all the difficulties, uncertainties and annoyances connected with gravity feed systems, cowl tanks and pressure feed systems.

So they quickly adopted the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System, as it offered the first practical solution of all gasoline feed difficulties on any car—old or [illegible]

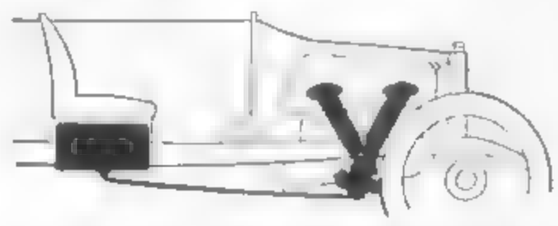
61 popular cars are now regularly equipped with the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System.

The Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System should be on every car. It is more than an accessory, it is a positive necessity.

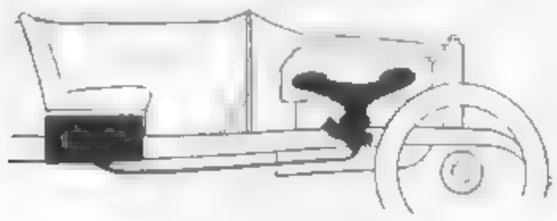
Insist that the car you consider buying is equipped with the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System, or, if you are going through another season with your old car, make it perfect by installing a Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System.



When body designs were not given any particular thought, the gravity tank under the seat (pushing the seat way up in the air) and the carburetor way down in the pan were considered entirely satisfactory



As lower bodies became fashionable, all car makers could do was to make the gravity tank shallower, which only made gasoline feed difficulties all the greater.



When gasoline got poor and they had to raise the carburetor close up to the intake manifold, they found that a shallow gravity tank under the seat was out of the question

The only way out of the difficulty was to put a gasoline tank in the cowl, or else accept the equally bad alternative of a pressure feed system with all its uncertainties.

Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System for OLD and NEW cars

With the Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System installed on your car, the suction of the motor through manifold draws gasoline from rear reservoir to small tank under hood, from which the gasoline falls to carburetor in a positive, even flow.

No nuisance of hand pumping air into gasoline tank before starting car. No motor pump to keep up the air pressure after you start.

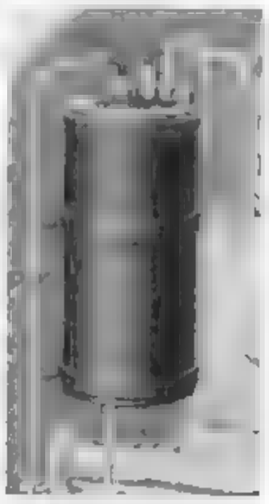
No nuisance of watching air gauge; no air lines to keep tight; no air-tight connections necessary anywhere.

Saves 10% to 15% gasoline. No forcing gasoline through carburetor wastefully.

No pressure to upset correct working of carburetor.

Thousands of old cars are being made "gasoline-feed perfect" by their owners installing this Stewart System.

Works absolutely automatically—once on your car you can forget it.



Look for this tank under the hood.

Bring your old car up to date by installing a Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System—anyone can put it on. Send for booklet.

30 days' trial

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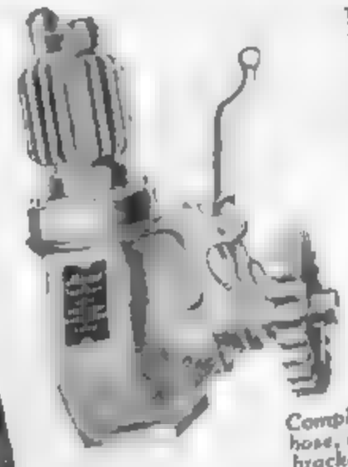

Buy a Stewart Tire Pump today and let your motor pump your tires for you. It does away with the last dirty, back-breaking job on the automobile.

Complete with hose, air gauge, bracket and gears— $15

THE ISLAND OF THE FOUR M'S

(Continued from Page 15)

"You want um go see now in ship?"

"No, king. I must go to Nui Selani right away. Soon I come back; then I tell you how long I want island."

"How much you pay?"

"One year, king, I pay one hundred pounds."

"Five hundred!" said Tamatau.

"Now, look here, king! What for? There's nothing on Totomotu—no shell, no copra."

"Five hundred!"

"That's too much."

"Why too much? You sell um me devil-wagon. He sink I have one day—pay five hundred. You take um island one year—you pay all same *tala*."

The captain saw that the matter of the automobile was not an entirely closed incident. Time was precious.

"How much, suppose I keep all the time?" he asked.

"No more," said Tamatau. "One year—all time—just same. Five hundred."

This unusual generosity startled Boyle; but he could see no ground for suspicion. All Tamatau wanted apparently was his five hundred pounds back.

"All right, king," he assented; "but what I bring you this time cost plenty much money. You give me pick of cargo suppose the Shamrock come?"

"Kapitani Makasani—he come?"

"Maybe—I don't know. Sign this, king, will you?"

"What for write? No use. You sell me devil-wagon—you no write. I no write. My word good."

The king spoke positively and Boyle realized it. After all, Tamatau's word—when he gave it—was as good as his bond.

"All right, king. That's settled, then."

"*Tala?*" said the commercial Tamatau.

"*Tala's* on board, king. You come with me now and get it."

"*Dokadori?*"

"*Doch-an-dorris*—sure!" assented Boyle.

The custom of the parting draught had been introduced at Totulu by Captain Menzies of the Cutty Sark and kept up by Tamatau, who never overlooked his perquisites.

As they left the storehouse they saw the entire village grouped about the orchestrion, where Kokua, under the tutelage of Jimmy, had stoked the boiler, put in a record, and stood ready to turn on the steam. Seeing his king, he adjusted the throttle and stood proudly by as the machine, waveringly at first, but gathering force and certainty, swung into the Maid of the Mill.

"Do-o-o-o no-ot for-or-get me"—it followed the phrasing of the once popular waltz—"Do-oo-oo not for-ge-et me!"

"Fine! Eh, king?" asked Boyle.

"*Maiti!*" assented Tamatau.

"Come aboard, Jimmy," said the skipper. "We're sailing right away."

The *dokadori* mixture of cheap champagne and brandy hissed in the ceremonial loving cup, once a boatrace trophy. It passed from Tamatau to Boyle—to Jimmy—to Atupa, who attended as carrier of the royal purse—and back to Tamatau, who emptied it.

"Good-by, kapitani," said the monarch. "You come back soon? Go look at island now?"

"Not now, king. It won't run away. *Ta fa, alii!*"

The Margaret Ann slid out of the passage on the flood to the strains of Re-mem-ember Your Ma-a-ry, the Maid o-o-o-of the Mill—the rhythm punched out by the drum and cymbal attachments.

Suddenly the sounds changed to a weird aërial conflict of discords.

"What in Jane's that?" asked Boyle. "Has Kokua busted it already?"

"Not 'im," said Jimmy, the expert. "'E's got two records hon hat once—that's hall. I knew 'e'd do it. I warned 'im. Wot's the hodds? They don't know the diff."

They did not. And the well-contented skipper and officers of the Margaret Ann, as the barkentine squared yards and shaped her course southwesterly for New Zealand on the freshening trades, little guessed that the mêlée of melody they still heard feebly piping on the breeze was caused by the warring records of God Save the King and the Wearing of the Green.

Two days later the lifting topsails of the Shamrock were announced to Tamatau as he sat in his storehouse, his brows creased in a *Katzenjammer*.

"Shall I start the noise-box?" asked Kokua, restored to royal favor by virtue of his artistry as official bandmaster of Totulu.

Tamatau collected his cloudy wits. He was a wily monarch and he sensed something afoot. He could not understand why Boyle wanted his island of Totomotu or why he should neglect a cargo; but he was inclined to think McShane might be coming on a similar errand.

What bothered him now was whether to display the orchestrion as a stimulus to extra generosity in McShane or to conceal it until he had seen what the Shamrock's visit meant. He decided on the latter course.

Captain McShane entered the lagoon in good humor. He had expected to see the barkentine of his rival at anchor or at least to sight her leaving the atoll. Not knowing of Captain Boyle's tangent to the southwest, he now believed he had outsailed him after all and had passed the Margaret Ann in the night.

Smartly the Shamrock came into the wind off the wharf. Down came the headsails, out sped the chain, and the sailors jumped to furl sails as Bixby fired a salute.

Tamatau came off promptly, with anticipatory smiles, and returned the skipper's greeting. McShane ushered him to the cabin.

"Seen anything of Boyle, king?"

"No," grunted Tamatau, to the skipper's relief. "Plenty dry."

"Just a minnit, king," said McShane. "Sure, I've a surprise for you. See this?"

Tamatau's eyes held a smile as they gazed on the addition to his wardrobe. McShane had secured some cloth of brilliant emerald hue, made up into three voluminous suits of pajamas. "And this, too, king." McShane exhibited a large electric torch. "This *papalangi* light-stick. You come in traderoom and I'll show you."

Tamatau ponderously approached the darkened traderoom and grunted in astonishment as the powerful ray illumined the counter and shelves.

"See, king!" The skipper thrust the torch into the king's ready hand. "Slide um so—light, he go out. Slide um this away—light, he come. There! All that fine goods on counter for *wahines*."

"Present?"

"Sure and it's a present. I don't want your *tala*, king."

"You want um cargo?"

"No, king. Plenty too much hurry this time. I come in on slack tide—want to go out right along. Must go to Honolulu. Then pretty soon I come back. (More ginnybeer, Jerry!) King," he continued, as Tamatau strove to get the parch out of his throat, "you know island you got down along south—island with mountain?"

"Totomotu?"

"I guess so. Yes. I like to lease one year. I pay you."

"What you mean, *lesi?*"

"Lease means you give me Totomotu one year—I pay you. Perhaps I want long time. I pay you more."

"You want go see um now?"

"Sure and I've no time now, king. I know it's there."

"How much *tala?*"

"One hundred pounds."

"Five!"

"Is it a bank you think I am? One hundred's plenty much. One year—one hundred pounds."

"Five hundred—all same one year—all time."

They bargained to the same end as the king did with Boyle, and at last Tamatau surveyed his double purchase price with satisfaction. "*Dokadori* now," he said, gathering together his verdant attire and the bag of money. Gold it was, for Tamatau loved the jingle of it, and paper currency held for him no satisfaction.

"Be after fixing up the drink, Flynn," said McShane. "I want you to sign this, king."

Tamatau demurred, but he had no argument similar to the one he used with Boyle; so in the end he affixed his sprawling "T" to the document, which was duly witnessed by Flynn and Bixby, and departed.

McShane sent ashore the promised liquors and dress-stuffs, gleefully broke out his anchor and hoisted sail, and the Shamrock gathered way and sped on her long run north to Honolulu.

Not until the schooner's topsails dropped below the horizon did Tamatau—sitting in

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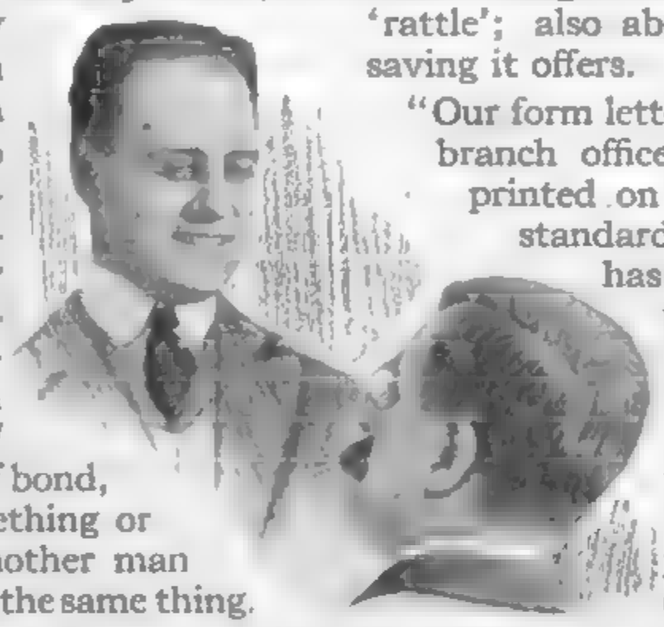
"The Utility Business Paper"

"Two Words Got the Order"

"Two words got you the order for these price lists, Abbot."

"That's interesting; it's usually *two figures* that decide."

"Illustrations and engravings were already made, so the only uncertain thing on this job was the paper. Tenny, your competitor, suggested a *good quality* of bond, basis something or other. Another man said about the same thing.



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SALES DIVISION, BOX 784

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

the cool of the afternoon, his tipple close at hand, his queens about him—order forth the noise-box and give the word for the concert to commence. As the palpitating strains of Wearing of the Green sobbed in plaintive discordance, Tamatau, thinking of a thousand pounds in the treasury, looked benignly on his people, ordered his pipe replenished and his bowl refilled, and sighed in supreme contentment.

Baron von Husen, in special command of His Imperial Majesty's Gunboat Blitz, looked up from the reading of the two cablegrams just handed him by Captain Ahrensbock, of the German steamer Elbe.

"You received these—when?" he asked.

"Two days ago, baron. I held action on them until the arrival of the Blitz at Sydney. Meantime I made inquiries concerning the senders."

"Good!"

The baron reread the messages. Both were of the same import—the offer of a mountainous island to the south of the Low Archipelago on lease or sale to the German Government for the installation of a wireless station. One, signed Captain Boyle, barkentine Margaret Ann, of Sydney, was dated in at Auckland; the other, from Captain McShane, schooner Shamrock, of Sydney, had been sent from Honolulu.

"It would appear to be the same island, captain," said Von Husen. "What do you make of that?"

"It seems they are sharers of a trade monopoly with Tamatau, ruler of a group of islands of which this Totomotu they offer is the only one not an atoll."

"But why two offers from different ports?"

"I imagine, baron, they thought it a safe way of duplicating their message and insuring delivery."

"Doubtless. What more do you know of this group?"

"It is not generally charted; but I have heard of its existence from several traders and shippers in Sydney. Totulu is the capital. Totomotu is more generally known as the Island of the Four M's."

"*Ach!* Well, Ahrensbock, this would seem to be fortunate. I was afraid we might have to abandon the idea of communication between Samoa and South America. The Blitz will be in Apia in about three weeks' time. The Schlag takes its place on patrol. This is the second of the month. Look up the steamers and—if they can make connections—cable these men to meet the Blitz at Apia on, say, the twenty-fifth."

Later that day replies, the lack of which was beginning to worry both Boyle and McShane, set those worthies busy arranging steamer passages to Samoa, leaving their vessels to proceed leisurely to Totulu under the command of first mates Hardin and Bixby.

On the twenty-fourth instant Boyle, waiting for the arrival of the Blitz, strolled out to watch the landing of the passengers from the Aleutia, the United Steamship Company's boat bound from Honolulu to Sydney via Samoa. He was chagrined, though not utterly surprised, to see McShane come breezily down the gangplank, a state of feeling accurately shared by the skipper of the Shamrock as he recognized his rival.

"Ah, McShane!" said Boyle. "Shamrock piled up on a reef, or just naturally stopped apart at last?"

"Divvil a bit, Boyle. She's being overhauled. I'm thinking some of shifting her to a barkentine rig."

"Well, that's a sensible idea."

"Yes; she's too fast the way she is. She gets the crew nervous. Margaret Ann in port?"

"She's on the way," replied Boyle.

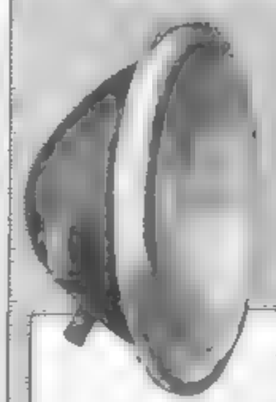
"Ah! I suppose you got tired and swam ahead. No offense, Boyle," as the latter flushed and turned away. "Join me in a drink at Looey's? Sure, Boyle, we don't often have a chance to clink glasses. Come along!"

The Blitz came in that evening. Boyle was first aboard next morning, having left McShane in convivial company overnight that promised a lengthy celebration. Making himself known to Von Husen he was mystified at the commander's greeting, couched in faultless English:

"Captain Boyle? I am glad to meet you. Your partner is not with you? I hear he arrived on the Aleutia. It is just as well he comes later. Captain, this is Lieutenant Schussler. He will entertain you until I

Continued on Page 65

GRAY & DAVIS Electric Lamps for FORD cars



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Ford owners can now buy complete Gray & Davis electric lamp equipment at the following prices:

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Headlights (single bulb) per pair	$5.00
Headlights (double bulb) per pair	6.00
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All 3 lamps (with single bulb)	6.00
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Lamps are attractive in design, strong and sturdy. Reflectors silver plated. Double bulbs (with dimming feature) conform with city ordinances.

How to Buy

Your dealer has these lamps or can order them for you. Or—you may order direct from us, sending postal note, money order, express check or certified personal check. Add $1 for carriage charges to any point west of the Mississippi or in Canada. No delivery charges elsewhere.

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To the Saxon owner, America becomes in a new sense the "sweet land of liberty." The region "just beyond the hills" or the show places of the continent are alike within your reach.

You can go anywhere you want, *in your daily business rounds or out on pleasure tours,* in this sturdy, willing car. No roads are too rough and rugged for it; no mountain climb too difficult.

Thousands of Saxons, all over the land, are proving their wonderful touring ability, their all 'round daily utility, their independence of all road conditions. Saxon was the first car to cross the country from ocean to ocean on one continuous trip over the Lincoln Highway. It traveled the entire 3,389 New York to San Francisco miles in 30 days, averaging about 30 miles to a gallon of gasoline.

Letters from all parts of the country tell of the stylish Saxon's never-failing and economical performance.

Mrs. Ray M. Mackey of San Antonio, Texas, writes: "My Saxon is very easy on tires and gasoline. It has the power to climb hills on country roads and to get in and out of traffic on crowded streets without difficulty. I like its neat and up-to-date appearance."

Two Saxon owners, G. W. and J. W. Logan, recently drove from their home city, Tiffin, Ohio, to Los Angeles, California, over every possible condition of road—at a total cost for car operation of $38.60.

Ideal Car for Every Day Motoring Needs

Mrs. E. J. Parenteau of Pittsburg says: "I have driven my Saxon about 5,500 miles and have found it ideal for country driving as well as city use—at an exceedingly small upkeep. On a recent trip from Pittsburg to Monongahela, we took the wrong road, covering a route where no automobile had ever gone before. So we feel quite proud of our Saxon."

Dr. E. J. Marsh of Oswego, N. Y., gives this testimony: "I have driven my Saxon nearly 3,000 miles. There isn't a prettier working engine in the world."

Rev. G. W. Bush, Ellicott City, Md., writes: "My car has given perfect satisfaction. Made a perfect trip to Indiana and return."

From Paul E. Reiff, Saxon owner in New Cumberland, Pa., comes this evidence: "The car does the work to my entire satisfaction and can climb hills on high gear that lots of machines are obliged to take on second."

Every Added Pound Costs More to Buy and Keep

Every automobile maker today is striving for light weight in design and construction. Why? Simply because light weight means economy. It makes possible a lower first cost and a very, very much lower after-cost.

The more pounds a car weighs, the more it costs to build and to buy—naturally; the more gasoline it takes to drive that car about; the more oil to lubricate it; the more tires to support it, and the more money to replace these tires when they wear out.

A few years ago it was different. People rightly expected then to find quality only in heavy, bulky cars. But materials have greatly improved. Steel makers, for instance, have discovered ways of adding strength and saving weight in steels. The Saxon engineers, taking advantage of these and other improvements, are able to produce a car that is light in weight, yet a marvel for strength and endurance.

Another great change—equally impressive—has been wrought. Not so very long ago, many people thought that an automobile, to be good, *had* to be high priced. There was a feeling that you had to apologize if you owned a low priced car.

Extravagance and False Pride Not Popular

This feeling has passed away. The automobile, starting as a luxury, is today a demonstrated necessity. It is no longer a plaything for the rich—no longer merely a show thing for the "four hundred."

You can find a similar development in watch making. Our grandfathers paid from $150 to $300 for watches. Now you can get a reliable timepiece with a good movement and a gold filled case for $12; and for $40 you can buy watches with full jeweled movements and 14-karat cases bearing the names of famous makers. The watch, like the automobile, is no longer a luxury or an ornament carried to show that the owner "has the price." It is a necessity for everybody.

No one apologizes any longer for riding in a low priced car. We no longer have any sense of false pride. It used to be fashionable to be extravagant. Now it is fashionable to be economical—to get the most service for your dollar.

Folks are now making their automobile purchases for the same commonsense reasons which govern their purchases of other necessities and comforts. They think well of their purchases because of service rendered rather than because of high prices paid.

Saxon is a big car for the price—wide and roomy enough for two large people to sit in perfect comfort. It is sturdily built, smooth riding, with light but powerful and flexible motor.

The 1915 Saxon has many improvements which make it even more desirable than before. Saxon is the *modern* car—distinctive, graceful. It is a car you'll be proud of. It is thoroughly up to the minute in every detail. Electric lights and starter, specially built for the Saxon, furnished when desired, as extra equipment.

We ask to have the Saxon car judged on the basis of the service it renders—in other words, its efficiency. We believe that, in relation to its price, it gives better service at less expense than any other car. It has more style, too.

We sell the Saxon car with the absolute confidence that on the average, year in and year out, under all kinds of conditions, it will carry its owner whatever number of miles he wishes to go at less expense than any other automobile.

"Saxon Days," our interesting magazine, contains more proof of Saxon superiority in construction and performance. We will gladly send you a copy upon request. Saxon dealers are everywhere—get in touch with one located nearest you or write us for his name. Address Department C.

Saxon "Six" $785

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The Rice Leaders of the World Association invites you to submit ideas about the products of its members

To the successful contestants $10,000 in cash prizes will be paid, divided as follows:

First Prize	$1,000.00	Ninth Prize	$100.00
Second Prize	$500.00	Tenth Prize	$100.00
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Fifth Prize	$100.00	Next 25 Prizes	$50.00 each
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3,388 Prizes—Total $10,000

Here are a few suggestions for Contest Ideas regarding any or all Members:

Ideas upon the superior merits of Members' goods.
Ideas upon new uses for Members' goods.
Ideas of new advertising phrases for products.
Ideas for advertising.
Ideas for selling
Ideas for demonstrations.
Ideas for window displays.
Ideas for traveling salesmen
Ideas for uses of Association Membership by Members.
There are countless other ideas.

Read the names of Members and their products on this page

Then study the products. Learn all you can about them. Call at the stores where they are sold and ask questions. The Association Emblem in the windows of merchants who are entering our $15,000 window display contest will identify many of these stores. Write any of the members for literature if you wish.

The conditions governing this contest must be strictly complied with

Write for them today. Send just a postal. The contest closes May 15th, so there is no time to lose. Everybody can compete. The conditions are very simple. There is no expense of any kind connected with this contest.

The purpose of This Idea Contest Is:

1st. To better acquaint you with the Members of the Association.
2nd. To obtain your views as to the superior merits of Members' products.
3rd. To obtain your advertising and selling Ideas for Members.

The eminent concerns listed here have been invited to Membership through their adherence to the following

Qualifications for Membership:

Honor: A recognized reputation for fair and honorable business dealings.
Quality: An honest product, of quality truthfully represented.
Strength: A responsible and substantial financial standing.
Service: A recognized reputation for conducting business in prompt and efficient manner.

These Qualifications are visualized by word and symbol in the Association Emblem shown above.

Write today. Address Idea Department

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Idea Department
Rice Leaders of the World Ass'n
358 Fifth Avenue
New York

Please send me complete rules and conditions of your $10,000 Idea Contest. Supplied free.

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Elwood E. Rice, Founder and President

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street
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(Continued from Page 62)

return. I am forced to go ashore for a little while. I should be obliged if you would wait for me."

McShane later was, in turn, perplexed, as the officer of the deck informed him that his partner had already arrived. In the commander's quarters he found Boyle with Lieutenant Schussler, discussing—for the lack of a mutual language—some excellent schnapps and some very bad cigars. These offered to and shared by McShane, the lieutenant tendered his apologies.

"If you eggscuze I haf der duties." For the want of words he waved his hands at the refreshments and left.

"I was expecting you, McShane," said Boyle. "Don't try those cigars—they taste of the wrappers."

"Thank you," said McShane. "Expecting me, were you? Sure and they told me I'd be finding my partner down here. Seeing we're partners—or supposed to be," said McShane at length—"we might discuss the matter. I hardly see why you troubled to come all the way to Samoa. You must have found out from Old Tomato that I had beaten you to it."

"You beat me!" said Boyle scornfully. "Not lately—even with your dirty work with Jimmy Brownbill."

"Are you thinking you got there first?" asked McShane.

"I'm not thinking—I know it. Didn't the king show you the orchestrion I took him?"

"Divvil a note of it! How could he when it wasn't there yet?"

"I got there before you, McShane, and you may as well own up to it."

"Did ye? And how are you going to prove it?"

"Prove it!" exploded Boyle. "Prove it? Why—— Wait a bit! What pajamas was the king wearing? Brand-new, weren't they—red and yellow on a blue ground?"

He saw the light in McShane's eye, though the latter tried to mask his consternation by raising his glass.

"Talk of pajamas settles nothing," said McShane. "But we've got to fix this up before this Von Who-is-it comes aboard. The point is, what date have you got on your lease or deed—or whatever you fixed up with the king?"

It was Boyle's turn to parry. If McShane had secured Tamatau's signature his only hope lay in a big bluff to win or some plan to divide the pot.

"I went in and left the lagoon the same day," he said warily "the seventeenth of October."

"The divvil you did!" McShane ejaculated. "Honest, Boyle?"

"You have my word on it."

"And the king gave you a lease on Totomotu?"

"Sold it to me outright."

"And he sold it to me on the nineteenth. The damned, deceiving, dirty king of clubs! The *poi*-eating, gin-swizzling son of a squid!"

"Go on!" said Boyle. "You do it better than I could. He double-crossed us—or, rather, you."

"Well, the two days' difference makes but little matter," said McShane. "They've gone by long ago. We've been joint owners for weeks," he added with a short laugh, "though we didn't know it."

"How do you figure that out, McShane? Where do you come in? Just two days too late, to my way of thinking."

"Well," stalled McShane, thinking hard, "you see, Boyle, neither of us have got a man in possession—and that's bad. Then, if this Von Thingamy sees there's no partnership and we're squabbling as to who owns the island he'll likely chuck us both over and deal with that wily old copper-sheeted divvil himself. We don't want to let him see there's any cloud on the title whatsoever."

"You're too much of a lawyer to be a good Irishman, I'm thinking," said Boyle; "but there's something in what you say."

"Are you willing to make a deal of it?"

"I'll tell you, McShane: Maybe we'd get along better all round as friends than enemies. There's plenty for both. I'm willing to share even if you are—starting with this Totomotu deal."

"Boyle," said McShane heartily, "you're a white man! It's too bad you were born in the wrong end of Ireland. Let's shake hands on it." And so, to the satisfaction of both, the bargain was sealed. "What'll we ask for it?" McShane went on.

"Well," said Boyle, "as partners, what did you pay for it? I paid five hundred."

"Me too. The plunderin' old pirate!"

"How would a thousand pounds a year on a long lease do? Or ten thousand outright for a sale?"

"Start it at double. Who'll do the talking? Have you seen the place? I haven't."

"Yes, I've seen it—about twelve years ago; and I've got the longitude with me—looked it up in an old log."

"Then you attend to that part of it. How'll I help?"

"What kind of a looking document have you got?" asked Boyle, very steadily adding water to a measure of schnapps. "The king spilled his *dokadori* all over mine. It's all right, but it looks terribly messy."

"Use mine," said McShane. "Here 'tis—all fixed up shipshape and typewritten. I'll insert your name with mine and we'll fix up a regular partnership deed when we go ashore."

"Commander von Husen!" announced Lieutenant Schussler.

"My partner, commander—Captain McShane."

"It would seem, gentlemen," said the baron later, "that the island might suit the purposes of my government. How high is that mountain, Captain Boyle?"

"Close to five thousand feet, I reckon."

"So! And there is good anchorage, you say, and water? You have deeds of ownership, of course. It will be necessary to have them ratified by Tamatau—as a matter of form. If you have secured his signature in good faith, before witnesses, that should be amply sufficient. As to price? Though a mountainous island is preferable, it is not essential; and I have my limitations of purchase. Should your price be prohibitive we may have to acquire an atoll. Now what are your ideas as to terms?"

The trio bargained politely but doggedly.

"So!" said the baron at length. "We will set the offer at eight thousand pounds to purchase outright; but we must first see the island. Meantime I shall be glad to have you as my guests. I will arrange accommodations. We leave to-morrow. If you can come aboard to-night ——"

"Four thousand pounds apiece, Boyle, my lad!" said McShane in the privacy of Looey's Captains' Parlor. "Not so bad! When it's all settled and we've got the money, damned if I don't show it to Old Tomato, just to watch him turn the color of the new pajamas I took him."

"We've got to get him to ratify that paper," said Boyle.

"He'll ratify it—if I have to make him do it with his own carronades. He fired 'em at me once—the potbellied old hippopotamus!"

The Blitz arrived off the westernmost of Tamatau's atolls within the week and headed southward. The baron had proved a courtly host, and Boyle and McShane were in high good spirits with themselves and all the world.

"Well, gentlemen," asked Baron von Husen as the trio stood about a chart-strewn table, "where is your island? You could not have been mistaken in your longitude, Captain Boyle?"

"I could not," replied that harassed skipper. "I worked it out myself and set it down in the log. Here it is, checked by my mate."

"Your observations and those of Captain McShane this morning tallied with ours, I believe"

"They did," said McShane ruefully. "According to the crossing of our Sumner's Lines we ought to be on top of the damned island now!"

"By Jane, we are!" exclaimed Boyle as the Blitz suddenly shuddered through all its length and the three sprang to their feet in instant knowledge of what must have happened.

Von Husen rushed on deck, followed by the two skippers.

The powerful engines were churning the propeller at full speed astern as they reached the deck. The sea lay placid all about them—deep blue, save about the gunboat's bows, where muddy water showed the disturbance of a hidden reef. The efforts of the engine room proved successful and the Blitz was soon surging astern.

"Close call that!" said Boyle. "Wonder they didn't pile up harder! There's the baron calling us on the bridge."

"I guess your longitude was right, Captain Boyle," said Von Husen. "There's the peak of your mountain." He pointed ahead to where—an eighth of a mile away—white streaks of water, lazily turbulent, gave evidence of a surface reef. "The lookout saw it in time," went on the baron, "to save us from serious trouble. The island is there,

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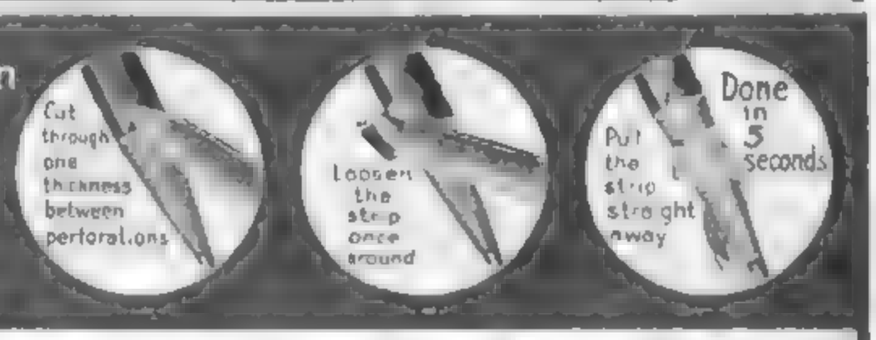
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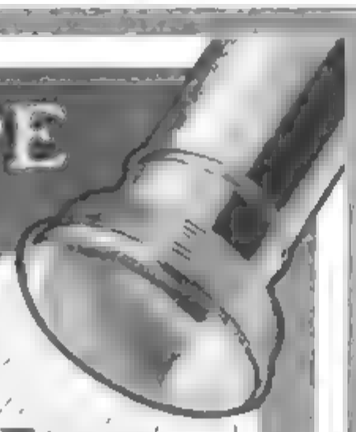

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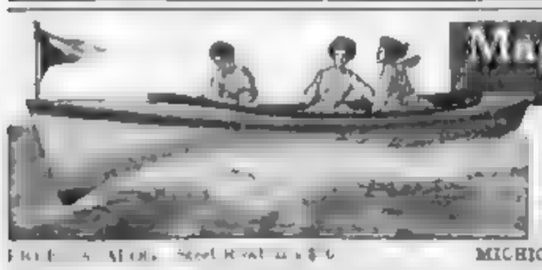

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I imagine—only it's out of sight. It was volcanic naturally."

"It's sure dropped out of sight in value!" said McShane.

"There have been no indications of late disturbances in the ship's instruments," said Von Husen. "It's hard luck for you, gentlemen; but I'm very much afraid that's all that's left of Totomotu."

The readings of the deep-sea lead established the existence of a submarine peak beyond a doubt, and the Blitz headed north, with two sadly disgruntled skippers discussing the situation.

"Lucky she didn't strike hard enough to start anything!" said McShane. "Now I suppose he'll make a dicker with that swindlin' old savage for an atoll—and we lose out. Why the divvil didn't we have sense enough to get a lease on the whole group?"

"Can I take you gentlemen back to Apia?" asked the German commander of his passengers the next morning.

"Our ships'll be in Totulu within a week or so," answered Boyle. "We'll stay there."

"Good. There is depth enough in the channel and lagoon for me to enter?"

"Plenty," said McShane. "I'll pilot you in if you like."

"I think, gentlemen," said Von Husen, quietly but firmly, "that, seeing our negotiations have fallen through, I must ask you to remain on board the Blitz until I have interviewed the king. Afterward, of course, you can do as you please."

"And that's all there is to it!" said McShane as the commander left them. "He'll have us put in irons if we show our noses on deck, I suppose."

"Who wants to?" said Boyle. "I don't want to watch Old Tomato pocketing our twelve thousand pounds."

"He won't!" said McShane. "I'll tell Von Husen what we paid for Totomotu."

Tamatau, complacently ignorant of the soaring values of Totulu real estate, was well satisfied with the five hundred pounds that Von Husen, acting on McShane's hint, offered him for an outlying atoll. It seemed a big price for a ring of sand and coral and a cluster of cocoa palms.

"I will pay you cash for this," said the commander, concluding the deal.

Tamatau, greatly impressed by the gold-laced uniforms of his visitors, by the size of the big steamer, aboard which he was not invited, and the majesty of its guns, signaled from his doorway to Kokua, and immediately the orchestrion broke out, in celebration of the triple deal, into the Wearing of the Green.

"*Du lieber Himmel!*" exclaimed the startled Von Husen. "What is that?"

"*Musika!*" said Tamatau.

"Music! I thought they were killing pigs!"

"Is that the machine you were talking about?" asked McShane of Boyle, below-decks on the Blitz, under the casual but continued inspection of a quartermaster.

"It is!" groaned Boyle. "It cost me five hundred and eight pounds."

"I'm the worst off," said McShane. "You got five hundred on that auto you sold him last year; but I'll smash that record as soon as we get ashore. He'll taunt us with no Irish tunes while I'm about!"

"This island of Totomotu," said Von Husen as Tamatau made his sprawling "T" on receipt and deed, "has sunk. It is not my business, but do you intend to give back the money?"

"What for—give back? Kapitani Boili sell me devil-wagon—I pay five hundred pounds. Devil-wagon sink, all same like island. Kapitani Makasani, he want island; so I sell him. He try sell me devil-wagon, too, all same like Kapitani Boili."

"You sold it to both of them?"

"All same both."

"How about this?" Von Husen tapped the papers just signed.

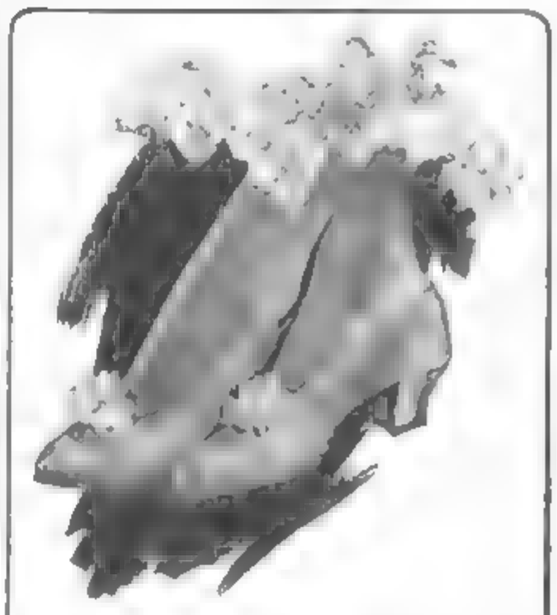
"Oh, no, kapitani. This not same. This I sell you. Too much afraid your too plenty big gun," said the monarch, grinning.

"So!" said the baron. "Well, of course, you didn't know the island was going to sink—and you couldn't have helped it if you had known. . . . One thing more, king," he continued: "When this Totomotu Island sank, was there any trouble here, on this island of Totulu—or any other island you own—plenty shake, eh?"

"Very plenty hot, maybe rain. Too plenty much long time ago now. I forget."

"You forget. Why, when did it happen?"

"Huh?" Tamatau grinned as he looked at the piles of coin. "That dam Totomotu, he sink ten year ago!"



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Read our 80-page book before enrolling for any law course. [illegible] now to judge the claims of correspondence schools also [illegible] the American School's simple new method of home [illegible] Prepared by [illegible] 28 more [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

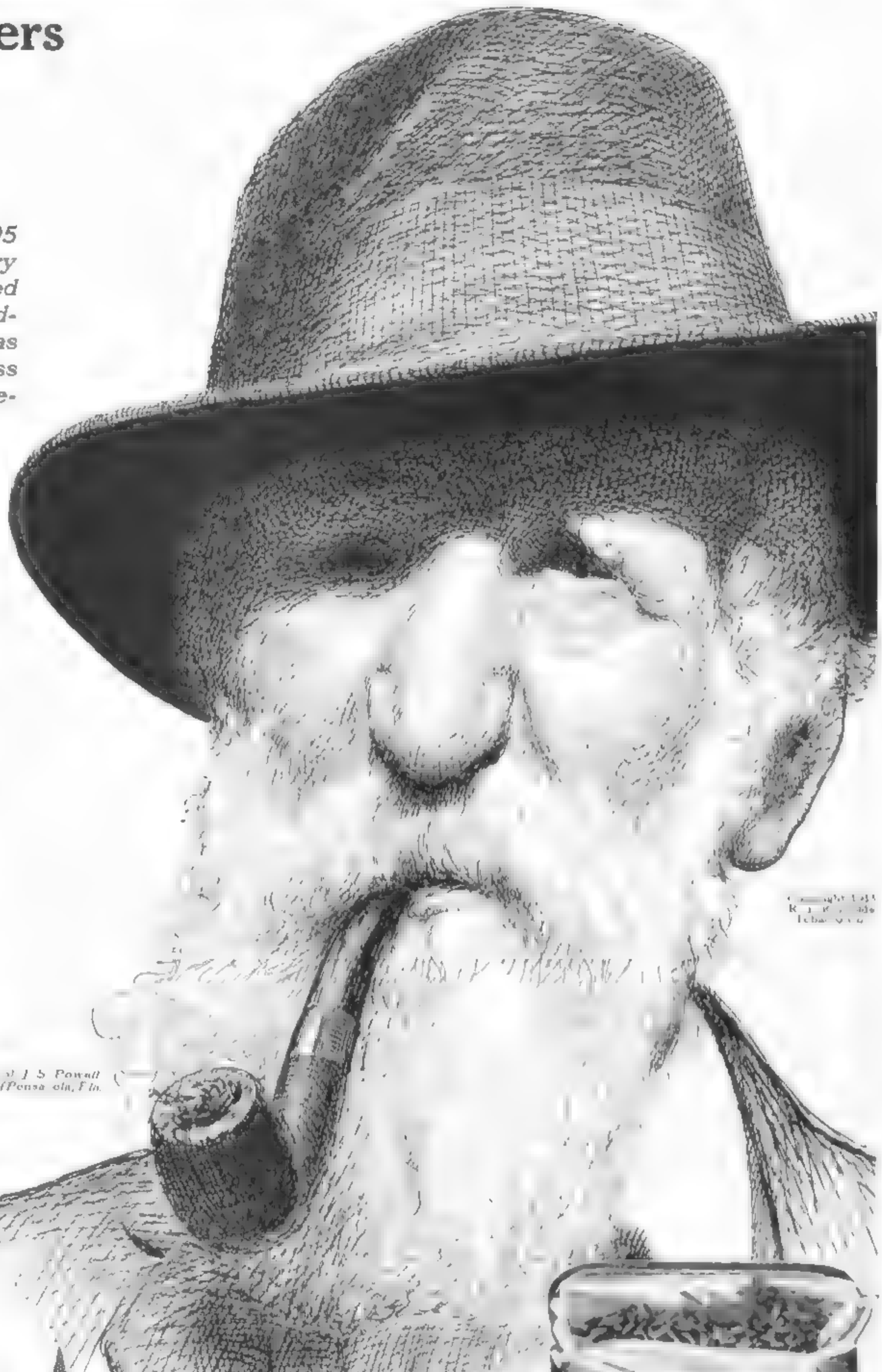
Old-time jimmy-pipers rally round the P. A. standard!

Col. J. S. Powell of Pensacola, Fla., 95 years old, and nephew of William Henry Harrison, the ninth President of the United States, has just been elected to the "old-time jimmy-pipers" club. Col. Powell has smoked for 85 years, breaking into harness as a ten-year-old. We will be glad to receive pictures of old-time smokers.

Now, everybody sit around close:

Any farmer along the friendly road will tell you never to judge the depth of a well from the length of its pump-handle. Just like it's back-shuffling cards to choose your tobacco from *the looks of the package!*

Pick P. A. for pipe joy and cigarette makin's joy, and you'll be just as happy as a June bug in an apple tree. For it's mighty widespread news nowadays that Prince Albert is made by a patented process that *takes the teeth out of the smoke* and leaves your tongue as calm and peaceful as a harvest-moon night. Mind you, *no* scorch, *no* parch, *no* forget-me-not after-taste. Just sunshine and happiness and *quick repeats* for yours! That's *jimmy-pipe joy* that comes via

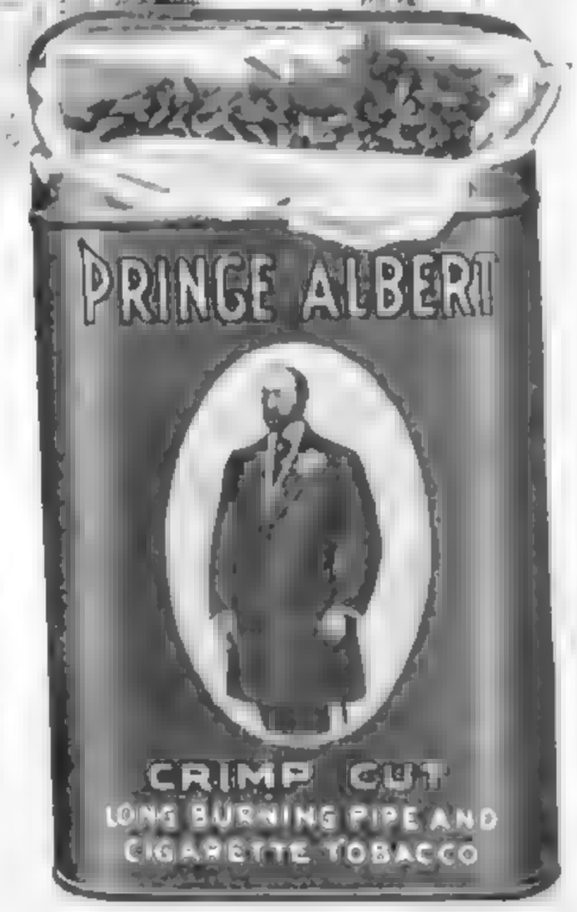


PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

While the spring's young, tune up that old jimmy-pipe and bud-out into a real and true pipe smoker. Sure enough, you'll be in full bloom before the day is done, if you'll get some P. A. and go to it like you never were tongue-tortured in your whole life before. For there's no more teeth in P. A. than in a mocking bird's tune box. *And let that drift into your system!*

P. A. awaits your cheerful smile wherever you go. Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; pound and half-pound tin humidors—and that classy crystal-glass pound humidor with the sponge in the top that keeps P. A. so good that you'll have one at the office and one at home.



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Cost of Living
no longer worries
the wives
who tell their
own stories in
this remarkable
series

HOW I HELPED MY HUSBAND TO MAKE MORE MONEY

Since this
unique series began
men and women
all over America
have written
saying that
the ideas given
are being
put into use
by them.

I Boosted My Husband's Income From $1200 to $5000 a Year

And I did it in a way that is possible to the wife of any young architect. It was my idea, and The Man of the House gives me all credit for it.

My Husband Was a Mill Hand Now He's His Own Boss. I Did It

My way developed from a skimpy little idea that came to me one day as I opened the kitchen door. I applied the idea to our condition and it worked wonderfully.

My Grocer-Husband Would Tell You I Am the One Who Saved the Business

The things he let me do in the store were not difficult. They caught the public's fancy, and now we are on Easy Street in the sunshine.

My Husband Earned $10 a Week Now He Has a Factory of His Own

From the slough of despond we have climbed to the mountain top, and the way was discovered by me. It was a woman's way and it won.

I Put My Husband's Business on Wheels A Little Push and Our Fortune Was Made

He was a grocer, and things weren't going as well as they should. Then I got the idea that changed their whole course. Wheels did it—real wheels—plus push.

My Husband Was a Clerk Now He's a Department Manager

The proprietor of the store permitted him to carry out a simple little idea of mine that made good from the start, with the result that promotion came.

Wives' Ideas That Won Rewards
IN THE APRIL
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
On Sale Everywhere Now—15 cents
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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All-wool fabrics and scientific factory methods have made Clothcraft the standard of value and good style in men's medium-priced clothing.

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(IN YOUR TOWN)

Write to The Joseph & Feiss Co. 820 St. Clair Ave. Cleveland, O. for booklet "How to Dress Well on Little Money" and name of the all-wool serge and Clothcraft Suit and Overcoat dealer nearest you.

The Coward Shoe

"Keeps Feet Put On"

Men and women are more or less dependent upon their feet for support. Those who feel their ankles and arches losing their positions will find security by wearing Coward Arch Support Shoes with Coward Extension Heels; faithful helpers of disabled ankles and arches, and daily benefactors to over-burdened foot muscles.

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Send for Catalogue — Mail Orders Filled
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POULTRY SECRETS—MAKE GOOD INCOME

... this 200-page book ... beginner how to ... breeders—how they started, grew, etc. Free to you.

Robert Essex Incubator Co. 9-E Henry St., Buffalo, N. Y. 67-D Barclay St., New York City

THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY

(Continued from Page 10)

the things proposed and fought over in a dozen presidential campaigns?

It is of course out of the question to give in a single article all the advantages, direct and indirect, which the building of the Lincoln Highway affords to all the people, and the forward impulse which that thoroughly national work gives to our national life and progress; but one by-product of usefulness should be mentioned, though it appeals but little to us in our present state of mind. Some of us think and all of us hope that war with another country is impossible, yet we have had several wars, most of them breaking suddenly, as is the way of this human pestilence. Should this curse fall on us the Lincoln Highway and its feeders, if well built of durable material, would be of large and lasting service.

There are those who believe that the Lincoln Highway system would be more useful for the transportation of troops and provisions than all our transcontinental railroads; for a highway cannot be so easily torn up as a railroad, and can be more easily repaired; automobiles are more numerous and can be more quickly manufactured than freight or passenger cars; and motor-driven or horse-drawn vehicles of every kind have a flexible adaptability that of course is impossible to the rigid service of cars and engines, which can move only on steel rails.

Other nations build solid and enduring highways with an eye to their military uses, considering as by-products the commercial, social and industrial benefits that may be derived from them. We properly think of their peaceful uses when building our roads; but is it not wise to consider, also, their military value in possible emergencies, where the life of the nation might be in peril? If so, the Lincoln Highway and its feeders take on a still larger meaning and stand for patriotism in action and at white heat.

Plans for the Robert E. Lee Road

Consider now the branches of this main artery of commerce and travel. It is of course only human that people living near the Lincoln Highway and experiencing the saving, comfort and other benefits of a thoroughly well-built road, will see to it that they are connected with the Highway by roads equally excellent; and this process will extend mile after mile north and south of the main line.

One great tributary to the Lincoln Highway, already projected and hardly less important than the transcontinental line, will serve as an illustration of the larger branches. It appeals to the imagination quite as much as the Lincoln Highway itself, and its patriotic meaning and usefulness are quite as great as the parent line. It is proposed to run this branch from some point on the Lincoln Highway near Chicago, southward to Indianapolis, and thence on through Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida. This would give a continuous improved highway from the Lakes through the South to the ocean at Jacksonville, Florida.

The route has already been roughly mapped out, but not yet fixed. The first step in the tangible progress of this vital branch highway depends largely on the interest and activity of the governors of those states through which it is to pass. As in the case of the ocean-to-ocean trunk line connecting roads for this Southern thoroughfare already exist; but few of them are improved and most of them are impracticable in their present condition for the automobile or any other form of comfortable highway traveling.

This physical joining of the North and South would have a patriotic result that cannot be overstated. Great and ever-increasing numbers of our Northern people would make this journey every spring, fall, and particularly in winter; and of course a large and ever-increasing number of the Southern people would make the Northern trip. Everybody will appreciate the good effect of this. It has been suggested by Northern men that this Southern route be named for the South's great general and beloved hero, Robert E. Lee.

Here again the economic results loom large. The volume of fluid money continually poured out by automobile and other

Right Now I Am Making a Special Factory Price on 10,000 Cookers

To introduce the Rapid Fireless Cooker into new neighborhoods right away, I will send you a cooker for a full month's trial at my risk. I don't ask you to buy it. I don't want you to feel that you are under any obligation to keep it. Over 1,000 Rapids are now in use, every one sold on this plan

Try It 30 Days On My Personal Money-Back Guaranty

I want you to use the Rapid Fireless Cooker this way. Try it in your own home. Put it to every test you can think of yourself—and if you do not decide that the Rapid Fireless Cooker is a marvel—if the meals don't say that they are the finest meals, more wholesome, more delicious and more economical that you ever cooked—if you don't say it is the biggest help and comfort you ever had in the kitchen—if you don't say it will cook anything you ever cooked before and cook it with far less work than you ever did before—then I want you to send it right back and I will return your money without argument.

Rapid Fireless Cooker

Aluminum-Lined Throughout—Full Equipment of "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils

My Rapid Fireless Cooker will make a big reduction in your fuel bill, save you a large per cent of your fuel bill, save you work and worry, and I will cook all kinds of foods better. It makes them thoroughly digestible and delicious. All the flavor of the food remains in the food after it is cooked. My Cooker steams, boils, bakes, fries and roasts all kinds of vegetables and meats, makes delicious soups, puddings, breakfast cereals. Does a score of things you never thought of before. Write today for my special proposition. Write today for my special proposition. Write today for my special proposition

The simple gift that lends the touch of friendship without the embarrassment of an obligation—your photograph.

There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

tourists along this Southern line would furnish the South with fertilizing streams of cash, which the development of that section has sorely needed. The rise and fall of the price of cotton would no longer be an immediate life-and-death matter with the Southern planters in the states traversed.

Such are a few of the mountain peaks of attractive usefulness the Lincoln Highway reveals to the eye of reflection. What, now, of its origin? How did the enterprise begin? What is the story of its progress? Just what is being done to carry it forward? Of all the astonishing performances in our amazing country, where cities spring up overnight, is there any which surpasses the concept of the Lincoln Highway and the swift but well-ordered working out of that large but simple thought?

The germ of the idea is as old almost as our independence. Washington was the first great good-roads enthusiast in America; and Chief Justice Marshall kept well abreast of Washington by his fervid interest in the building of substantial highways which would bind together the sundered sections of a common country.

Indeed, every commanding statesman during the first half of our national existence was a champion of road building; and the settlement of our Middle West focused the minds of all on a practicable thoroughfare from the seaboard to the Mississippi. With Henry Clay this purpose became an obsession; and so incessant were his activities that popular sentiment inaccurately bestowed on him the title of Father of the National Road.

The Father of the Lincoln Highway

The originator of the present-day plan now under way was a constructive dreamer whose mind, nevertheless, travels on the four wheels of solid fact—Carl G. Fisher, a young business man of Indianapolis. Like tens of thousands of others who find pleasure in long-distance, open-air automobile tours, he ran up against the annoying circumstances of sections of good roads here and there that, speaking by and large, began nowhere and ended nowhere; and of bad and impracticable roads as the general rule. Why not, thought Fisher, build a highway clear across the continent, linking by one continuous roadbed our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards? Why not have one mighty trunk line of commerce and travel?

And how practical such a route was! Indeed, did not most if not all of it already exist in separate sections of roadway heretofore laid out and in use? Was not the first plain step to find out the most practicable of these roads leading from East to West and then join them together? And was not the second step equally plain—to begin the actual improvement of these various parts, thus buckled together, into one great ocean-to-ocean highway?

All this needed something more than thinking and talking. It needed money first of all. Certain Indianapolis manufacturers pledged one per cent of their sales for one year, amounting to three hundred thousand dollars, payable in three equal installments, conditioned on the raising of ten million dollars. Detroit manufacturers made like pledges of five hundred thousand dollars more. A single Ohio manufacturer, on the same basis, pledged three hundred thousand dollars. It was plain that the enterprise would have sufficient financial backing to make a real beginning worth while. This meant an organization. In March, 1913, Henry B. Joy, in Detroit, called a meeting of the men who had the project most at heart. All were business men; and so an auditor was employed to examine the pledges, and he reported that about two million dollars of these conditional contributions were gilt-edged.

With enough men interested to pay initial expenses, and the substantial backing of reliable pledges, an organization meeting was called. When incorporated the organization must have a name, and so of course must the highway itself. Many names were discussed by these hard-headed idealists—Washington, Jefferson, National and others; but a mingling of patriotic sentiment and common sense soon settled the question with these business men. The name of Lincoln was better known to all the people and closer to the people's hearts than that of anybody else. Then, too, Lincoln's name stood for nationality; and this road was to be national.

So the organization was incorporated according to the laws of Michigan, with a

(Continued on Page 72)

Walter Johnson
The Famous Pitcher Says:

Here's The Garter Without Objections

I never found a perfectly satisfactory garter until I got busy and invented the Walter Johnson Spring [illegible] to try a pair on my [illegible] My garter has no rubber [illegible] a patented spring which holds [illegible] Once adjusted [illegible] or binding [illegible] patented spring which you may see [illegible] for wearers of knee-length underwear The wonderful durability of my

Walter Johnson Spring Garter

"Has No Rubber"

is due to the fact that it is made of the best materials and by the most skilled workmen in the industry Cushion rubber button clasps [illegible] that to the leg cannot [illegible] ings. Metal parts [illegible] not touch the flesh [illegible] cotton, also of silk in [illegible] Fancy patterns [illegible]

All best dealers have them—or sample pair by mail 25 cents, silk 50 cents, and your dealer's name.

Ideal Side Line for Furnishing Trade Salesmen

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This Spring Solves Question of Satisfactory Garter Service

Patented and Found Only in the Walter Johnson Spring Garter

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For Every Purpose

are made as *good* as they *should* be, rather than as *cheap* as they *can* be.

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Especially adapted for use in soda fountains, cafés and grill rooms. Occupy only ⅔ space required for ordinary table sets and therefore save money by seating more patrons. Neat, sanitary, strong and economical. Any finish desired. $2.75 a set of three and four chairs. Send quote for free Catalogue No. 20

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Top Notch Rubber Footwear

Don't trust to chance when buying rubbers. Make sure of their wearing qualities *in advance*. Ask for Top Notch Rubbers with the patented long-lasting heel. Look for the Top Notch Cross on the sole. This is your guarantee of dependable quality and uniform service. You are certain of receiving your money's worth from every pair.

Booklet "S" and names of Beacon Falls dealers in your town free on request

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO., Beacon Falls, Conn.

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO KANSAS CITY MINNEAPOLIS

CHESTER V. JONES
OF OREGON

Earned $180.00 and secured two suits of clothes, two pairs of shoes, a watch, an electric motor and numerous other prizes—all within the year.

He did it by selling *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* after school hours on Thursday and Friday afternoons. In doing this he obtained a splendid business training

His record has won for him membership in our honorary order, "The League of Curtis Salesmen," and promotion to the rank of "Expert Salesman." When he is ready to take up his life work he will be able to present to any employer a strong recommendation from us

Do YOU want to earn money, to secure prizes, to train yourself for business? Later on, when you are ready to undertake YOUR life work, we will help YOU to obtain a good position.

For particulars, write to

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FEDERAL

Federal Service Is Extra Service

USERS of Federal Tires enjoy so many advantages that instinctively they think of Federals as the tires of extra service. And back of the tires they find the Federal Company, through its branches and distributors and dealers, ever ready to meet them, more than half-way, with the spirit of fair dealing.

It is easy for us to *stand back of*

The Exclusive Federal
Double-Cable-Base Tires
("Rugged" and Plain Treads)

for Federal Tires are not only made of pure Para rubber and best quality "square" woven fabric, but Double-Cable-Base construction *eliminates* the four common and costly tire troubles:—rim-cutting, tube-pinching, side-wall blow-outs just above the rim and the danger of tires slipping from their rims. Federal users do not experience these annoyances and items of expense.

Genuine Protection Against Skidding

The Federal "Rugged" Tread is scientifically designed to safeguard your car from skidding, *and it does*. From every angle, the big round projections grip the slippery roadway *tenaciously*.

Double-Cable-Base Tires are made in all styles and sizes

Federal Rubber Manufacturing Co.

MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.

Branches, Distributors and Service Stations in all Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere.

SERVICE

Why White Lead Independence Hall?

It is the birthplace of our nation. It has stood since 1729 and the people demand its preservation. Those responsible to the American people for the preservation of Independence Hall protect it with paint made of Dutch Boy White Lead and pure linseed oil—the paint that laughs at time and defies the weather.

The preservation of your house is equally important to you. Direct your painter to use

Dutch Boy White Lead

and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil, mixed for your house and tinted any color. With low first cost and long wear you save at both ends and get maximum protection.

Would you be interested in a simple test which will help make you paint-wise? We will send you materials, together with booklet of practical suggestions and color schemes. Ask our nearest office for Painting Ads No. 72.

When you are in New York make it a point to visit the Home Builders' Permanent Exposition in the Craftsman Building, 6 East 39th Street. National Lead Company's exhibit is in charge of an experienced decorator whom you may consult free of charge.

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Buffalo Chicago St. Louis
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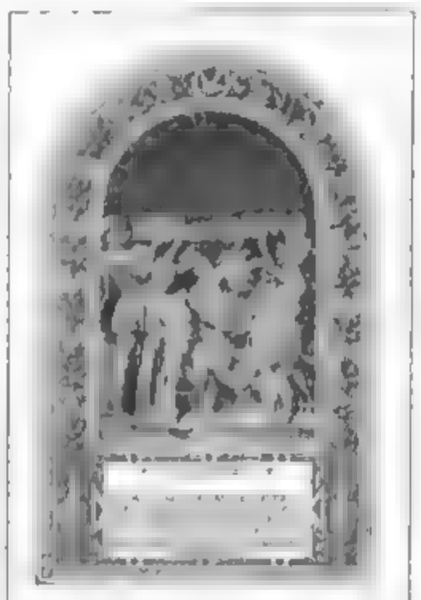


A Twelve-Time Easter Gift

EACH YEAR the custom of making Easter gifts becomes more general.

LAST YEAR through the columns of *The Ladies' Home Journal* we suggested that instead of the sort of gift which is quickly forgotten the remembrance take the form of a year's subscription to that magazine. Many hundreds of people adopted the suggestion, and so we now repeat it, but with an added feature which will increase greatly the attractiveness of the gift.

TO EACH PERSON for whom you order a subscription as an Easter present we will send a lovely, illuminated announcement bearing your name, stating that the magazine is to be sent for the following twelve months. The announcement itself, which measures 6x9 inches, is a beautiful reproduction in color of Luca Della Robbia's famous work, which most people will want to have framed.

ORDER AT ONCE, enclosing $1.50 ($2.00 in Canada) for each subscription, stating plainly that it is an Easter remembrance.

THE FIRST COPY of the subscription and the announcement will be mailed so as to reach the recipient on the day before Easter.

The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia, Penna.

(Continued from Page 70)

nonprofit-sharing membership, under the title of the Lincoln Highway Association, with Henry B. Joy as president. Then quickly followed the opening of offices at Detroit, with A. R. Pardington, the association's vice-president and secretary, in detailed executive charge. A personal examination of the various possible routes was made. Mr. Joy, the association's president, made an automobile tour to the Pacific over one route; Mr. Fisher and a number of business men, in automobiles, examined a different route to the Western Coast. By personal talk, public meetings, correspondence and in every practical way the people themselves were consulted.

Spirited competition among states, cities and localities for the location of the route furnished the officials and directors of the association with every possible viewpoint. Advice was sought from everybody who, by any route, had made the transcontinental journey. Railroad engineers were consulted. No possible source of first-hand information was overlooked. Out of a perfect maze of conflicting views emerged a consensus of opinion favorable to the route finally chosen. It was the shortest; it was the easiest; and on the whole it has been and is the most traveled route. It could be improved with least expense into an unbroken permanent highway.

Before final action was taken, the route thus selected was submitted to the annual meeting of governors held at Colorado Springs in the latter part of August, 1913. This body of state executives agreed with the judgment of the Lincoln Highway Association and the route was fixed, unchangeably and forever, as it now is.

Women Turn Roadbuilders

At once this association issued a Proclamation of Route of the Lincoln Highway, which stated the purpose of the association to be: "To immediately promote and procure the establishment of a continuous improved Highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, open to lawful traffic of all descriptions, without toll charges, and to be of concrete wherever practicable. This highway is to be known, in memory of Abraham Lincoln, as the Lincoln Highway."

The popular response was instantaneous and immense. Letters and telegrams which, because of the association's previous activities, had been coming to its offices to the number of about a hundred each day, suddenly jumped to bushel basketfuls, praising the route chosen, asking for information, offering aid, and showing in every way vivid and vital interest.

The raising, from a few sources, of the ten million dollars, on which the large pledges already made were conditioned, naturally required more time; so the association appealed directly to the people and to the authorities of the states, counties, townships, cities and towns through which the route passed.

Numerous public meetings were gotten up by the people themselves. Individuals from every condition of life showed a personal and fruitful interest. Thus came multitudes of incidents like those of the school children's pennies, the high-priced-egg selling of the farmer's wife, and other examples already given. In short, the enterprise had captured the imagination of the millions.

On its own initiative and without prior knowledge of the association the General Federation of Women's Clubs took the matter up and appointed a Lincoln Highway Tree Committee to plant trees and shrubbery indigenous to each state along the borders of this great national road.

In like manner the American Society of Landscape Architects organized a Lincoln Highway Committee, the purpose of which was to make scientific plans for the Women's tree-and-shrubbery planting organization to carry out.

To help the building of the road practically, a Nevada county constructed a heavy concrete bridge across an arroyo, learning incidentally, in doing so, that this permanent bridge cost less than half what the county had already spent in trying to make the arroyo passable. At his own expense the contractor, as his personal contribution, erected concrete balustrades or railings on each side of this bridge, with the word Lincoln on one side and the word Highway on the other, in concrete letters two feet high. Pictures of this were printed broadcast—more than two hundred newspapers asked for illustrations.

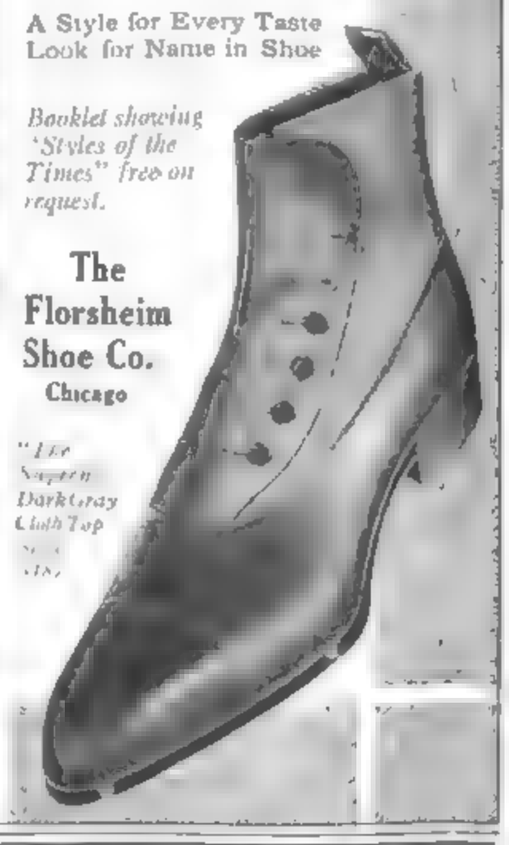
The Florsheim SHOE

TO be fitted in proper style, get a pair of the new Florsheim Cloth Tops—finest imported materials in handsome colors and clever designs. Now shown by the Florsheim dealer. Priced at $6.

A Style for Every Taste
Look for Name in Shoe

Booklet showing "Styles of the Times" free on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago

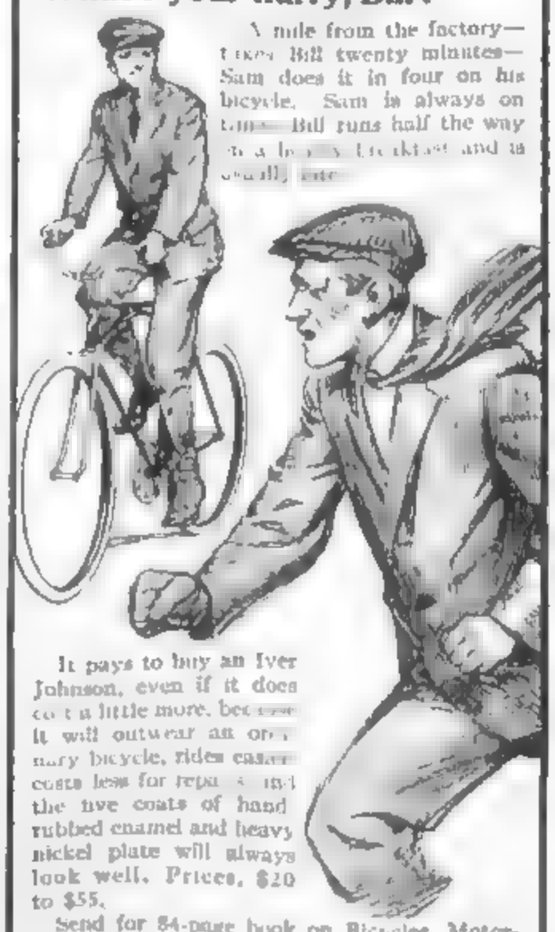


MEN WEAR THEM EVERYWHERE

IVER JOHNSON

What's your hurry, Bill?

A mile from the factory—takes Bill twenty minutes—Sam does it in four on his bicycle. Sam is always on time—Bill runs half the way to work, breakfast and is usually late



It pays to buy an Iver Johnson, even if it does cost a little more, because it will outwear an ordinary bicycle, rides easier, costs less for repairs and the five coats of hand rubbed enamel and heavy nickel plate will always look well. Prices, $20 to $55.

Send for 84-page book on Bicycles, Motorcycles, Revolvers and Shotguns.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
290 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
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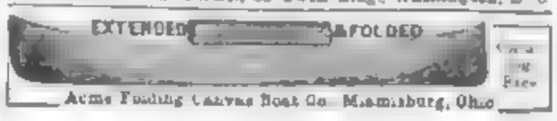
PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. RICHARD B. OWEN, 35 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.



Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co. Miamisburg, Ohio

A Place for
Sani-Flush
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
in Every Home

Sani-Flush keeps the toilet bowl always clean and white—free from stains, discolorations and disagreeable odors. Use a little every day and you'll be rid of your most disagreeable household task; you avoid using your hands or a brush and bending your back.

Sani-Flush isn't a general cleanser. It cleans only toilet bowls and keeps them clean. It's a soluble, clean, white, odorless powder. It won't harm the bowl nor the plumbing connections.

Your grocer or druggist probably has ***Sani-Flush.*** If not, send us his name and 25c (30c in Canada, 50c in foreign countries) for a full-size can, postpaid. Have ***Sani-Flush*** handy in your bathroom. Money back if ***Sani-Flush*** fails to do as we claim.

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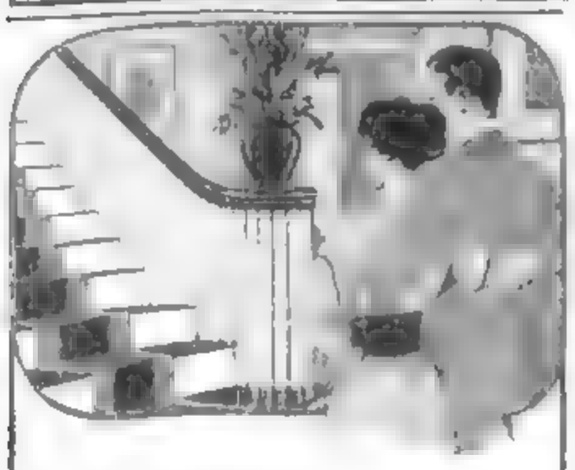
To Dealers: You can sell *Sani-Flush* easily because it performs a necessary task. The way it makes good makes it a strong repeater. Order from your jobber or write to us. **The trap which *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans and keeps clean**



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Like other celebrated Berry Brothers' products it has withstood the hardest wear and tear in homes and public buildings for over 57 years. Booklets and valuable information on finishing are free to you from the nearest Berry Brothers dealer or direct from our factory.

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World's Largest Varnish Makers
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Factories: Detroit, Mich.; Walkerville, Ont.; San Francisco, Cal. Branches in principal cities of the world

Lasting, Waterproof, Floor Varnish
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WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

Thus, the American Institute of Architects became interested and took action. It voluntarily offered to prepare preliminary plans for bridges, arches, markers, and so on, connected with the Highway, thereby establishing standards of recognized artistic merit, all free of charge; and to make this offer effective the institute appointed a committee known as the Lincoln Highway Committee of the American Institute of Architects.

To organize, make practical and increase the local interest shown in communities, townships, counties and states, the managers of the Lincoln Highway Association devised the plan of appointing men whose interest in the Highway was earnest and lasting to represent the association officially. This group of practical day-in-and-day-out workers is called the Lincoln Highway Association Consuls.

There is a Lincoln Highway Consul for each state, and working under and in harmony with him are numerous other consuls; and thus is made up a chain of local consuls. These men, by interviews, correspondence, public addresses and conversation, feed in a healthy, normal way the growing public interest in the work.

The Seedling-Miles Competitions

These consuls are men of high standing for ability and integrity, serving, of course, without pay and inspired only by their enthusiasm for the Lincoln Highway and for good roads generally. It is through their work that most of the Lincoln Highway route has already been marked—all will be marked before this is published. This Lincoln Highway mark, already familiar to and sought for by automobile tourists, is a simple but striking design of the national colors—red, white and blue—with a large letter L on the middle band of white. The whole sign is nearly two feet high and is painted on the most convenient objects along the road-side—on telephone and telegraph poles, barns, fences, stones or trees.

In some states, notably New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the roads chosen for the Highway are in excellent condition. Indeed, this may also be said of much of the Lincoln Highway route through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; and the state, county and township authorities of these commonwealths are strenuously and effectively at work finishing the permanent improvement of the whole line. The stimulus to effective public interest in good roads which the Lincoln Highway enterprise has given is shown by the fact that in counties where bond issues to build good roads had been defeated at the polls year after year, they have been voted by heavy majorities to build roads on the Lincoln Highway route.

To encourage townships and counties to make permanent improvements of the Highway running through them, the managers of the Lincoln Highway Association devised the idea of the "seedling mile." A state is divided into equal sections of forty miles each. Materials for building a seedling mile in each forty-mile section are furnished by the Lincoln Highway Association to that township which is first to accept the association's aid. Thousands of barrels of cement have already been contributed to the successful competitors—this material being given to the Lincoln Highway Association by the cement industry of the country as its contribution to the building of this transcontinental Highway.

These seedling miles must be built according to what are called the Wayne County Specifications—those by which the model roads of Wayne County, Michigan, were constructed. Though these specifications call for concrete, local authorities in townships, counties and states may use any other material they prefer; but the Lincoln Highway Association furnishes only concrete to the seedling-mile competitors.

Thus, throughout its three thousand four hundred miles, the Lincoln Highway is being built. Publicity has been the mainspring of the whole work. Indeed, it could not have advanced a single step without the generous and active coöperation of the press. Thousands of columns have already been printed voluntarily and without price by newspapers, magazines and other periodicals; and scores of thousands of columns more will be given by these sources of public information.

The seedling-mile idea proved to be a seedling idea. Why should townships, counties and states be the only ones to build these separate miles? If the Lincoln

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SEE that curved ink-feed inside the transparent pen? That's the *Lucky Curve*—the clever invention that applies the law of capillary attraction and stops the leaks.

The *Lucky Curve* is exclusive on Parker Pens so are the invisible Self-Filler, Lucky Curve and Jack Knife Safety pens [illegible] Parker

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The pen with the invisible self-filling device. Press the button and it fills in two seconds. The Parker Self Filling Pen, $2.50 up.

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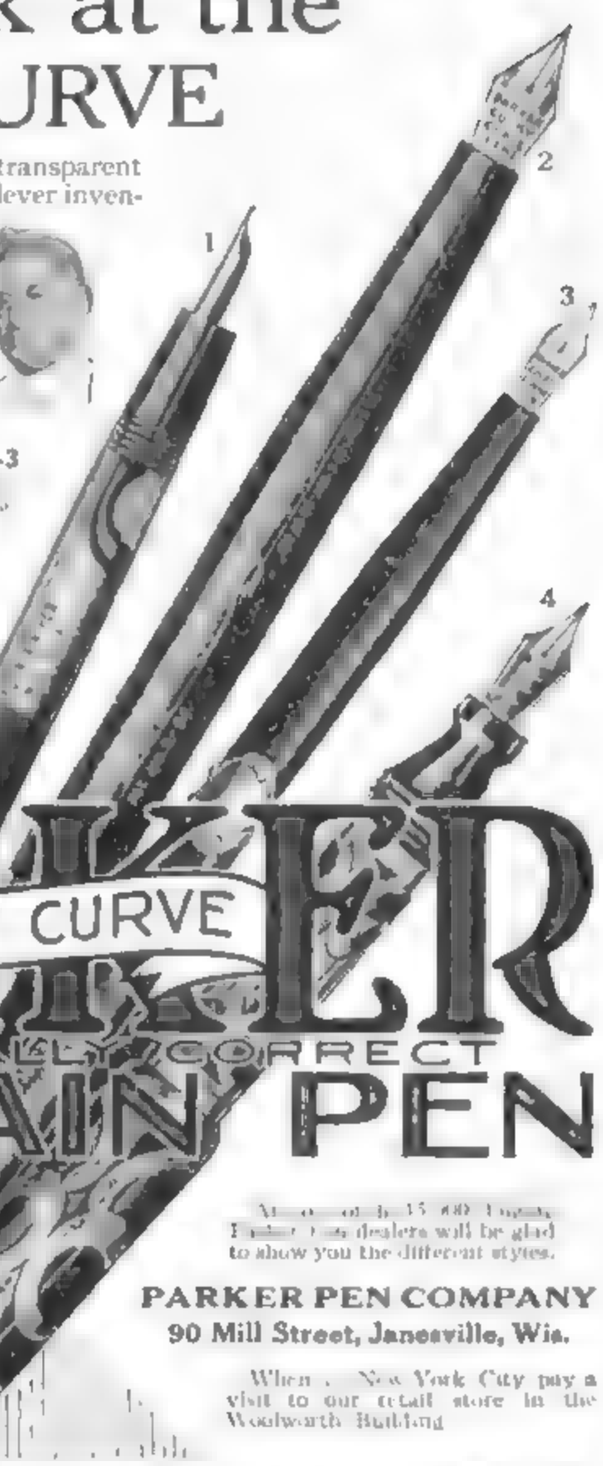
TRANSPARENT BAKELITE PEN—No. 1
You can look right through the barrel and tell when pen needs refilling. A wonderful pen, $3.50 up.



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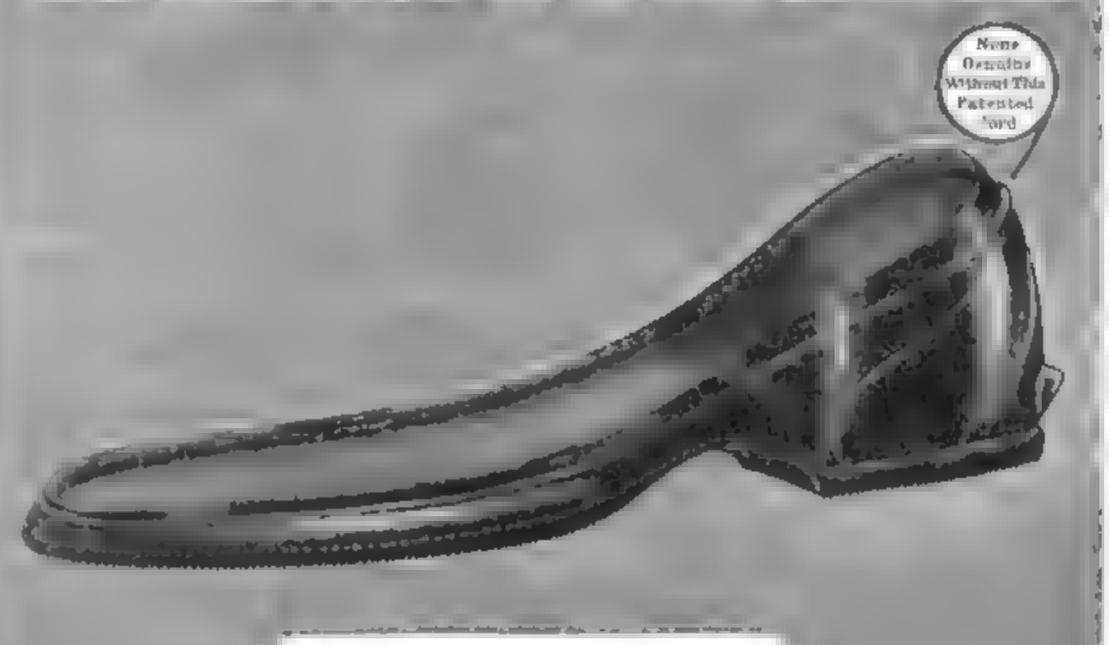

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Insist upon the genuine "Everstick" For sale by best furnishing Dealers

Takes the ERROR out of TERROR

A single moment may turn your security into a peril. On a single second of preparedness plus self-control depends your chance to turn your peril back into security. If you are armed with a Colt Automatic, you are instantly prepared. Terror may be gripping at your senses, but you can point your Colt automatically and automatically shoot straight, for your Colt is automatically ready. Buy a

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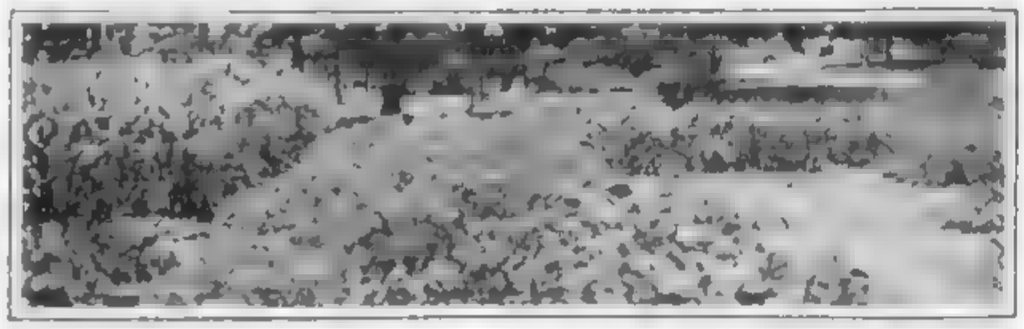
and teach your wife to shoot. Don't buy a Colt and put it away against that possible need of a pistol. Show your wife, mother or sisters that a Colt is not to be feared. Let them know that this pistol, while it shoots like a flash, can be kept under a pillow fully cocked; it cannot be discharged until you **grip the grip** and pull the trigger *simultaneously*. Its automatic safety device compels you to do this.

The Colt was adopted by the Army and Navy because of its "marked superiority to any other known pistol."

Write for free booklet, "How to Shoot," and Catalog No 85.

THE COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

On Page 550 of This Week's Issue:



"On a quarter-acre lot, in one of the best residential sections of a city of a hundred thousand population, I raised, last summer, Swiss chard, spinach, endive, lettuce, radishes, peas, string beans, beets, turnips, carrots, salsify, squashes, marrows, cucumbers, melons, corn, parsnips, tomatoes, potatoes, cabbages, cauliflowers, peppers and Brussels sprouts. I supplied a family of seven for six months, and sold enough to pay for plowing, seed, fertilizer and incidental expenses."

What That Man Did, You Can Do!

Five Cents the Copy — *The* COUNTRY GENTLEMAN — $1.50 the Year

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

Highway itself is an eternal memorial to the greatest of Americans, why should not individual Americans build memorial miles of it?

Could any man have a more enduring or attractive evidence of his public and patriotic interest in the general welfare than a mile or more of this noble thoroughfare, marked by an appropriate monument bearing his name? Could a business concern, great or small, better advertise to posterity its interest in the common good than in this way? Could estates contribute to the general welfare and at the same time perpetuate the names of their founders better than by becoming cobuilders of this American Appian Way?

To those so thinking, the Lincoln Highway Association extends the opportunity to build a memorial mile; and the association offers to superintend the work and take over all the trouble and worry of the undertaking. The person, estate, firm or corporation wishing to build a memorial mile has only to notify the association, which then attends to all the details.

On some parts of the Highway a county would be willing to pay half the expense of the memorial mile, so that the actual outlay to the individual would be cut in half in case he could not afford to build the whole mile himself.

Though the building and improvement of the Lincoln Highway is going on in various ways of which these are examples, and though most of the work will be done and the expenses borne by townships, counties and states, the Lincoln Highway Association itself must depend for its support on public contributions.

Working for a Greater America

To help raise this necessary cash the association offers to automobile owners an automobile membership. For five dollars this automobile member receives a certificate of membership and a Lincoln Highway emblem to fasten on the radiator of his car. Thousands of such contributions have been made. Some of them have come from foreign countries. If two-thirds of the million and a half automobile owners in the United States should join the association, the five million dollars already pledged from large contributions, conditioned on the raising of ten million dollars, would become available.

When one considers that the Lincoln Highway Association has already achieved the concerted coöperation of townships, counties and states along a line of more than three thousand miles, and that most of the Lincoln Highway is already so plainly marked that, with a few exceptions in the Far Western States, one may travel over its entire length without losing the way; when it is remembered that only a year ago the automobile tourist could go from Chicago to San Francisco only with great difficulty and by enduring many hardships, whereas to-day the journey is practicable and even easy—when one considers all this it is seen how much has already been done to deserve the substantial coöperation of all automobile owners.

And when one thinks of the magnitude of the enterprise, its patriotic, industrial, commercial and social advantages to the whole country and to all the people, one cannot fail to understand the energetic and steady support the Lincoln Highway should have throughout the nation.

How very big and noble the whole work is! How enduring! It has something of the eternal about it. There is a thrill in the thought that this labor is for the ages. It is for the Greater America of the future as well as for present convenience, beauty and profit. The America of to-morrow—the inheritance of our children—on that vision we should fix our eyes as the inspiration of our enduring effort and far-reaching plan.

A country where the saving of what now is recklessly wasted and the perfection of normal and orderly living make human conditions better; where the loveliness of the land is preserved, improved and made accessible, where commerce rolls easily and cheaply over perfect highways; where the social ideal causes civilization to be a reality as well as a name, where sectionalism is an ancient tradition and national unity a living fact—is not this the rational hope for our coming years?

And are not its justification and the prophecy of the fulfilment found in this epochal work—the building of a mighty roadway from coast to coast, through the heart of the Republic?

Motorist:—"So you think I'd do well not to experiment, but to use Havoline Oil right away?"

Manufacturer:—"Yes Sir! Oil is the smallest item of expenditure for your car. The best oil—HAVOLINE—costs no more than many inferior oils and yet saves many dollars from your repair bills. And I am not the only one who recommends HAVOLINE. 275 automobile manufacturers out of 300 endorse HAVOLINE OIL for greater mileage, less carbon and better lubrication."

Motorist:—"What is the right grade of oil for my car?"

Manufacturer:—"HAVOLINE OIL is made in various grades for various makes of cars. Your car takes HAVOLINE Medium. If any one will inquire of the Indian Refining Co. they will tell him the proper grade for his make of car. And each grade is made *'from the cream of the crude'*."

HAVOLINE OIL is sold by [illegible] stores selling automobile supplies. Look for the Indian Head sign. Write us if you cannot get it. We will tell you where HAVOLINE can be had. Booklet mailed *free* on request.

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A blow-out is a question of luck. There's always a cause; usually a weak fabric and adulterated rubber. A cheap tire is built so it must wear thin before it strains, and when put to the test it bursts. Vitalic Bicycle Tires can't burst. That sounds strong, but it's true. We believe a rim would break before a Vitalic Bicycle Tire would blow out.

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(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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E. G. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A WASHINGTON, D. C.

I didn't think they'd blow up a real steamship to do it!

Think of it—a real ship that had just steamed out to Santa Cruz Island—leaping into the air in flaming bits and then gurgling and bubbling to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean before your eyes, just to make a moving picture. There is no scenery about it, no canvas, no red fire—but there is stern, vivid reality.

All this is just one scene in ***The Quest,*** which will be the first Mutual Master-Picture shown. There is an hour and a quarter more of it—all just as thrilling. Though some of the thrills come from your sympathy for one of the loveliest women you ever looked at, as you follow her from her South Sea island home (you've no notion how beautiful some of these sea scenes are) and continue through all sorts of adventures in rich New York society.

No—I didn't think they'd blow up a real steamship to do it—and then I realized that when the American Film Manufacturing Company, makers of the famous Flying A films, undertook to produce a great four-reel feature picture, its actors and directors would stop at ***nothing.***

But see the picture!

Some day, soon after March 22nd, you will find it at the theatre near you that shows Mutual Master-Pictures.

Remember the name,

THE QUEST—An American Distinctive Creation.

You see I'm keeping my promise to tell you the most interesting inside story of picture making you ever read.

There's Richard Harding Davis, for instance—

He wrote the second Mutual Master-Picture (first appearance March 25th). This one is called ***The Lost House.*** It was not chosen because it was written by Mr. Davis. It was chosen because it makes about the most interesting feature film you ever looked at. On the other hand, the fact that its author is one of the highest paid writers in the world shows that the Majestic Motion Picture Corporation stops at nothing to give you a wonderful show.

For more than an hour I sat gripping the arms of my chair so hard that my fingers were cramped—so intense was the interest.

Scene followed thrilling scene, with a rapidity of incident and smashing climax that kept me on the edge of the seat from the minute the lights went out, till I found myself after they came on an hour later.

Yet I suppose I've seen more moving pictures than most folks, these ten years gone, and am as nearly screen-hardened as a man with red blood can ever get.

Yes—you want to see

THE LOST HOUSE—It's a wonderful moving picture.

And you'll want your friends to see it.

So keep a good lookout for the posters and the newspaper notices. For many theatres only show a feature film one day.

By the way, when you've seen ***The Quest*** and ***The Lost House*** — write me what you think of them. For what ***you*** think is more important than what ***I*** think.

Next week — there will be two more to tell you about here.

I haven't seen them yet—and I can hardly wait.

Meantime, to be sure you get them ***soon,***

Just say to your nearest theatre owner—"I want to see

Mutual Master-Pictures"

American Film Manufacturing Company
Majestic Motion Picture Corporation
New York Motion Picture Corporation
Reliance Motion Picture Corporation
Thanhouser Film Corporation

MUTUAL MASTER-PICTURES

Yours till next week,

H. E. Aitken
President
MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, *New York*

This is to Men
Who Buy More Tubes Than Tires

It is to Prove Your Need for Goodyear Laminated Tubes

Right Inner Tubes will, on the average, outlast any Tire. If your Tubes don't, these facts should be considered:

Goodyear Tubes are Laminated. That is, they are built up *layer on layer*. They are also extra-thick. Our records for years show that Tubes built this Goodyear way outlast any Tire. Four Tubes outwear five Casings.

They are built by Goodyear standards, by the men who build Goodyear Tires. And these super-tires, as all know, have won top place in Tiredom.

14% Better—20% Lower

This year, Goodyear Inner Tubes are built even better than before. Our smaller sizes have been thickened 12½ per cent. Our larger sizes are thickened 16⅔ per cent. Yet they are built of pure rubber as always.

That means that today's Tubes average 14 per cent better than the Tubes which made the records told above. Yet the price is one-fifth less.

Months ago we added this extra weight. Then on February 1st, when we made our last great tire-price reduction, we reduced Tube prices by 20 per cent. Now these heavy, Laminated Tubes cost about the same as others.

This is largely the result of enormous production. Our Tube sales last year increased about 38 per cent. And Goodyear policy is to give every saving, in some way, to our users.

Please mark this: Despite this added thickness, you pay about the same for Goodyear Laminated Tubes as for other Tubes today.

Layer on Layer

Goodyear Laminated Tubes are not built by a tube machine, of one thick piece of rubber. They are made of thin rubber sheets, wrapped layer on layer, then vulcanized together into a solid rubber tube. See the picture.

Flaws are thus seen, and the sheet is discarded. Layer by layer every part of the Tube wall gets the most careful inspection.

Then our valve patch isn't stuck on. It is made a part of the Tube. No loosening here, no leakage.

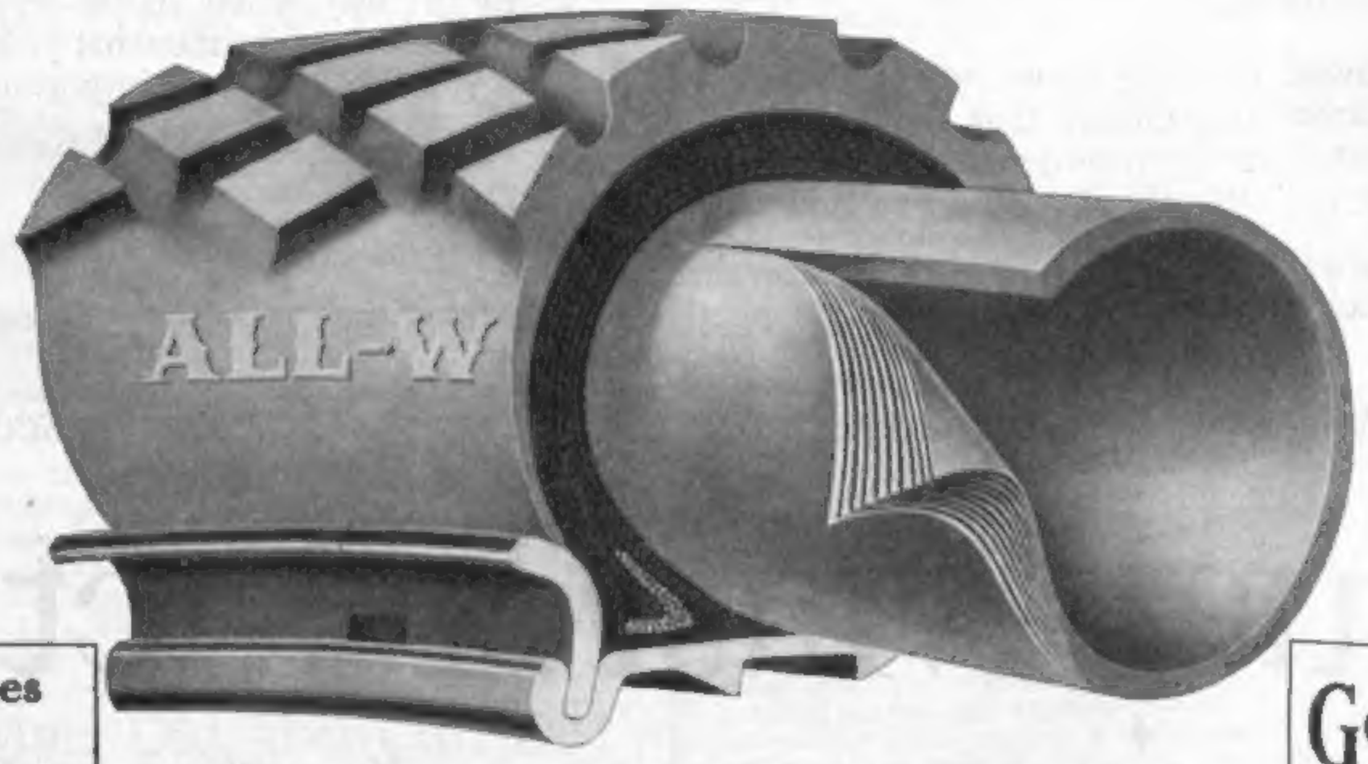
This leak-proof construction, plus pure rubber, plus extra thickness, accounts for Goodyear Tube supremacy.

Let Goodyear Tubes Convert You to the Tires

If you still use other tires than Goodyears, at least adopt our Tubes. Tubes built our way are certainly better than ordinary solid tubes, or lighter tubes, or tubes given weight by mineral adulteration. Prove for yourself that there are Tubes which outlast any tire.

Goodyear Laminated Tubes, with their vital advantages, cost you no extra price over most Tubes.

Then bear in mind that Goodyear Fortified Tires give as much extra value as our Tubes. They embody five exclusive features, each of which adds life to them. They, too, have been reduced in price for the third time in two years. Any dealer will supply you.



This is a section of both Tube and Tire. The Inner Tube is pictured to show the layers which compose it. In completed Tubes these layers, of course, are vulcanized together into one solid rubber Tube.

Goodyear Tubes Are Gray

Pure rubber tubes are gray. No coloring is used. They are made without the addition of mineral matter. There is no adulteration. Friction results from foreign ingredients. Heat, due to friction, is therefore absent in Goodyear Inner Tubes. They are always gray, the natural rubber color.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

Laminated Tubes

Extra Heavy Tubes—Uncolored
Built Layer on Layer
By the Makers of Fortified Tires

(2256)

What BEAVER BOARD Is

A Long Story Condensed for the Busy Man or Woman

BEAVER BOARD entirely does away with lath and plaster in new buildings, as the panels can be nailed directly to the wall and ceiling beams. For remodeled as well as new rooms. In repairing and remodeling, for which millions of feet of BEAVER BOARD are used every year, the panels are usually put right over the old plaster. Full instructions come with the BEAVER BOARD and should be carefully followed.

First, the panels are nailed in place; then they are painted; last, the decorative panel strips, baseboard and plate rail (if used) are added.

Many Advantages

Convenience, cleanliness and quickness with which it can be put up, and entire relief from the cracking of plaster and from frequent re-papering are among many reasons for the increasing use of BEAVER BOARD. Others are the beauty of its surface when painted and the opportunity it offers for original paneling, designing and decoration. BEAVER BOARD resists passage of heat, sound and cold, and adapts itself to any room of any building. All these advantages have been greatly increased by recent improvements, which have also made BEAVER BOARD more rigid and durable than ever.

Wide Field of Use

BEAVER BOARD is used in residences, stores, offices, garages, theatres, schools, restaurants, churches, etc. Sometimes it is for a whole house; again, it may be remodeling an old room, building an addition, fixing up an attic, replacing the heavy metal ceiling of a store with this lighter, rust-proof material, and so on.

Greatest of all Wall-Board Improvements. Three years' constant work by the Beaver Laboratories has produced a method of treating fibre and sizing both front and back of each panel (patents pending) that gives thorough protection against all changes of climate and temperature. It makes sizing by user unnecessary and greatly increases ease and economy of painting.

Warning—All Wall-Boards are not BEAVER BOARD. Because of its large sale and the length of time it has been on the market, BEAVER BOARD is sometimes thought to be merely another name for wall-board. The name applies only to the product of The Beaver Board Companies, with name and trade-mark on every panel. Insist on seeing both and thus be sure of the permanent strength, rigidity and durability due to selected pure-wood-fibre, all through, and time-tested methods of manufacture.

Beaver Board is sold by 9,000 lumber, building material and hardware dealers in long, wide panels, to suit all average needs. If you don't find dealer, our nearest office will direct you, and also recommend contractors and carpenters if requested.

Send for free painted sample and let us give you all the facts in the booklet "Beaver Board and Its Uses."

BEAVER BOARD panels are all about three-sixteenths of an inch thick, but of different widths and lengths.

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INDIANAPOLIS, 523 Merchants Bank Bldg.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 303 R. A. Long Bldg.
MINNEAPOLIS, 732-734 McKnight Bldg.
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PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

A man is naturally prejudiced in favor of an article that he has used for years and found superior to anything else.

That, in a word, explains the enduring popularity of Williams' Shaving Soap.

No other soap is just like it —no other shaving soap produces quite the same result when used.

If every man who enjoys Williams' Shaving Soap fully appreciated the fact that in addition to the Shaving Soaps the word "Williams" has become a family name for a whole line of Toilet Soaps, Talc Powders, Toilet Waters, Dental Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, etc., we would be unable to supply the demand for these articles.

Send 4 cents in stamps for a miniature trial package of any one of the articles shown in this advertisement.

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